

THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1823.

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LONDON :

PRINTED FOR TAYLOR AND HESSEY.

MONDOY MAGAZINE

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THE LION'S HEAD.

Our Correspondent, W. C. P. who inquires whether the King's Library is to be sent to Montague House for the use of the statues or the public, is informed *that we do not know.*

We have received the following letter.

To the Editor of the London Magazine.

SIR,—On looking over some old papers which belonged to an intimate friend long since deceased, I found the inclosed little poem, which perhaps you may be happy to rescue from that oblivion to which it was apparently hastening. It appears, as you will observe, to be written in a female hand; but I have seldom met with as beautiful specimens of unpretending poetry from “the lords of the creation.” I have no idea who the fair Sappho might be, for the poem is without signature; nor perhaps would she wish to acknowledge it, as my friend, to whom the verses were addressed, died at an early age, *unmarried*. Its publication, however, can betray no secret; and I think it needs only to be known to be admired.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

A. B.

Lichfield, June 3, 1823.

To ———

Whene'er we part from those we love,
And, faint with sorrow, languish,
How may the troubled heart remove
The pressure of such anguish?

Reflection can no comfort bring,
For past delight is sorrow;
And Hope will close her weary wing
Long ere the promised morrow.

But joy, you tell me, still is left—
The moment of returning
Will heal the heart at parting cleft,
And recompense its mourning.

Ah, ne'er did joy and grief with me
Keep such convenient measure:
If I must lose the sight of thee
I pay too dear for pleasure.

“A Project for the Prevention of Duels” is certainly as simple in theory, as, we have no doubt, it would be found efficacious in practice. The projector requires merely an Act, of the following nature, to be passed by the legislature, to ensure the total suppression of this honourable species of homicide throughout the kingdom, viz. “that all other methods of duelling shall be illegal and punishable by death, but that by pistols: that under the same penalty, the parties shall be obliged to fight in *spencers*, waist-coats, or coats without skirts, at their choice: that under the same penalty, they shall be compelled to stand with their backs *facing* each other: and,

that under the same penalty, each shall take aim at the life of [the other, by stooping himself forward, and firing between his own legs at his opponent. The projector contends, and it must be allowed with some show of truth, that the ludicrous position in which each party would view the other at the fatal moment, would inevitably lead to good humour and reconciliation. He further adds, that no man of honour, in his opinion, could think of taking another person's life behind his back, as he must do in the situation prescribed by the projector." We have no hesitation in declaring that the above humane project has our warmest approval; but we very much doubt whether it would be conformable to the gravity and sobriety of our Collective Wisdom to pass such a statute. Nevertheless, if the projector choose to persist in his design, we recommend him to lay the case before Richard Martin, Esq. MP. who has always been celebrated for his abhorrence of the practice of Duelling, and has lately immortalized himself by his Act against "Cruelty to Animals," under which head the custom of duelling may very properly come.

The Author of the verses to "Ellen" may be assured that if the sincerity of his attachment does not recommend him to his mistress, his poetry never will.

SONNET.

(By a Person who never could write one.)

Sonnets are things I never yet could write :
 And yet can give no reason. Why the deuce !
 Should not I—such a *Genius*—write a spruce,
 Neat, pretty, little, tender sonnet ? Try't.
 Well : how shall I begin ? Hem !—Now for a flight !
 ' O, silver-shifted Maid ! bright Luna '—Truce,
 Good pen ! with this ; sure every scribbling wight
 Writes sonnets at the Moon : I'll no excuse.—
 Come, try another. Scritch—scratch.—Poh ! you're making,
 Truly, a pretty piece of business of it ; scrawling,
 Blotting, and Oh's ! and Ah's ! and zig-zag drawling,
 Over my beautiful gilt sheet.—If the King
 Gave me his crown, I could not do it. Tut ! man—
 Well, here goes !—Now !—A....*Dam'me if I can !*

If the Author of "Four Quatrains on the Four Seasons" could by any means contrive to curtail his poem fifteen or sixteen lines, we will readily give it insertion.

G. L.'s MSS. remain at our publisher's till called for. They display considerable ability, but are totally unsuited to the nature of our work.

"Letters from Spain" would be peculiarly acceptable under the existing circumstances of our Continental neighbours; but they must be *authentic*, judiciously written, and, moreover, free from party spirit of either denomination.

THE

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IMAGINARY CONVERSATION

BETWEEN

MR. SOUTHEY AND PROFESSOR PORSON.

PORSON.

I SUSPECT, Mr. Southey, that you are angry with me for the freedom with which I have spoken of your poetry and Mr. Wordsworth's.

SOUTHEY.

What could have induced you to imagine it, Mr. Professor? You have, indeed, bent your eyes upon me, since we have been together, with somewhat of fierceness and defiance; but I presumed that you fancied me to be a commentator; and I am not irritated at a mistake. You wrong me, in your belief that an opinion on my poetical works hath molested me; but you afford me more than compensation in supposing me acutely sensible of any injustice done to Wordsworth. If we must converse at all upon these topics, we will converse on him. What man ever existed, who spent a more retired, a more inoffensive, a more virtuous life, or who adorned it with more noble studies?

PORSON.

I believe so; I have always heard it; and those who attack him with virulence or with levity are men of no morality and no reflection. I have demonstrated that one of them, he who wrote the Pursuits of Lite-

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ature, could not construe a Greek sentence or scan a verse; and I have fallen on the very index from which he drew out his forlorn hope on the parade. This is incomparably the most impudent fellow I have met with in the course of my reading, which has lain, you know, in a province where impudence is no rarity. He has little more merit in having stolen, than he would have had if he had never stolen at all. Those who have failed as painters turn picture-cleaners, those who have failed as writers turn reviewers. Orator Henley taught in the last century, that the readiest made shoes are boots cut down: there are those who abundantly teach us now, that the readiest made critics are cut down poets. Their assurance is, however, by no means diminished from their ill success. Even the little man who followed you in the Critical Review, poor Robin Fellowes, whose pretensions widen every smile his imbecility has excited, would, I am persuaded, if Homer were living, pat him in a fatherly way upon the cheek, and tell him that, by moderating his fire and contracting his prolixity, the public might ere long expect something from him worth reading.

B

I had visited a friend in *King's Road* when Robin entered.

"Have you seen the *Review*?" cried he to him—"worse than ever! I am resolved to insert a paragraph in the papers, declaring that I had no concern in the last number."

"Is it so very bad?" said I quietly.

"Infamous! detestable!" exclaimed he.

"Sit down then—nobody will believe you;" was my answer.

Since that morning he has discovered that I drink harder than usual, that my faculties are wearing fast away, that once indeed I had some Greek in my head, but—he then claps the fore-finger to the side of his nose, turns his eye slowly upward, and looks compassionately and calmly.

SOUTHEY.

Come Mr. Porson, grant him his merits: no critic was ever better contrived to make any work a very periodical one, no writer more dexterous in giving a finishing touch.

PORSON.

The plagiarist has a greater latitude of choice than we; and if he brings home a parsnip or turnip-top, when he could as easily have pocketed a nectarine or a pine-apple, he must be a blockhead. I never heard the name of that pursuer of literature; and I have forgotten that other man's, who evinced his fitness to be the censor of the age, by a translation of the most naked and impure satires of all antiquity, those of Juvenal, which owe their preservation to the partiality of the friars; but, indeed, they are so impregnated and incrustated with bay-salt and alum that they would not burn. I shall entertain a very unfavourable opinion of him if he has translated them well: pray has he?

SOUTHEY.

Indeed I do not know. I read poets for their poetry, and to extract that nutriment of the intellect and of the heart which poetry should contain. I never listen to the swans of the sess-pool, and must declare that nothing is heavier to me than rottenness and corruption.

PORSON.

You are right, sir, perfectly right. A translator of Juvenal would open a

public drain to look for a needle, and may miss it. My nose is not easily offended; but I must have something to fill my belly: come, we will lay aside the scrip of the transpositor and the pouch of the pursuer, in reserve for the days of unleavened bread, and again, if you please, to the lakes and mountains. Now we are both in better humour, I must bring you to a confession that in your friend Wordsworth there is occasionally a little trash.

SOUTHEY.

A haunch of venison would be trash to a Hindoo, a bottle of burgundy or tokay to the xerif of Mecca. We are guided in our choice, by precept, by habit, by taste, by constitution. Hitherto all our sentiments on poetry have been delivered down to us from authority; and, if it can be demonstrated, as I think it may be, that the authority is inadequate, and that the dictates are often inapplicable and often misinterpreted, you will allow me to remove the cause out of court. Every man can see what is very bad in a poem, almost every one can see what is very good; but you, Mr. Porson, who have turned over all the volumes of all the commentators, will inform me whether I am right or wrong in asserting, that no critic hath yet appeared who has been able to fix or to discern the exact degrees of excellence above a certain point.

PORSON.

None.

SOUTHEY.

The reason is, because the eyes of no one have been upon a level with it. Supposing, for the sake of argument, the contest of Hesiod and Homer to have taken place: the judges, who decided in favour of the worse, who indeed has little merit, may have been elegant, wise, and conscientious men. Their decision was in favour of that poetry, to the species of which they had been the most accustomed. Corinna was preferred to Pindar no fewer than five times; and the best judges in Greece gave her the preference; yet whatever were her powers, and beyond all question they were extraordinary, we may assure ourselves that she stood many degrees below Pindar. Nothing is more absurd than the re-

port, that the judges were prepos-
sessed in her favour by her beauty.
Plutarch tells us that she was much
older than her competitor, who con-
sulted her judgment in his earlier
odes. Now, granting their first
competition to have been when Pin-
dar was twenty years old, and that
all the others were in the years suc-
ceeding, her beauty must have been
somewhat in the decline; for in
Greece there are few women who re-
tain the graces, none who retain the
bloom of youth, beyond the twenty-
third year. Her countenance, I doubt
not, was expressive: but expression,
although it gives beauty to men,
makes women pay dearly for its
stamp, and pay soon. Nature seems,
in protection to their loveliness, to
have ordered that they, who are our
superiors in quickness and sensibility,
should in general be little disposed
to laborious thought, or to long ex-
cursions in the labyrinths of fancy.
We may be convinced that the ver-
dict of the judges was biassed by
nothing else than their habitudes of
thinking: we may be convinced too,
that, living in an age when poetry
was cultivated so highly, and se-
lected from the most acute and the
most dispassionate, they were sub-
ject to no greater errors of opinion
than are the learned messmates of
our English colleges.

PORSON.

You are more liberal in your
largesses to the fair Greeks, than a
friend of mine was, who resided in
Athens to acquire the language. He
assured me that beauty there was in
bud at thirteen, in full blossom at
fifteen, losing a leaf or two every
day at seventeen, trembling on the
thorn at nineteen, and under the tree
at twenty. He would have been but
an indifferent courtier in the palace
of a certain prince, whose excla-
mation was,

O could a girl of sixty breed,
Then, marriage, thou wert bliss indeed!

I will not dissemble or deny, that
to compositions of a new kind, like
Wordsworth's, we come without
scales and weights, and without the
means of making an assay.

SOUTHEY.

Mr. Porson, it does not appear to
me, that anything more is necessary

in the first instance, than to interro-
gate our hearts in what manner they
have been affected. If the ear is
satisfied; if at one moment a tu-
mult is aroused in the breast, and
tranquillized at another with a per-
fect consciousness of equal power
exerted in both cases; if we rise up
from the perusal of the work with a
strong excitement to thought, to ima-
gination, to sensibility; above all if
we sat down with some propensities
towards evil, and walk out with
much stronger towards good, in the
midst of a world, which we never had
entered, and of which we never had
dreamed before; can we so suddenly
put on again the *old man* of criticism,
as to deny that we have been con-
ducted by a most beneficent and
most potent genius? Nothing proves
to me so manifestly in what a pesti-
ferous condition are its lazarettoes, as
when I observe how little hath been
objected against those who have sub-
stituted words for things, and how
much against those who have rein-
stated things for words.

Surely Wordsworth ought to prove
to the world, that there may be ani-
mation without blood and broken
bones, and tenderness far remote from
Sodom and the stews. But alas!
even things more evident, more cor-
poreal, are often strangely estimated.
Swift ridiculed the music of Handel
and the generalship of Marlborough;
Pope the style of Middleton, Gray the
abilities of Shaftesbury and the elo-
quence of Rousseau. Virgil in his
time was antiquated and rustic, Ci-
cero Asiatic. What a rabble of ras-
cals has persecuted Wordsworth, the
great glory of our country, to whom
the world has produced only one
poet superior in two thousand years,
and nothing of a nature more noble
and more pure. But an elephant is
born to be consumed by ants in the
midst of his unapproachable solitudes.
Wordsworth is the prey of Jeffrey.
Why repine? and not rather amuse
ourselves with allegories, and recol-
lect that God in the creation left his
noblest creature at the mercy of a
serpent.

PORSON.

Your friend is too verbose; not in-
deed without something for his words
to rest upon, but from a resolution to
gratify and indulge his capacity. He

pursues his thoughts too far; and considers more how he may show them entirely, than how he may show them advantageously. Good men may utter whatever comes uppermost, good poets may not. It is better, but it is also more difficult, to make a selection of thoughts, than to accumulate them. He who has a splendid sideboard, should likewise have an iron chest with a double lock upon it, and should hold in reserve a greater part than he displays.

Wordsworth goes out of his way to be attacked. He picks up a piece of dirt, throws it on the carpet in the midst of the company, and cries "*This is a better man than any of you.*" He does indeed mould the base material into what form he chooses; but why not rather invite us to contemplate it, than challenge us to condemn it? This surely is false taste.

SOUTHEY.

The principal and the most general accusation against Wordsworth is, that the vehicle of his thoughts is unequal to them. Now did ever the judges at the Olympic games say, "*We would have awarded to you the meed of victory, if your chariot had been equal to your horses: it is true they have won; but the people are displeased at a car neither new nor richly gilt, and without a gryphen or sphynx engraven on the axle?*"

You admire simplicity in Euripides; you censure it in Wordsworth: believe me, sir, it arises in neither from penury of thought, which seldom has produced it, but from the strength of temperance, and at the suggestion of principle.

Take up a poem of Wordsworth's and read it; I would rather say, read them all; and, knowing that a mind like yours must grasp closely what comes within it, I will then appeal to you whether any poet of our country, since Shakspeare, has exerted a greater variety of powers with less strain and less ostentation. I would however, with his permission, lay before you for this purpose a poem which is yet unpublished and incomplete.

PORSON.

Pity, with his abilities, he does not imitate the ancients somewhat more.

SOUTHEY.

Whom did they imitate? If his genius is equal to theirs he has no need of a guide. He also will be an ancient; and the very counterparts of those, who now decry him, will extol him a thousand years hence in malignity to the moderns. Whatever is good in poetry is common to all good poets, however wide may be the diversity of manner. Nothing can be more dissimilar than the three Greek tragedians: but would you prefer the closest and best copier of Homer to the worst (whichever he be) amongst them? Let us avoid what is indifferent or doubtful, and embrace what is good, whether we see it in another or not; and if we have contracted any peculiarity, while our muscles and bones were softer, let us hope finally to outgrow it. Our feelings and modes of thinking forbid and exclude a very frequent imitation of the old classics, not to mention our manners, which have a nearer connection than is generally known to exist with the higher poetry. When the occasion permitted it, Wordsworth has not declined to treat a subject as an ancient poet of equal vigour would have treated it. Let me repeat to you his *Laodamia*.

PORSON.

After your animated recital of this most classic poem, I begin to think more highly of you both. It is pleasant to find two poets living as brothers, and particularly when the palm lies between them, without any third in sight. Those who have ascended to the summit of the mountain, sit quietly and familiarly side by side; it is only those who are climbing with gravel in their shoes, that scramble, kick, and jostle. You have recited a most spirited thing indeed. I never had read it. Now to give you a proof that I have been attentive, I will remark two passages that offend me. In the first stanza, With sacrifice before the rising morn
Performed, my slaughtered lord have I required;

And in thick darkness, amid shades forlorn,
Him of the infernal Gods have I desired.

The second line and the fourth terminate too much alike: *have I required* and *have I desired* are worse than prosaic. In another,

He spake of love, such love as spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away, no strife to heal,
The past unsighed for, and the future sure ;
Spake, as a witness, of a second birth
For all that is most perfect upon earth.

In a composition such as Sophocles might have exulted to own, and in a stanza the former part of which might have been heard with shouts of rapture in the regions he describes, how unseasonable is the allusion to *witness* and *second birth*, which things, however holy and venerable in themselves, come stinking and reeking to us from the conventicle. I desire to see Laodamia in the silent and gloomy mansion of her beloved Protesilaus ; not elbowed by the godly butchers in Tottenham-court-road, nor smelling devoutly of ratafia among the sugar-bakers at Blackfriars.

Mythologies should be kept distinct: the fire-place of one should never be subject to the smoke of another. The Gods of different countries, when they come together unexpectedly, are jealous Gods, and, as our old women say, *turn the house out of windows*.

A current of rich and bright thoughts runs throughout the poem. Pindar himself would not, on that subject, have braced one into more nerve and freshness, nor Euripides have inspired into it more tenderness and more passion. I am not insensible to that warmly chaste morality which is the soul of it, nor indifferent to the benefits that literature on many occasions has derived from Christianity. But poetry is a luxury to which, if she tolerates and permits it, she accepts no invitation: she beats down your gates and citadels, levels your high places, and eradicates your groves. For which reason I dwell more willingly with those authors, who cannot mix and confound the manners they represent. The hope that we may rescue at Herculaneum a great number of them hath, I firmly believe, kept me alive. Reasonably may all the best be imagined to exist in a library of some thousands. It will be recorded to the eternal infamy of the kings and princes now reigning, or rather of those whose feet put into motion their rocking-horses, that they never

have made a common cause in behalf of learning, but on the contrary have made a common cause against it. The earth opened her entrails before them, conjured them to receive again, while it was possible, the glories of their species—and they turned their backs. They pretend that it is not their business or their duty to interfere in the internal affairs of other states. This is not an internal affair of any state whatever: it interests all; it belongs to all; and these scrupulous men have no scruple to interfere in giving their countenance and assistance, when a province is to be torn away or a people to be enslaved. The most contemptible of the Medicean family did more for the advancement of letters than all the potentates now in existence. If their delicacy is shocked or alarmed at the idea of making a proposal to send scientific and learned men thither, let them send a brace of printers and the property is their own. Twenty men in seven years might retrieve all the losses we have experienced from the bigotry of popes and califs. I do not intend to assert, that every Herculanean manuscript might within that period be unfolded; but the three first sentences of the larger part might be; which is quite sufficient to inform the scholar, whether a further attempt on the scroll would repay his trouble. There are fewer than thirty Greek authors worth inquiring for; they exist beyond doubt, and beyond doubt they may with attention, patience, and skill be brought to light. With a smaller sum than is annually expended on the appointment of some silly and impertinent young envoy, we might recall into existence all, or nearly all, those men of immortal name, whose disappearance has been the regret of genius for three hundred years. In my opinion a few thousand pounds laid out on such an undertaking would be laid out as creditably as on a Persian carpet or a Turkish tent; as creditably as on a collar of rubies and a ball-dress of Brussels-lace for our lady in the manger, or as on gilding, for the adoration of princesses and their capuchins, the posteriors and anteriors of saint Januarius.

THE CHASE:—A DRAMATICLE.

Persons { AMARYLLO, a young lord of Spain.
SYLVIAN, his friend; an Italian.
MARINEL, a sea-captain.
NERINA, a Catalan girl.

Scene lies near Rosas in Catalonia.

Scene.—The Sea-shore. Shipwreck at a distance.

Storm; with fits of Sunshine.

Enter SYLVIAN and MARINEL.

Marinel. Welcome, sir! Welcome to our wild sea-coast:
What though it shew bleak and inhospitable,
Kindness was ever coy; a maid's first kiss,
Colder than moonlight prints the cloud withal,
Ne'er yet might dash the wooer.

Sylvian. Ay, but this salutation was too rough:
The high-hung wave on which our bark sat balanced,
Seem'd in suspense whether 'twould yield or no
Its burthen to the shock of an embrace
With such hard-hearted and unfriendly stones;
But you think nought of this, good Marinel,
You who have talk'd with death so oft, that all
His threats have lost their terror.

Marinel. True, sir; true:
I've been so toss'd, by wind and saucy wave,
So harried, toil-worn, bruised and buffeted,—
(All in the way of my profession,)—that I hold
Dangers no longer in my memory
Than whilst they strike; and striking,
Count them but sports o'the time. But where the while
Stays your young friend? he that sung amorous songs
To the tune o'the storm, and swore the prancing waves
Look'd like young tilers at a tournament?

Sylvian. Lord Amaryllo?

Marinel. Ay; he that we brought o'er from Genoa.

Sylvian. He! O—he scarcely knew himself for alive,
Or shook the stunning waters from his ears,
When some young mountain-nymph shows him a glimpse
Of her slender leg, and—off! he's after her.

Marinel. Ha! ha! ha! A brave lad! a brave lad!
I laugh'd to see him shake his fist at the wave
That curl'd upon the strand to pounce upon him,
Then dart like a wild sea-mew up the rocks.
Where shall we look to find him?

Sylvian. Why if we knew what antre or what oak
That same fair Oread makes her tabernacle,
The bank whereon she sits, or rushes where she lies,
We had some hope of finding him.

Marinel. Not else?
Then Love must be his pilot. Keep the way;
He cannot miss the hamlet on the hill:
Come, sir.

Sylvian. I'll follow you. What, Amaryllo!

Call back this wanton falcon. Amaryllo!

Marinel. What ho! lord Amaryllo! (*Exeunt, crying "Amaryllo!"*)

Scene changes to the Mountain Rocks.

Enter NERINA, as pursued.

Nerina. Which is—the storm or this young mad-cap—bolder?
Soft! soft my bosom!—Juno! here's a gallant!
Sooth! he'll ne'er want maids' gifts through modesty:—
Where shall I hide me? What! I must ramble forth,
Fond fool! romancing through these rocky glens,
'Tide what 'tide may. Ha! here's a cave: kind fortune!
(*Enters the Cave.*
Heav'n keep that spring-foot greyhound from my lair!

Re-enter SYLVIAN and MARINEL.

Sylvian. Where can this chase have led him?
Marinel. He's not here.
Sylvian. No. Is the hamlet this way?
Marinel. Peering over us:
Mark you yon dusky wreaths that climb the air
Feeding the smoky clouds? they speak of housewifery,
Comfort, and cheer; see! there's the village mill,
Its long sails furl'd.
Sylvian. You know these shores, good Marinel:
What towers are these, whose yellow-pointed spires
Give back his golden radiance to the sun
Gleaming at times? these, here upon the right?
Marinel. The lord of Rosas'.
Sylvian. Amaryllo's brother!
'Tis a foul wind blows no one home. Of Rosas, say you?
How speaks report of this same lord of Rosas?
Marinel. Something above the mark; a noble heart.
Sylvian. What, like this grasshopper?
Marinel. No, no, no, no: As different from this
As darkness is from day-light: Yet not so;
Yet 'tis so: Faith! I know not what it is:
I never saw the man nor those who did;
But those, who say they saw those who have seen him,
Tell tales of him I would not tell the skies,
Lest they should blast me for the utterance.
Sylvian. Why not as well as those who told these tales?
Marinel. O! sir, there are men
Not worth the spending of a thunderbolt;
Heav'n neither heeds nor hears, say what they will:
Did you not mark a fellow in the ship,
As we came posting o'er the seas from Italy,
Who sat upon the bow, and rail'd at heav'n,
Ev'n to the very forks o' the lightning?
Mendes, I think they call him.
Sylvian. A peer of Rodomonte! a huge liar!
He bore the packet from the lord of Rosas
To us at Padua, bidding us to Spain;
Me and his brother Amaryllo.
Marinel. Let me tell you,
He's a grave man: He told me of this lord:—
How that, one night, beneath the sickening moon,
Whose cheek grew paler with unusual white,
This self same undiscover'd lord of Rosas,
Whilst thunder roar'd, and the dark elements
Conversed in horrible confusion over him—
(*Thunder.*
Hush! hush! I've hurt the ears of heaven.
Sylvian. You have;
And thus it bellows out its pain. O folly!
Marinel. Why, do you not believe this fact?

Sylvian. No, not a point of it:
Tush! tush! good captain, leave such goblin tales
To freeze the huddling circle at the fire.
Come! let's away. What, Amaryllo! ho!
Plague take these dalliers! (Exit.

Marinel. I'm with you, sir.
That thunder did not growl for nothing:—
Ho! my Lord Amaryllo!—'Twas a peal!
It seem'd the stern commandment of the sky
Saying, *No more! No more!* in mighty murmurs.
Stay, signior.—Ho! What ho! Lord Amaryllo! (Exit.

Enter AMARYLLO.

Amaryllo. What ho! Lord Amaryllo! Amaryllo! ho!

Re-enter SYLVIAN and MARINEL.

Marinel. Here, my lord! here!

Sylvian. We thought you far before, my lord.

Amaryllo. And so I was; before, behind, beside;
Running my thread of error like a spirit:

Why sirs, there's not a hillock nor a dell,
A green close, nor a rocky cavern,
Within a day's walk hence, but I have trod
Since you twain and I last parted.

Marinel. Half an hour.

Sylvian. Was the coy nymph so light of foot, my lord?

Amaryllo. Whew! man; she'd walk th' immaculate unpaced snow
And leave it printless; walk the sea itself,
Nor wet her upper-slipper: Light of foot?
By Cupid's bow! she's swifter than his arrow.

Sylvian. And wounds as sure?

Amaryllo. Never came sorer wounds from sweeter eyes:
She is a very paramour for angels.

Sylvian. Where did you leave her? pulling of rushes,
To make a baby-bed some nine months hence?

Amaryllo. No.

Sylvian. Well, a soft couch for your limbs to-night?

Amaryllo. No, signior; no. When I had gain'd upon her,
(Woman, you wot, makes Nimrods of us all),
Turning, she stopp'd; and standing like a flower
Ready to yield its beauty to the scythe
If gentle sweetness could not move the spoiler,—
Struck by the silent supplication, I
Stood mute, and lost my purpose.

Sylvian. Iris and Clown; she stands, he gapes,—she's gone!

Amaryllo. Iris indeed; and vanish'd all in tears.

Sylvian. Tears?

Amaryllo. Ay,—of joy; what else? when Iris weeps,
Is't not a sign the heav'n's will soon be glad?
No maiden weeps other than joyous tears
Whom Amaryllo woos.

Sylvian. No; but some do, in lovely Italy,
Whom Amaryll' has won.

Amaryllo. Oh! ay; their tears
Would swell the Tyrrhen waters to o'ertop
The woody Appenine, and drown the Alp:
Ay, ay, oh! ay; I'll tell thee, signior Sylvian:—
The tears Italian girls weep for my sake,
Might lie i' the bowl of a new-budded flow'r,
A breakfast for one bee.

Sylvian. 'Tis well, my lord,
This is not shriving-time; else you'd confess

- You speak not as you think : But I'm no priest
Come to absolve you of your mortal sins,
Nor you a penitent—
- Amaryllo.* Now love forbid !
Come, will you help me catch this runaway ?
This feather-footed Daphne of the hill ?
- Sylvian.* Prythee, give o'er :
Here is no time for capping butterflies ;
We lost three weeks with you in Genoa
Doing such pranks, that th' ancient City fear'd
A new-faced progeny ; and the grave citizens
Lock'd up their merchandize to watch their wives :
Fie, my lord ! fie !
- Amaryllo.* Ha ! ha !
- Marinel.* Your brother's palace, sir. (Pointing.
- Amaryllo.* Was't not this way she sped ?
- Sylvian.* Come away, you thistle-down !
The air itself is not so light as you are.
Where would you seek her, now ?
- Amaryllo.* I'll find her out :
Though she were hid i' the eagle's aërie ; housed
With Echo in her rock-defenced retreat ;
Though she couch'd by the secret river-urn,
Lost in the sedgy cresses, there I'll find her :
And if I play the woman as before—
- Nerina.* (From the cave.) Oh ! heav'ns !
- Amaryllo.* Hark !—
Was't not a sigh ? My cap to a capuchin,
Here lies some dying hermit : Soft ye branches ;—
(Going to the cave.
- Some holy man ; some mortified, careworn—Part,
Ye green impediments :—some desert friar,
Whose bones hereafter will be canonized,
And stolen for amulets ;—By your leave, sweet willows ;—
I'll in, and comfort him :—Alack, poor man ! (Entering.
Poor, feeble,—(I was ever piteous) ;—Where d'ye lie, sir ?
Couch-rid, no doubt ; and weak.—
(Nerina runs out, and escapes up the rocks.
- A miracle ! a miracle !
Our anchorite's turn'd angel ! mounts to heav'n !—
Spirit ! Spirit ! a word with you ; nay, by 'r lady !
I'll have a pluck at your wing : Hilloa, Vapour ! Spirit !
Take me along—Hilloa ! (Exit, pursuing Nerina.
- Sylvian.* Was ever such an antelope ?
- Marinel.* He's a wild one !
There he goes ! o'er the hill and down the hollow,
Like a ship i' the dancing green. Make we to harbour.
(Exeunt.

VISIT TO THE CITY OF SORRENTO.*

August, 1822.

IN our last we gave you some account of Naples, a place where few people can live long without being tired of it, and yet which few can have left long without wishing to return ; so inextricably mixed are its attractions and its repulsions : sick of heat, and noise, and confusion, we determined to emigrate to some cool quiet spot on the Peninsula that di-

* This Letter ought to have preceded the Account of the Monastery of Sorrento, Vol. vii. p. 53 ; but by some accident it was not received in time.

vides the Bay of Naples from the Bay of Salerno. We had no sooner formed a determination to be gone, than we threw a few things into a portmanteau, and hastened down to the *Molo*: the boats were just putting off for Sorrento, Meta, Massa, Castellamare, &c.: to us it mattered not; we jumped into one, it was going to the Piano of Sorrento; we seated ourselves, and began to look round: beside us sat a monk, muffled in his cowl, and girded by his white cord; dull by constitution and by habit, and fattened by indolence: his whole appearance told the old and slanderous tale of monkish sloth, and filth, and good fare; a tale which, though often true, we must confess we have ourselves frequently seen contradicted by the practice of monasteries. This monk was a Franciscan, and apparently had grown stupid in the stale round of unmeaning discipline—there was little in him to interest us. Next to him, or rather sitting humbly at his feet in the bottom of the boat—(having modestly made way for the monk aforesaid, a dirty priest, two Neapolitan corporals, three *galantuomini* with thread-bare coats, and marvellously dirty linen), sat a country girl, black eyed and brown faced, but comely, and dressed in her gold-laced jacket and gayest gown; her hair was bound up by a fillet, in a glossy knot, through which a silver *spatella** was forced transversely; from the *spatella* hung two blue ribbons, and a stray ringlet; a white handkerchief was folded over her neck and shoulders, and her whole dress was clean and modest. She, like the other peasants of the neighbourhood, had immense ear-rings, studded with pearls, and several rings adorned her hand; her face was flushed with exuberant health, her eyes sparkled with habitual vivacity, and she might have met the heiress of prouder hopes without a sigh of inferiority; her finery must, indeed, be doffed when she reached home, being only used on solemn and important occasions;

her shoes and stockings were for show, not use; and perhaps her occupation the next day would be to lead a cow up and down a hilly green lane for pasture; yet she would be still as gay then as now. But what shall we say of those three gentlemen, with dirty cravats and unshaven chins, who looked upon themselves as the *galantuomini* of the party? What can we say of them? Why, that they took snuff, and talked about melons and macaroni, and stufati, and similar weighty matters, and sometimes passed to lighter subjects, such as volcanoes, earthquakes, revolutions, constitutions, &c. and anon, with surprising versatility, they assumed a middle tone, talked smuttily, and laughed gaily and condescendingly around. Shall we record here that one of these worthies was exceedingly fond of *pollastri*, and that another was even still more fond of *coccozzelli*, or shall we suffer those two remarkable facts to remain unknown? We will even mention them, for those circumstances furnished conversation for more than an hour, and surely they must deserve one line. Another of these gentlemen of rather more pretension began to discourse on literary matters; he cited a few lines from Metastasio, whom, however, he said he had given over reading, on account of his slavish principles; he went on to talk about Tasso; kindly informed us all that we were going to the place where he was born: he assured us that Tasso was the greatest poet that ever lived, having written the *Gerusalemme Liberata* before he was fourteen years old, “but then,” said he, “his father was a poet before him, and wrote the *Aminta* before Tasso was born; and therefore it was natural to expect Tasso would be a great man.” As no one interrupted him, he continued his lecture with increasing consequence and good humour; he soon, however, ran himself out in Italian literature, and fell into Neapolitan; he sang a curious song in that dialect, which he informed the

* The *spatella* is an ornament sometimes of silver, and sometimes, though more rarely, of gold; which is passed through the knot of hair at the back of the head; it is generally about six inches long, and commonly worked at one end into the figure of a hand.

company was from the *Celeberrimo a Lepidissimo Don Nicola Capassi, famoso poeta Napoletano*.^{*} He then discoursed as learnedly about Capassi, as he had before done about Tasso, and proceeded to give us some choice specimens; the morsel which he dwelt upon with the most feeling was a quatrain, current in Naples, said to have been written by that wit, as an inscription for a *taverna*; this is it:

Magnammo, amici miei, magnammo e bi-
vimmo,
Finchè dura ll' uoglio nella lucierna;
Chi sà se all' autro munno ci vidimmo
Chi sà, se all' autro munno c'è tavierna?

Let us eat, my friends, let us drink and eat
As long as the oil to the lamp gives light;
Who knows if we may in the next world
meet?

Who knows if a tavern may there invite?

The captain of the boat, who had listened with great pleasure and great attention to his singing, listened also to this very gravely; but when the learned man had done, he observed with some surprise, and with more disdain, *ma questo non è robba di musica*; and, several times afterwards, expressed his contempt of every thing that was not written to be sung.

But we must now leave our fellow passengers, to consider other subjects; the crew was composed principally of fine strong fellows, who scrambled about over the ill-disposed cargo with the agility of monkeys: as soon as we had got fairly out of the port, they began to hoist their long three-cornered sail, not as our profane English sailors, with yeo ho yeo's, &c. but civilly and piously too, requesting the assistance of Sant' Antonio, or San Francesco, or San Gennaro, or perhaps the Madonna, each addressing himself to that saint whom he considered to have most power, or most good nature. When the sail was up, and the wind began to draw our bottom through the furrowed sea, they laid themselves down to

sleep, and we turned ourselves about to watch the capricious and shifting lights and shades,—the shades so black, the lights so laughing, that played upon Vesuvius, bestowing upon the dark and solitary giant a very grotesque and unbecoming vivacity. A fine bold range of mountains seemed to rise before us, running out from behind Vesuvius, and stretching to the promontory of the Syrens, or Cape Campanella. Saint Angelo, reared high in the air, lofty and rude, looked like the father of the giant brood; all these mountains are disposed in striking disorder, some of them are great masses, rude, abrupt, and bare; others rise in terraced slopes, and are every where covered with vegetation. After about three hours we reached the shore, just before which period a collection was made among the passengers for the *anime in purgatorio*; the sailor went round with his dirty cap open, the three *galantuomini* made a donation of a grain a piece, some other passengers gave half a grain, and the monk muttered a prayer in Latin, it being, of course, contrary to his practice to give money on any occasion. By this time, Ischia and Capri had disappeared, and Naples had diminished to a thin white line which stretched far along the shore. The Somma had almost disappeared behind Vesuvius, but still a little of its saw edge could be seen on either side of the smoking cone. The shore is every where high, and the cliffs almost vertical; the rocks are all old lava, which age has converted into a kind of *tuffo*; it seems as though some violence had torn away the contiguous masses, and left the rocks fractured in almost perpendicular planes; they are very forbidding, but over them peeps the green and shady garden which covers the whole plain, and makes it a paradise of fruit and blossoms, and fresh bowers. The view on approaching the shore was exceedingly romantic and beautiful; the brown and lofty cliffs formed a wall which

^{*} Capassi was a Neapolitan advocate, who some forty or fifty years ago was the *bel esprit* and punster of a punning city. He wrote a good deal of poetry, and chiefly in the dialect of his country; he made a burlesque translation of the two first books of Homer, which is irresistibly funny. The *good things* attributed to him are almost innumerable. We may very probably return to this subject on another occasion.

inclosed the little *marina*, or port where we landed; a few fishermen's cottages, a custom house, a chapel, and a *taverna*, were scattered along the beach. Peasants and fishermen's wives were crowded to the narrow strand to welcome home the bark and land the goods. The men were dressed generally in white coarse trowsers and striped waistcoats; their coarse shirts were open at the neck and bosom, and their heads were covered by a long and large woollen cap, which hung down in a tail before, behind, or on one side, as chance directed; their feet and legs and arms were bare. The women wore jackets of gaudy coloured cottons; white handkerchiefs were neatly folded round their heads, and their whole dress was clean and decent. Exuberant health shone in their faces, and strength and agility were manifested in their steps. We descended from the boat, and paid a carlin each for our passage, and then by a zig-zag stair, cut out of the living rock, we mounted to the cliffs. Immediately on arriving at Carotta, a town which stands in the plain, we went to a monastery of Capuchins to which we had been directed to ask for a lodging: we there found the deputy *guardiano* engaged in teaching some children to read, in the refectory; he was an ill-tempered man, pale, thin, and wasted, peevish, and austere; indeed his countenance wore an habitual frown. Through pride or caprice, he refused to accommodate us, in consequence of which we were obliged to repair to a *Loranda*, in the town of Sorrento, about two miles from Carotta. A monk accompanied us to show us the way; he was a fat, jolly looking man, and civil in word and deed; we observed that the organ of destructiveness was remarkably elevated on this man's head, but perhaps Spurzheim may be wrong; at any rate, it could be of very little use to the poor monk to have a hangman's inclinations. In going through the piazza, we were attracted by a crowd and a great noise; on approaching, we saw some fellows beating a dying calf; the animal was thrown on its back, the throat laid open to the bronchia, and the blood spouting from the arteries; the

blows which the stout fellows armed with long sticks delivered at random on the back, sides, belly, and haunches, resounded like musket shot, and wherever they fell, the tortured flesh puffed up in long ridges—we turned away in disgust, and hastened to our lodging.

At supper our landlady introduced herself, her son and daughter, and brought us a book to write our names in; on looking it over, we found the names of a good number of our countrymen and countrywomen, and, among them, one whose death we deplore, and whose memory we honour,—Mr. John Scott—peace to his ashes!—Our landlady, Donna Rosa, was a determined gossip, and told us many strange stories about saints and sinners, and particularly one marvellously long, dull, tale of *Il re Timberio, Imperatore di Capri*. At length our supper was done, our landlady, her son and daughter, took each a glass of our rosolio, and retired, and we went to bed, where we remained till long after the golden morning had poured its light over the mountains and the sea. After getting up and taking some coffee and milk, our common breakfast, we prepared to stroll about, and look for a lodging, but first we went to see the house in which Tasso was born. It stands on the edge of the cliff, and commands a magnificent view of the bay; it has been repaired and modernized, until nothing that was hallowed by the poet remains; and the present owner of the mansion, a Neapolitan Duke, some time ago sold the few memorials of the author of the *Gerusalemme* that were left, as a chair, a table, and a few other things. There is nothing remarkable in the house; it is large and roomy, but the disposition of the rooms is confused. There are two fronts, one of which, at least the greater part of it, is in a narrow street, opposite the high wall of a nunnery, and the other is perched on the cliffs. At one angle of the house, there was formerly a bust of the poet in *terra cotta*, which some French soldiers during their invasion in 1799 mistaking for a saint, discharged their pieces at, and shattered its head. Close by the house is a pleasant little esplanade, with

some stone seats, where in the evening the gentry of Sorrento repair to enjoy the *bel fresco*, and the fine wide view; and they call the place *Prospetto* (or *Prospietto*) by way of distinction. After walking about a little here, we bent our steps towards the Piano, and soon reached the silent and shady lanes by which it is intersected; they are formed of high walls, which inclose the raised gardens that occupy almost the whole plain and stretch up some of the hills. These gardens are the most delicious retreats imaginable: here are long groves of lemons and oranges, whose scented blossoms bestow fragrance on every breeze: the stately almond, the olive, and the fig tree, whose fantastic arms are thrown about to the right, to the left, upwards, downwards; in short, whose branches wander about in every direction but a straight one: but, above all, in beauty as in use, here is the classic vine, not kept down to the ground as in France, but gracefully trailed from pole to pole, or tree to tree, and forming alleys and bowers not unworthy even of the muse.

The Piano is divided into six parishes, the most considerable of them are Meta, which lies immediately under Monte Chiaro; Carotta, and St. Agnolo, which occupy the middle of the plain; and Trasaiaella, which stands on the slope of the lesser St. Angelo. Besides the two other villages, which are called Mortora and Trinita, and which stand respectively behind Meta and Carotta, there are several hamlets and clusters of cottages, which lie in the defile and on the wooded slopes: an amphitheatre of hills incloses the whole, rising up pile after pile, to the lofty summit of St. Angelo, and wheeling round to the rough ridge between Sorrento and Massa. The Piano is, of course, of considerable extent; its population is said to be 12,000 persons. The bed of the whole plain is *tufo*, and it seems to have been formed by one deposit, since there are no traces of different layers here, as there are in the *tufo* of Posilipo; but whether the deposit was effected at once, or at many different times, it was evidently of a very extraordinary extent, for the same material, with little interruption from Cape Campa-

nella, sweeping round the Bay to Cape Misenum, is the basis of the whole shore. To find a cause adequate to such an effect, conjecture has converted the Bay into the crater of an antediluvian volcano; and the enormous size of such a volcano is not a very important objection, when it is considered that the agents first employed in the formation of the world were endowed, in all probability, with prodigious energy, and acted with a violence unparalleled by any thing that exists in human record. The Piano of Sorrento seems to have been formed by an effusion of lava which, restrained by the hills around, sank almost to a level, and formed one plain of stone; this, shrinking as it cooled, opened in several broad, deep, irregular fissures, which now in rainy weather serve as channels for the waters that descend from the hills; the plain was afterwards, it seems, ruptured on the side towards the sea, and the disjointed mass was thrown back into the bay. It is not, however, our object to theorize; it is our object to look around us, and to amuse you with a relation of what we see; we proceed therefore to facts.

After rambling some time about the Piano, we began to ascend the hill, called Conte Fontanella, which lies behind; and after half an hour's walk through the lanes which stretch up the ascent, we emerged upon the open slope; terrace after terrace lay spread out before us covered with fruit trees, vines, and corn. On the left was a copse, in whose cool shades we were tempted to sit down awhile; and there, sheltered from the sun by a screen of leafy boughs, we abandoned ourselves to the enjoyment of the delicious freshness, and lazily amused ourselves, each propped up on his elbow, by peeping through a green bush, down to the Piano, the crowded gardens of which looked like a forest, hiding in its shades two or three villages, two or three whitewashed convents, and the painted domes of a few towers which just rose above the trees. We enjoyed the view for some time, then leaving our seats we began once more to ascend, and in less than half an hour we reached the summit of the Conte Fontanella; the view here opens very

grandly; here one first sees the broad, blue gulf of Salerno, and the eye, shooting across, rests upon the mountains of Calabria. On the left, reared high in air, is the cloudy peak of St. Angelo; the ridge is bristled with a few pines, but all the slopes seem bare: nearer to us starts up Vicarvanno, lofty, ragged, and abrupt; towards the base he is tufted with mountain shrubs, but as the eye ascends they disappear, and long strata of naked rocks stare out rude and forbidding! still his top is green as a meadow and fringed with trees. On the right, at no great distance, rises Malacoccola, another hill, partially wooded, but in some places wild and bare; and towards the gulf of Salerno broken into precipitous cliffs of a tremendous height. In either bay there were many little sails flying to and fro, and in the distance a large vessel, vexed by a shifting breeze, was slowly manœuvring into the bay of Naples, her sails were all in shade, and she passed across the waters wrapped in a sullen frown.

On reaching the summit of the hill we began to make inquiries about a lodging; and after some little trouble found one in a casino, which, though almost new, well built, very convenient, and standing in an admirable situation, which commanded a view of the surrounding hills and of both bays, had been deserted by its owner, who preferred living in a small, dark, dirty house, in a narrow lane at St. Agnolo, surrounded by poverty, beggary, filth, and a hundred unutterable abominations. You will ask, perhaps, what can be his motive? Oh! Sir! it is nothing very occult or very unusual; it is simply that he has an invincible dislike to his own company, that solitude is to him an abstract of discomfort and disgust, and he gladly flies to any thing that will shield him from the horrors of being alone. Our house was dignified with the title of *Villa Stinca*; its history is rather curious: a good many years ago, there lived in the *Piano di Sorrento* a family of the name of Stinca; one of the children belonging to it, as the family was very poor, at a very early age went to sea to gain his livelihood, and chancing, while a

mere youth, to be taken prisoner by a corsair, was taken into Tunis and sold as a slave. He passed through a variety of adventures, and had the pleasure of serving a variety of masters, until at length he contrived to ingratiate himself with a person of some consideration who had purchased him, and who, finding, or fancying, many good qualities in the poor Neapolitan sailor boy, who could neither read nor write, undertook the care of making his fortune, and actually furnished him with employments in which he amassed no inconsiderable sum of money. After a long time, he was seized with a desire of revisiting his native plain; his mother and father were dead, his family dispersed, and himself forgotten, when on a sudden he made his appearance at Sorrento; he contrived to find a brother, and some other relations, he bought some land, and determined to build a house and finish his days in ease and independence: accordingly our Casino rose on the crest of the hill, and a large *masseria* was inclosed and attached to it; here the wanderer retired, and here discovered that a life of ease was not calculated to please him; he had been formed in other scenes; he grew restless, and at length resolved to return to that foreign shore where it is said he had been at once a tyrant and a slave. It is said, indeed, that a *land of liberty* was odious to Stinca, who knew no difference between liberty and slavery, but that one was to commit wrong and the other to suffer it; we have heard also that he had but little respect for the flame of a wax-candle or the tinkling of a silver bell; but be that as it may, the cause he himself assigned for his departure was that he wished to recover some property which he had left at Tunis. He returned to Africa, carrying back with him the bulk of his property, and shortly after, in one of those little disturbances with which the amiable people of those parts occasionally amuse themselves to keep their blood from stagnating, poor Stinca's head flew from his shoulders, and at the same time his patron's underwent a similar operation. The farm which Stinca had purchased, and the house which he had built on the hill, de-

scended to his brother, who immediately became a *galantuomo*, and wore a coat ever afterwards.*

We soon completed our little arrangements with respect to our mode of living, &c. engaged the *paronale*, or farmer, who lived in a little house on the *masseria*, to furnish our humble table, and to perform other little necessary offices; and when those important preliminaries were settled, and we were established in our mountain home, we coolly laid out regular plans for making excursions to every point in the neighbourhood where any thing might challenge remark. Our plans were really most judiciously contrived, and included every advantage in the narrowest compass imaginable, but we suppress the details, for somehow, "what will you have o'nt," we never carried one of them into execution. The first time we sallied out to make an excursion we struck by accident into a path that swept up the hills on our right; and we walked on a little while in silence; it was the musing hour of morning, the hour when nature seemed yet scarcely roused from repose; before the breeze is heated, before the shadow is chased away, and while the birds are still twittering in their nests—in short, precisely the hour when

Morn

Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain's top.

We had walked on about a quarter of an hour, and began to approach the hills, when it was observed, "we are beginning at the wrong end of our plan." "Ah! so we are, so we are; this won't do at all, but—there's a fine rock! eh? and the wood behind it!" "Yes, and the gorge opening below; and the old tower on the hill! eh?" "By Jupiter, we must see that a little nearer." "But then, the plan, the plan!" "Why, aye, to be sure, the plan, as you say—but then, you know, it won't signify much, if we come *here* twice, will it? and then there's a fine clump of trees." "Yes, and

the cottage behind, and the goats scrambling up that path." "And that bare legged girl—" "Why, yes, that's very true, but still—" But still what? "Why, if we begin to deviate from our plan—" "Oh! my dear fellow, don't be bothering for everlasting about our plans; for let me tell you, it will be a very bad plan indeed to make ourselves the slaves of any particular arrangement—in short, I say—I say, in short—" "Well, come, let us go on and say no more about it." And on we went.

The morning was cheerful, and in a little time the heat grew extreme; so that we were very glad when we reached a gorge in the hill, where a bushy dell and green sward invited us to rest; for we were thoroughly tired with clambering up the rough steep road, which conducted us up the hill. We sought out a place from which we could look down upon the plain, and enjoy the beautiful view: wherever we turned our eye we saw plain, or mountain, or copse; and the breeze from the sea swept along the uplands, bringing sweetness with every gust. After we had well rested, we began once more to ascend, and had a hard scramble up the rocks to a lone farm house, which stands on the highest peak of the hill; it is in fact insulated on the topmost crag; the slopes around it are stony and barren, except where a few hardy mountain shrubs shoot out from between the rocks, and cover them with tufts of green. Opposite the farm house, at a few paces distant, stands a chapel; this, with the house and the land around, had once belonged to a monastery, which is down in the plain, and hither in former times the monks were accustomed to repair during the hot weather, or when the harvest required their attendance. The whole property was seized by the French, but was not sold until the return of Ferdinand, when that, with other fine tracts of land, consisting of copse, vineyard, orchard, &c. which had belonged to different religious fraternities, being sold by public

* A coat is quite a distinctive of gentility among the vulgar in this kingdom. *O è un galantuomo, porta la sciamberra* (O he is a gentleman, he wears a coat); but they have some nice distinctions; a man who wears a sort of coat continually, is a gentleman; one who wears a coat now and then, is a *mezzo galantuomo*, or a *specie di galantuomo*. Jackets enjoy a very bad reputation.

auction, was bought by a Swiss, and let out in large farms to different persons. From a little seat behind the chapel, the eye roams over an extensive landscape; the principal objects are, Ischia, Procida, Cape Misenum, Baja, Posilippo, Naples, the long slopes of Vesuvius, the distant Appenines, nearer to us S. Angelo, lofty and bare, and wreathed round and round with clouds, the bay of Salerno, the whole plain of Sorrento, the cottages scattered among the hills, and the wooded slopes immediately below us. The two bays are the most striking objects; that of Salerno is more grand and more extensive, but that of Naples is far more beautiful, from its islands, its undulating shores, its frequent sails, and, perhaps, in a great measure, from its comparative smallness, which brings it all within the reach of the eye, and makes it a perfect whole. While we stayed to enjoy this view, the bays were as peaceful as the blue sky which they reflected, not a breeze ruffled them, their waters stretched out broad, tranquil, and magnificent, and mixed peacefully in the main. From this height Vesuvius looks more grand than usual, more lofty, more lonely, and more threatening; its cone is not here rivalled by the cone of the Somma, for the latter is hid by the former, and from the solitary peak rises that dark cloud which is the index of the strife within. On going round to the other side of the farm house we obtained a view of the rugged summit of Santa Costanza, and we looked down into the valley in which stands the ancient city of Sorrento. Even from this height we could see the deep gulph which runs almost round it, forming a natural defence, which in ancient times must have been almost impregnable. We could discern also the line of walls flanked with towers, which gives the city, when one is near to it, an air of feudal strength and gloom.

The valley is very small and very fertile; the hills which enclose it are covered with vines half way up, and corn, legumes, and copse, extend to their summits. After a long and de-

lightful ramble we repaired to the farm house, the owner of which we knew, and here reposed and refreshed ourselves, and passed the rest of the day. We were entertained with rude but abundant hospitality, and were pleasurably reminded more than once of the little farmers of our own country. We consumed several hours in conversing with our worthy host on the rural economies of Sorrento, and as it was evening before we set out, night overtook us in the woods on our return. We had wisely stopped to watch the declining sun, as he sunk behind Ischia, becoming more and more glorious as he descended; we observed that the last lights of day were vanishing from the intricacies of the thicket; we saw that fine but fugitive blush which accompanies the twilight in southern climates, fast fading into darkness, and before we could rouse ourselves from our reverie night had closed upon us. Presently the copse began to sparkle with *luciole* (fire-flies) which grew more and more bright and numerous, until the whole hill seemed to swarm with wandering sparks of fire. We have always admired the poetical effect produced by the glow-worm's little lamp, but the glow-worm contrasted with the *luciola* would "pale his ineffectual fire;" being very far inferior in brightness and beauty; but the chief inferiority of the glow-worm consists in his being confined to the ground, and in his dilatory motion, whilst the chief beauty of the *luciole*, perhaps, consists in the irregular vivacity of their motion, of their rising into the air, of their flitting from shrub to shrub, and tree to tree, and of their occasionally assembling in little troops. The paths by which we had to descend, to our great discomfort, were for the most part precipitous, and all along rough with large stones and broken by fosses; however, by means of great precaution, by frequently pausing, by treading cautiously, and winding about, we at length reached our solitary casino in safety, and after our supper of curdled milk, we retired to bed and slept most profoundly.

THE OLD MARGATE HOY.

I AM fond of passing my vacations (I believe I have said so before) at one or other of the Universities. Next to these my choice would fix me at some woody spot, such as the neighbourhood of Henley affords in abundance, upon the banks of my beloved Thames. But somehow or other my cousin contrives to wheedle me once in three or four seasons to a watering place. Old attachments cling to her in spite of experience. We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourn a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at—Hastings!—and all because we were happy many years ago for a brief week at—Margate. That was our first sea-side experiment, and many circumstances combined to make it the most agreeable holyday of my life. We had neither of us seen the sea, and we had never been from home so long together in company.

Can I forget thee, thou old Margate Hoy, with thy weather-beaten, sun-burnt captain, and his rough accommodations—ill exchanged for the foppery and fresh-water niceness of the modern steam packet? To the winds and waves thou committedst thy goodly freightage, and didst ask no aid of magic fumes, and spells, and boiling cauldrons. With the gales of heaven thou wentest swimmingly; or, when it was their pleasure, stoodest still with sailor-like patience. Thy course was natural, not forced, as in a hot-bed; nor didst thou go poisoning the breath of ocean with sulphureous smoke—a great sea-chimæra, chimneying and furnacing the deep; or liker to that sea-god parching up Scamander.

Can I forget thy honest, yet slender crew, with their coy reluctant responses (yet to the suppression of any thing like contempt) to the raw questions, which we of the great city would be ever and anon putting to them, as to the uses of this or that strange naval implement. 'Specially can I forget thee, thou happy medium, thou shade of refuge between us and them, conciliating interpreter of their skill to our simplicity, comfortable ambassa-

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dor between sea and land!—whose sailor-trowsers did not more convincingly assure thee to be an adopted denizen of the former, than thy white cap, and whiter apron over them, with thy neat-fingered practice in thy culinary vocation, bespoke thee to have been of inland nurture heretofore—a master cook of Eastcheap? How busily didst thou ply thy multifarious occupation, cook, mariner, attendant, chamberlain; here, there, like another Ariel, flaming at once about all parts of the deck, yet with kindlier ministrations—not to assist the tempest, but, as if touched with a kindred sense of our infirmities, to soothe the qualms which that untried motion might haply raise in our crude land-fancies. And when the o'er-washing billows drove us below deck (for it was far gone in October, and we had stiff and blowing weather) how did thy officious ministerings, still catering for our comfort, with cards, and cordials, and thy more cordial conversation, alleviate the closeness and the confinement of thy else (truth to say) not very savoury, nor very inviting, little cabin!

With these additaments to boot, we had on board a fellow-passenger, whose discourse in verity might have beguiled a longer voyage than we meditated, and have made mirth and wonder abound as far as from Thames to the Azores. He was a dark, Spanish-complexioned young man, remarkably handsome, with an officer-like assurance, and an insuppressible volubility of assertion. He was, in fact, the greatest liar I had met with then, or since. He was none of your hesitating half story-tellers (a most painful description of mortals) who go on sounding your belief, and only giving you as much as they see you can swallow at a time—the nibbling pickpockets of your patience—but one who committed downright, day-light depredations upon his neighbour's faith. He did not stand shivering upon the brink, but was a hearty thorough-paced liar, and plunged at once into the depths of your credulity. I partly believe, he made pretty sure of his company. Not many rich,

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not many wise, or learned, composed at that time the common stowage of a Margate packet. We were, I am afraid, a set of as unfledged Londoners (let our enemies give it a worse name) as Thames or Tooley-street at that time of day could have supplied. There might be an exception or two among us, but I scorn to make any invidious distinctions among such a jolly, companionable ship's company, as those were whom I sailed with. Something too must be conceded to the *Genius Loci*. Had the confident fellow told us half the legends on land, which he favoured us with on the other element, I flatter myself, the good sense of most of us would have revolted. But we were in a new world, with every thing unfamiliar about us, and the time and place disposed us to the reception of any prodigious marvel whatsoever. Time has obliterated from my memory much of his wild fablings; and the rest would appear but dull, as written, and to be read on shore. He had been Aid-de-camp (among other rare accidents and fortunes) to a Persian prince, and at one blow had stricken off the head of the King of Carimania on horseback. He, of course, married the Prince's daughter. I forget what unlucky turn in the politics of that court, combining with the loss of his consort, was the reason of his quitting Persia; but with the rapidity of a magician he transported himself, along with his hearers, back to England, where we still found him in the confidence of great ladies. There was some story of a Princess—Elizabeth, if I remember,—having entrusted to his care an extraordinary casket of jewels, upon some extraordinary occasion—but as I am not certain of the name or circumstance at this distance of time, I must leave it to the Royal daughters of England to settle the honour among themselves in private. I cannot call to mind half his pleasant wonders; but I perfectly remember, that in the course of his travels he had seen a phoenix; and he obligingly undeceived us of the vulgar error, that there is but one of that species at a time, assuring us that they were not uncommon in some parts of Upper Egypt. Hitherto he had found the most implicit

listeners. His dreaming fancies had transported us beyond the "ignorant present." But when (still hardying more and more in his triumphs over our simplicity), he went on to affirm that he had actually sailed through the legs of the Colossus at Rhodes, it really became necessary to make a stand. And here I must do justice to the good sense and intrepidity of one of our party, a youth, that had hitherto been one of his most deferential auditors, who, from his recent reading, made bold to assure the gentleman, that there must be some mistake, as "the Colossus in question had been destroyed long since:" to whose opinion, delivered with all modesty, our hero was obliging enough to concede thus much, that "the figure was indeed a little damaged." This was the only opposition he met with, and it did not at all seem to stagger him, for he proceeded with his fables, which the same youth appeared to swallow with still more complacency than ever,—confirmed, as it were, by the extreme candour of that concession. With these prodigies he wheedled us on till we came in sight of the Reculvers, which one of our own company (having been the voyage before) immediately recognising, and pointing out to us, was considered by us as no ordinary seaman.

All this time sate upon the edge of the deck quite a different character. It was a lad, apparently very poor, very infirm, and very patient. His eye was ever on the sea, with a smile; and, if he caught now and then some snatches of these wild legends, it was by accident, and they seemed not to concern him. The waves to him whispered more pleasant stories. He was as one, being with us, but not of us. He heard the bell of dinner ring without stirring; and when some of us pulled out our private stores—our cold meat and our salads—he produced none, and seemed to want none. Only a solitary biscuit he had laid in; provision for the one or two days and nights, to which these vessels then were oftentimes obliged to prolong their voyage. Upon a nearer acquaintance with him, which he seemed neither to court nor decline, we learned that he was going to Margate, with the

calls "verdure to the edge of the sea." I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices. I cry out for the water-brooks, and pant for fresh streams, and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beech watching the capricious hues of the sea, shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out at the windows of this island-prison. I would fain retire into the interior of my cage. While I gaze upon the sea, I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains, as of iron. My thoughts are abroad. I should not so feel in Staffordshire. There is no home for me here. There is no sense of home at Hastings. It is a place of fugitive resort, an heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town, and no more, it were something—with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them, it were something. I could abide to dwell with Mesheck; to assort with fisher-swains, and smugglers. There are, or I dream there are, many of this latter occupation here. Their faces become the place. I like a smuggler. He is the only honest thief. He robs nothing but the revenue,—an abstraction I never greatly cared about. I could go out with them in their mackarel boats, or about their less ostensible business, with some satisfaction. I can even tolerate those poor victims to monotony, who from day to day pace along the beech, in endless progress and recurrence, to watch their illicit countrymen—townsfolk or brethren perchance—whistling to the sheathing and unsheathing of their cutlasses (their only solace), who under the mild name of preventive service, keep up a legitimated civil warfare, in the deplorable absence of a foreign one, to show their detestation of run hollands, and zeal for old England. But it is the visitants from town, that come here to say they have been here, with no more relish of the sea than a pond perch, or a dace might be supposed to have, that are my aversion. I feel like a foolish dace

in these regions, and have as little toleration for myself here, as for them. What can they want here? if they had a true relish of the ocean, why have they brought all this land luggage with them? or why pitch their civilized tents in the desert? What mean these scanty book-rooms—marine libraries, as they entitle them—if the sea were, as they would have us believe, a book "to read strange matter in?" what are their foolish concert-rooms, if they come, as they would fain be thought to do, to listen to the music of the waves? All is false and hollow pretension. They come, because it is the fashion, and to spoil the nature of the place. They are mostly, as I have said, stock-brokers; but I have watched the better sort of them—now and then, an honest citizen (of the old stamp), in the simplicity of his heart, shall bring down his wife and daughters, to taste the sea breezes. I always know the date of their arrival. It is easy to see it in their countenance. A day or two they go wandering on the shingles, picking up cockle-shells, and thinking them great things; but, in a poor week, imagination slackens; they begin to discover that cockles produce no pearls, and then—O then!—if I could interpret for the pretty creatures (I know they have not the courage to confess it themselves) how gladly would they exchange their sea-side rambles for a Sunday walk on the green-sward of their accustomed Twickenham meadows!

I would ask of one of these sea-charmed emigrants, who think they truly love the sea, with its wild usages, what would their feelings be, if some of the unsophisticated aborigines of this place, encouraged by their courteous questionings here, should venture, on the faith of such assured sympathy between them, to return the visit, and come up to see—London. I must imagine them with their fishing-tackle on their back, as we carry our town necessities. What a sensation would it cause in Lothbury? What vehement laughter would it not excite among

The daughters of Cheapside, and wives of Lombard-street.

I am sure that no town-bred, or in-

land-born subjects, can feel their true and natural nourishment at these sea-places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us stay at home. The salt foam seems to nourish a spleen.

I am not half so good-natured as by the milder waters of my natural river. I would exchange these sea-gulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis.

ELIA.

STANZAS.

And the imperial votaress passed on
In maiden meditation, fancy free.—*Shakspeare.*

I BLAME not her, because my soul
Is not like her's—a treasure
Of self-sufficing good, a whole
Complete in every measure.

I charge her not with cruel pride,
With self-admired disdain ;
Too happy she or to deride
Or to perceive my pain.

I blame her not—she cannot know
What she did never prove ;
Her streams of sweetness purely flow
Unblended yet with love.

No fault hath she—that I desire
What she cannot conceive ;
For she is made of bliss entire,
And I was born to grieve.

And though she hath a thousand wiles,
And in a minute's space
As fast as light a thousand smiles
Come pouring from her face,

Those winsome wiles—those sunny looks
Her heart securely deems
Cold as the flashing of the brooks
In the cold moon-light beams.

Her sweet affections, free as wind,
Nor fear nor craving feel ;
No secret hollow hath her mind
For passion to reveal.

Her being's law is gentle bliss,
Her purpose and her duty ;
And quiet joy her loveliness,
And gay delight her beauty.

Then let her walk in mirthful pride,
Dispensing joy and sadness ;
By her light spirit fortified
In panoply of gladness.

The joy she gives shall still be hers,
The sorrow shall be mine ;
Such debt the earthly heart incurs
That pants for the divine.

But better 'tis to love I ween,
And die of slow despair,
Than die, and never to have seen
A maid so lovely fair.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

THE ELGIN GALLERY.

1.

VAIN world, depart; nor with thy smiles intrude!
 Be this place sacred to most solemn thought!
 Hush'd be the sound of voice or footstep rude,
 While ages past before the mind are brought,
 And silent musing is to rapture wrought.
 For ever, here, be Folly's face unknown,
 And be this temple oft by Wisdom sought:
 That soaring youth may list *her* voice alone,
 Reading of life's true worth from page of mouldering stone.

2.

Lo, the vast works of ancient art are placed
 The admiration of a far-famed land!
 Yet when they first sprang forth to view, and graced
 That goodly fane which doth a ruin stand,
 Plunder'd, and midst its desolation grand,*
 This spot was an unpeopled wilderness;
 Save here and there a little savage band,
 Chasing the boar with barbarous address,
 Or couch'd round mud-built huts, slumbering away distress.

3.

Daughter of Beauty, calling Britain—Home!
 Come pass an hour within this hallow'd place;
 And when thy thoughts o'er distant ages roam,
 The steps of Nature or of Art to trace,
 Let not a form adorn'd with youthful grace,
 Round which the loveliest hues of health may play,
 Nor yet the sweetness of an angel face,
 Thy love-fill'd heart to vanity betray:
 For think, Oh! think how soon ye pass from earth away.

4.

Remember, fair one, though thy charms may vie
 With the enchantment o'er these relics flung,
 Though virgin love may light thy beauteous eye,
 And in thy praise full many a lay be sung;
 Forms, fair as thine, have o'er these marbles hung,†
 Whose ringlets wander'd o'er as bright a brow;
 With whose sweet praise the minstrel's lyre oft rung;
 Before whose smiles ev'n Science learn'd to bow!
 Yet these all droop'd and died.—Alas! where are they now?

5.

Brethren! do ye too pause in manly guise,
 Nor trifle in the presence of the great:
 The statues of the mighty and the wise,
 Long ceased from earth, here meet in marble state;
 Pointing to men whose genius could create
 Works to amaze the world throughout all time!
 On whose stupendous labours yet await
 Ages of glory; till their native clime
 Perchance may rise again to state still more sublime!

* The Parthenon.

† Visconti conjectures, from the statues lately adorning the Parthenon being so exquisitely finished on all sides, that they were exposed to public view, previous to their being placed in their destined situation.

6.

Here ponder deep in solitude profound,
 And back, to years long past, awhile retire;
 We tread, as 'twere, upon enchanted ground,
 Where rang the echoes of fair Sappho's lyre!
 And here are they who did her song inspire!
 The harps of ancient bards ring forth again
 The hymns o'er which our spirits never tire;
 But pause to attend the soft, ærial strain,
 And drink the fancied bliss from out the cup of pain.

7.

A nation's fame here urn'd in marble lies!
 The silent glory of departed days
 Lives like the sun in eve's unclouded skies,
 When lovely light around the spirit plays,
 While the rapt soul inhales the radiant rays.
 Pause here, and mark how giant Art doth wage
 Battle with Time, who on his offspring preys—
 Their names are read upon the sculptured page,
 Whose works illumine the world in this far distant age.

8.

"Her dead are turn'd towards the setting sun,"*
 And Athens weeps o'er many an envied bier;
 The race of glory hath been lost and won,
 And Athens' woes implore the patriot's tear.
 No more her sons the shout of victory hear;
 Fall'n are her heroes, and her foes are strong:
 Freedom's firm notes their hearts no longer cheer,
 Raised to redress a much-loved nation's wrong!—
 Hush'd is the minstrel's voice, ceased his inspiring song!

9.

Yet Athens triumphs in her heroes' dust,
 And conquers by the 'magic of a name.'
 The ashes of her sons, a sacred trust,
 For her, the homage of a world must claim,
 Which boasts no mightier monument of fame.
 Their spirits reign, the monarchs of the past;
 Their memories live, like an unwasting flame,
 From which bright beams o'er many realms are cast,
 To light the path to Fame, as long as Art shall last.

10.

Hark! far-off music falls upon the ear,
 Like the light sounds that haunt an honour'd tomb—
 Delusion sweet! as lone we wander here,
 Within the confines of this narrow room,
 Fancy recalls the spring-time, and the bloom,
 Of Grecian glory; and we stop to muse
 Upon the darkness of her latter doom;
 And wonder how our country can refuse
 Her aid, to crush the foes that such fair realms abuse!

11.

I view the labours of the far-famed dead,
 The wondrous works of many a mighty mind—
 Broken but not destroy'd! Their beauty's fled—
 The new-born sweetness, pure, but undefin'd,
 That flush'd them o'er when first they were design'd,

* "Sage of Athens."—The Athenians buried their dead with the faces turned toward the west.

Their early loveliness is gone! but now,
 Youth's vigour, manhood's strength, and age, combined,
 Have rear'd a throne to which the world must bow,
 And torn a wreath from Time to bind round Art's bright brow.

12.

The fragments here of fine hewn forms I see,
 Which were the wonders of the world of old;
 And ever will the pride of nations be,
 Until the heart-blood of their sons is cold!—
 Come nearer, and drink in the charm—behold
 Where, in his hoary strength, Ilissus lies,*
 O'er whom the floods of many an age have roll'd,
 Since first his mighty form was seen to rise—
 Ere the great artist's soul had sought its native skies!

13.

Rise! Rise! Old guardian of the peaceful stream,†
 And to thy ancient place of rest depart!
 Lift thy huge bulk, that, fill'd with life, doth seem
 From its hard seat e'en now about to start!
 Strength nerve that arm if thou *material* art;
 That foot firm grasp the ground without delay!
 Though call'd a God, thou canst not upward dart,
 And quit this spot, where thou art doom'd to stay
 Till superhuman strength bear those large limbs away.

14.

Time! Time hath marr'd thee; and the solemn glance
 Of thine unearthly eye is seen no more!‡
 And ever dost thou seem about to advance,
 An awful fragment, from the marble floor,
 Where yet thou liest, still, as heretofore!
 Say, where the remnants of thy form now lie?
 Sunk in what sea, or scatter'd on what shore?
 Shame that a *God* should, mangled, meet the eye,
 The marvel of the wise, or jest of passers by.

15.

Thou wert the offspring of a giant mind,
 That tower'd above the spirits of the earth;
 Born of a nation lofty, and refined,
 Whose sons yet dream'd of Gods of mortal birth,
 Whose attributes might half excite men's mirth.
 Thou art a wanderer from that classic clime,
 And art indeed of most surpassing worth;
 Would I had seen thee in thy youthful prime,
 Ere thy fine form was scathed by the rude hand of Time!

16.

Sweet flows thy unprotected river still,
 And shepherd swains upon its banks reside;
 And the smooth waters pass by many a hill,
 Down which perchance hath rush'd the crimson tide
 When war's red hand that stream's fair bosom dyed:
 Calm flows thy river, though long lost to thee!
 Yet will not I thy shatter'd power deride—
 Thou art no God from mortal frailty free,
 But made by man to share his immortality.

* The God of the little river which runs along the south side of the plain of Athens.

† It is scarce necessary to observe that the statue of Ilissus represents him as about to raise himself up, and to rest the whole weight of his body on the left arm, the left foot at the same time being firmly placed on the ground. For a particular description of any of the marbles, the reader will refer to Visconti's Memoirs.

‡ The head is gone.

17.

And doth thy temple on the brink still stand,
 Of that clear current, where it erst was rear'd,
 Whither, of old, went many a rural band
 Of worshippers, thy shadowy power who fear'd?—
 Or, with the beams that once the nation cheer'd
 From Art's fair sun, now risen on Britain's isle,
 Have both the fane and idol disappeared?
 And is not one poor relic left awhile,
 To cheer her children's hearts with memory of a smile?

18.

Well, well—our years roll on like ocean's waves,
 Which all things in their mighty way do sweep:
 And tyrants help at length to fill the graves
 Where thousands of their gory victims sleep;
 For they who sorrow sow, affliction reap.
 O'er Athens, now, despotic darkness reigns—
 Her country groans—yet let not Athens weep!
 A new-born hero yet shall tread her plains,
 And rise, like him of old, to snap her hated chains.

19.

Here Athens' king reclines, his labours o'er;
 His fine limbs stretch'd in undisturb'd repose!
 Theseus, thy work is done; and never more
 Thy roused strength shall crush thy giant foes:
 Ceased are thy toils, with all thy warlike woes!
 Thy tasks Herculean all completed are:
 But Grecian annals to the world disclose
 A tale, which stains thy reputation fair—
 Of Cretan monster slain, and Cretan maid's despair.

20.

Lovely thy mutilated form appears!
 Oh valiant monarch, how couldst thou endure
 To look on Ariadne's starry tears?
 What shall this world from cruel deeds secure,
 If heart so hard could dwell in form so pure?
 Wert thou indeed so beautiful of mien?
 Or hath the sculptor's art, the world to allure,
 Bestow'd on thee an aspect so serene?—
 Thou wouldst not seem so fair if thy lost love were seen!

21.

Thy heart was hard, great king, to murder love,
 Whose earliest seed was in affliction sown;
 Scarce may thy name deserve to rank above,
 For such dark deeds in Heaven are never known.
 Thy death was cruel, but could not atone
 For sad desertion of a weeping maid:
 Thy memory then is best preserved in stone;
 For thus thy nature is at once display'd,
 And thus in Pluto's realms thou wert of old delay'd!

22.

Happy art thou, in that thy name doth live,
 'Shrined in the glory of the artist's fame,
 Whose hand an immortality could give,
 Vast as surrounds the Theban hero's name,
 To rival whom it was thy fruitless aim—
 How many, richly fraught with virtues rare,
 Whose patriot deeds thy famed exploits might shame,
 No honours like to thine shall ever share,
 But die away from earth without a nation's care!

23.

Latona, where art thou? In Delos' isle
 Thy everlasting home should be; where night
 Looks lovely from thy meek-eyed daughter's smile,
 And thy son's presence maketh day most bright:
 Apollo and Diana link'd in light!
 Fair twins, aye join'd in Love's ærial chains,
 Walking the skies to gladden mortal sight!—
 Not long their light one favour'd spot retains:
 Their beams are scatter'd far o'er earth's remotest plains.*

24.

Thy tale, Latona, hath not ceased to claim
 Some tender sympathy—perchance a tear!
 Surely 'twas meant to shadow forth the same,
 That such a fragment only should be here!
 And that thou should'st so desolate appear,
 Thy smiling children parted from thy side;
 Whose lonely birth must them to thee endear,
 Born on an island in the ocean wide:
 These thoughts so fill our hearts, we half forget to chide.†

25.

Pale, pale, fair sea-nymph of the brilliant wings,
 Iris! where hath thy rainbow beauty fled?
 Art thou the messenger from heaven, that brings
 Tidings of sunny peace in tempests bred?
 Oh, with what airy lightness dost thou tread,
 Thy dainty garments streaming in the wind!
 Like a young spirit soaring from the dead,
 Just on the point of leaving earth behind,
 The ethereal realms to reach, and traverse unconfined.

26.

Minerva's battles, and old Neptune's deeds,
 Here, in loose fragments, float on memory;
 Like ancient wrecks bedeck'd with smiling weeds,
 On the dark billows of a solemn sea:
 Hyperion, too, emerging bright and free
 From the deep gloom of hoary Ocean's caves:
 And Night, descending to the main, where she
 Her star-girt chariot, in the morning, laves,
 Plunging her coal-black steeds deep in the midnight waves.

27.

Look on that head‡ all motionless as death!
 Though life seems flashing from the fiery eye,
 And the proud nostril seems to strive for breath,
 As if the snorting steed, too strong to die,
 Had just been struck by lightning from the sky
 And changed to animated stone; how strive
 The marble muscles Reason to belie!
 And by the magic might of Art contrive
 To force the mind to yield and dream them still alive!

28.

And here is many a monumental urn,
 Telling sad tales of unavailing woe,
 Of souls departed never to return,
 For whom affection's tears have ceased to flow;

* A very small portion of the figure of Latona, and a still less one of her offspring, is found in the Elgin Collection.

† Her unhallowed connection with Jupiter will not be forgotten.

‡ Supposed to be the head of one of the horses belonging to the chariot of Night.

The mourner, with the dead, long since laid low :
 And the frail vase, too faithless to its trust,
 Hath let, alas ! its sacred treasure go,
 The relics of the dead ! whose ashes, thrust
 From these their little homes, are mingling with the dust.

29.

Pass on, and muse upon the warriors' doom,*
 The men who fighting for their country fell :
 Here is the epitaph ! But where their tomb ?—
 Ask not : for *that* hath learning fail'd to tell ;
 And we may now but wish their spirits well.
 Then turn away and yon inscription read ; †
 O'er which the tenderest heart will longest dwell :
 It speaks of beauty fall'n ; and seems to plead
 For something more than tears, pale Sorrow's wonted meed.

30.

Ah me ! I ween half sad must be this strain ;
 For relics rise at every step, to bring
 The recollection that earth's glory's vain,
 Which Time so soon o'ershadows with his wing.
 Enough ! We will not longer stay, to sing
 Of the bewitching groups of ladies fair,
 Dancing with Grecian youths, as they would spring
 Up from the stone into the vaulted air,
 And, like half-heavenly things, their sport continue there : ‡

31.

Nor of the forms so exquisitely sweet,
 Seen in procession as they pass along :
 Where people strange of every order meet,
 And to the temple of their idol throng.
 Where is the light-limb'd boy, and warrior strong,
 The veiled priestess, and the virgin band
 Destined to sing aloud the sacred song,
 Holding the written hymn with tasteful hand—
 Girls chosen from amongst the noble of the land !

32.

And graceful women, tall, and delicate,
 Bearing the gifts on altar to be laid :
 With vase and candelabra, all in state !
 And, true to nature, in the stone display'd,
 Until that love-sick fancy wooes some maid
 Among the fairy company. And then
 Chariots arrive, and horsemen rich array'd,
 And youths for ever young, and aged men,
 And officers of state, with many a citizen !——

33.

Shall earth ne'er see a second Pericles,
 The slumbering genius of a world to wake ?
 To rouse the energies of men like these,
 Of whose rich thoughts our spirits now partake
 And are refresh'd ? When, when will princes make
 Again such use of riches and of power ?
 The pomp of fashion, and false show forsake—
 Ceasing to build but for the passing hour—
 And some great fabric rear which Time may not devour !

JOHN BULL.

* The Potidean warriors.

† To the memory of Tryphera, a young lady of extraordinary beauty, who died in her 26th year.

‡ The Metopes, &c.

LORD GROSVENOR'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES.

WE seldom quit a mansion like that of which we have here to give some account, and return homewards, but we think of Warton's *Sonnet, written after seeing Willon-house*.

From Pembroke's princely dome, where
mimic art
Decks with a magic hand the dazzling
bowers,
Its living hues where the warm pencil pours,
And breathing forms from the rude marble
start,
How to life's humbler scenes can I depart?
My breast all glowing from those gorgeous
tow'rs,
In my low cell how cheat the sullen hours?
Vain the complaint! For Fancy can impart
(To Fate superior, and to Fortune's doom)
Whate'er adorns the stately-storied hall:
She, mid the dungeon's solitary gloom,
Can dress the Graces in their Attic pall;
Bid the green landscape's vernal beauty
bloom;
And in bright trophies clothe the twilight
wall.

Having repeated these lines to ourselves, we sit quietly down in our chairs to con over our task, abstract the idea of exclusive property, and think only of those images of beauty and of grandeur, which we can carry away with us in our minds, and have every where before us. Let us take some of these, and describe them how we can.

There is one—we see it now—the *Man with a Hawk*, by Rembrandt. “In our mind's eye, Horatio!” What is the difference between this idea which we have brought away with us, and the picture on the wall? Has it lost any of its tone, its ease, its depth? The head turns round in the same graceful moving attitude, the eye carelessly meets ours, the tufted beard grows to the chin, the hawk flutters and balances himself on his favourite perch, his master's hand; and a shadow seems passing over the picture, just leaving a light in one corner of it behind, to give a livelier effect to the whole. There is no mark of the pencil, no jagged points or solid masses; it is all air, and twilight might be supposed to have drawn his veil across it. It is as much an *idea* on the canvas, as it is in the mind. There are no means employed, as far as you can

discover—you see nothing but a simple, grand, and natural effect. It is impalpable as a thought, intangible as a sound—nay, the shadows have a breathing harmony, and sling round an undulating echo of themselves,

At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness till it smiles!

In the opposite corner of the room is a portrait of a female (by the same), in which every thing is as clear, and pointed, and brought out into the open day, as in the former it is withdrawn from close and minute inspection. The face glitters with smiles as the ear-rings sparkle with light. The whole is stiff, starched, and formal, has a pearly or metallic look, and you throughout remark the most elaborate and careful finishing. The two pictures make an antithesis, where they are placed; but this was not probably at all intended: it proceeds simply from the difference in the nature of the subject, and the truth and appropriate power of the treatment of it.—In the middle between these two pictures is a small history, by Rembrandt, of the *Salutation of Elizabeth*, in which the figures come out straggling, disjointed, quaint, ugly as in a dream, but partake of the mysterious significance of preternatural communication, and are seen through the visible gloom, or through the dimmer night of antiquity. Light and shade, not form or feeling, were the elements of which Rembrandt composed the finest poetry, and his imagination brooded only over the medium through which we discern objects, leaving the objects themselves uninspired, unhallowed, and untouched!

We must go through our account of these pictures as they start up in our memory, not according to the order of their arrangement, for want of a proper set of memorandums. Our friend, Mr. Gummow, of Cleveland-house, had a nice little neatly-bound duodecimo Catalogue, of great use as a *Vade Mecum* to occasional visitants or absent critics—but here we have no such advantage; and to take notes before company is a thing that we abhor. It has a look of pilfering something from the pictures. While we merely enjoy the sight of the ob-

jects of art before us, or sympathise with the approving gaze of the greater beauty around us, it is well; there is a feeling of luxury and refinement in the employment; but take out a pocket-book, and begin to scribble notes in it, the date of the picture, the name, the room, some paltry defect, some pitiful discovery (not worth remembering), the non-essentials, and the mechanic *common-places* of the art, and the sentiment is gone—you show that you have a farther object in view, a job to execute, a feeling foreign to the place, and different from that of every one else—you become a butt and a mark for ridicule to the rest of the company—and you retire with your pockets full of wisdom from a saloon of art with as little right as you have to carry off the dessert, or what you have not been able to consume, from an inn, or a caravansera. Such, at least, is our feeling; and we had rather make a mistake now and then, as to a *numero*, or the name of a room in which a picture is placed, than spoil our whole pleasure in looking at a fine Collection, and consequently the pleasure of the reader in learning what we thought of it.

Among the pictures that haunt our eye in this way is the *Adoration of the Angels*, by N. Poussin. It is one of his finest works—elegant, graceful, full of feeling, happy, enlivening. It is treated rather as a classical than as a sacred subject. The Angels are more like Cupids than Angels. They are, however, beautifully grouped, with various and expressive attitudes, and remind one, by their half antic, half serious homage, of the line—

Nod to him; elves, and do him courtesies.

They are laden with baskets of flowers—the tone of the picture is rosy, florid; it seems painted at

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, and the angels overhead sport and gambol in the air with butterfly-wings, like butterflies. It is one of those rare productions that satisfy the mind, and from which you turn away, not from weariness, but from a fulness of delight.—The *Israelites returning Thanks in the Wilderness* is a fine picture, but inferior to this.

Near it is a Group of Angels, said to be by Correggio. The expressions are grotesque and fine, but the colouring does not seem to us to be his. The texture of the flesh, as well as the hue, too much resembles the skin of ripe fruit. We meet with several fine landscapes of the two Poussins, particularly one of a rocky eminence by Gaspar, in the room before you come to the Rembrandts, in which the mixture of grey rock and green trees and shrubs is beautifully managed, with striking truth and clearness.

Among detached and smaller pictures, we would wish to point out to the attention of our readers, an exquisite head of a *Child*, by Andrea del Sarto, and a fine Salvator in the inner room of all—in the room leading to it, a pleasing, glassy Cuyt, an airy, earthy-looking Teniers, and *A Mother and Sleeping Child*, by Guido—in the Saloon, a *St. Catherine*, one of Parmegiano's most graceful pictures; a *St. Agnes*, by Domenichino, full of sweetness, thought, and feeling; and two pictures, by Raphael, that look as if painted on paper—a *Repose in Egypt*, and *St. Luke painting the Virgin*, both admirable for drawing and expression, and a rich, purple, crayon tone of colouring. Wherever Raphael is, there is grace and dignity, and an informing soul. In the last mentioned room, near the entrance, is also a *Conversion of St. Paul*, by Rubens, of infinite spirit, brilliancy, and delicacy of execution.

But it is in the large room to the right, that the splendour and power of Rubens reign triumphant and unrivalled, and yet he has here to contend with highest works and names. The four large pictures of ecclesiastical subjects, the *Meeting of Abram and Melchisedec*, the *Gathering of Manna*, the *Evangelists*, and the *Fathers of the Church*, have no match in this country for scenic pomp, and dazzling airy effect. The figures are colossal; and it might be said, without much extravagance, that the drawing and colouring are so too.* He seems to have painted with a huge sweeping gigantic pencil, and with broad masses of unal-

* We heard it well said the other day, that "Rubens's pictures were the palette of Titian."

loyed colour. The spectator is (as it were) thrown back by the pictures, and surveys them, as if placed at a stupendous height, as well as distance from him. This, indeed, is their history: they were painted to be placed in some Jesuit's church abroad, at an elevation of forty or fifty feet, and Rubens would have started to see them in a drawing-room or on the ground. Had he foreseen this result, he would, perhaps, have added something to the correctness of the features, and taken something from the gorgeous crudeness of the colour. But there is grandeur of composition, involution of form, motion, character in its vast, rude outline, the imposing contrast of sky and flesh, fine grotesque heads of old age, florid youth, and fawn-like beauty. You see nothing but patriarchs, primeval men and women, walking among temples, or treading the sky—or the earth, with an "air and gesture proudly eminent," as if they trod the sky—when man first rose from nothing to his native sublimity. We cannot describe these pictures in their details: they are one staggering blow after another of the mighty hand that traced them. All is cast in the same mould, all is filled with the same spirit, all is clad in the same gaudy robe of light. Rubens was at home here; his *forte* was the processional, the showy, and the imposing; he grew almost drunk and wanton with the sense of his power over such subjects; and he, in fact, left these pictures unfinished in some particulars, that, for the place and object for which they were intended, they might be perfect. They were done (it is said) for tapestries from small designs, and carried nearly to their present state of finishing by his scholars. There is a smaller picture in the room, *Ixion embracing the false Juno*, which points out and defines their style of art and adaptation for remote effect. There is a delicacy in this last picture (which is, however, of the size of life) that makes it look like a miniature, in comparison. The flesh of the women is like lilies, or like milk strewn upon ivory. It is soft and pearly; but, in the larger picture, it is heightened beyond nature, the veil of air between the spectator and the figures, when

placed in the proper position, being supposed to give the last finishing. Near the *Ixion* of Rubens is an historical female figure, by Guido, which will not bear the comparison for transparency and delicacy of tint with the two Junos. Rubens was, undoubtedly, the greatest *scene-painter* in the world, if we except Paul Veronese, and the Fleming was to him flat and insipid. "It is place which lessens and sets off." We once saw two pictures of his hung by the side of the *Marriage of Cana* in the Louvre; and they looked nothing. The Paul Veronese nearly occupied the side of a large room (the modern French exhibition-room) and it was like looking through the side of a wall, or at a splendid banquet and gallery, full of people, and full of interest. The texture of the two Rubenses was *woolly*, or *flowery*, or *sattiny*: it was all alike; but in the Venetian's great work the pillars were of stone, the floor was marble, the tables were wood, the dresses were various stuffs, the sky was air, the flesh was flesh; the groups were living men and women. Turks, emperors, ladies, painters, musicians, all was real, dazzling, profuse, astonishing. It seemed as if the very dogs under the table might get up and bark, and that at the sound of a trumpet the whole assembly might rise and disperse in different directions, in an instant. This picture, however, was considered as the triumph of Paul Veronese, and the two by the Flemish artist that hung beside it were very inferior to some of his, and assuredly to those now exhibited in the Gallery at Lord Grosvenor's. Neither do we wish by this allusion to disparage Rubens; for we think him on the whole a greater genius, and a greater painter, than the rival we have here opposed to him, as we may attempt to show when we come to speak of the Collection at Blenheim.

There are some divine Claudes in the same room; and they too are like looking through a window at a select and conscious landscape. There are five or six, all capital for the composition, and highly preserved. There is a strange and somewhat *anomalous* one of *Christ in the Mount*, as if he had tried to contradict him-

self, and yet it is Claude all over. Nobody but he could paint one single atom of it. The *Mount* is stuck up in the very centre of the picture, against all rule, like a huge dirt-pye: but then what an air breathes around it, what a sea encircles it, what verdure clothes it, what flocks and herds feed round it, immortal and unchanged! Close by it is the *Arch of Constantine*, but this is to us a bitter disappointment. The print of it hung in a little room in the country, where we used to contemplate it by the hour together, and day after day, and "sigh our souls" to the picture. It was the most graceful, the most perfect of all Claude's compositions. The Temple seemed to come forward into the middle of the picture, as in a dance, to show its unrivalled beauty, the Vashti of the scene! Young trees bent their branches over it with playful tenderness; and, on the other side a stream, at which cattle stooped to drink, there grew a stately grove, erect, with answering looks of beauty: the distance between retired into air and gleaming shores. Never was there scene so fair, "so absolute, that in itself summ'd all delight." How did we wish to compare it with the picture! The trees, we thought, must be of a vernal green—the sky, the mild dawn, or softened evening. No, the branches of the trees are red, the sky burned up, the whole hard and uncomfortable. This is not the picture, the print of which we used to look at enamoured—there is another somewhere that we still shall see! There are finer specimens of the *Morning and Evening of the Roman Empire*, at Lord Radnor's, in Wiltshire. Those here have a more polished, *cleaned* look, but we cannot prefer them on that account. In one corner of the room is a *St. Bruno*, by Andrea Sacchi—a fine study, with pale face and garments, a saint dying (as it should seem)—but as he dies, conscious of an undying spirit. The old Catholic painters put the soul of religion into their pictures,—for they felt it within themselves.

There are two Titians—the *Woman taken in Adultery*, and a large mountainous landscape with the story of *Jupiter and Antiope*. The last is rich and striking, but not equal to his best; and the former, we think, one

of his most exceptionable pictures, both in character, and (we add) colouring. In the last particular, it is tricky, and shows, instead of concealing its art. The flesh is not transparent, but a *transparency*! Let us not forget a fine Snyders, a *Boar-Hunt*, which is highly spirited and natural, as far as the animals are concerned; but is *patchy*, and wants the tone and general effect that Rubens would have thrown over it. In the middle of the right-hand side of the room, is the *Meeting of Jacob and Laban*, by Murillo. It is a lively, out-of-door scene, full of bustle and expression; but it rather takes us to the tents and faces of two bands of gypsies meeting on a common heath, than carries us back to the remote times, places, and events, treated of. Murillo was the painter of nature, not of the imagination. There is a *Sleeping Child* by him, over the door of the saloon (an admirable cabinet-picture), and another of a boy, a little spirited rustic, brown, glowing, "of the earth, earthy," the flesh thoroughly baked, as if he had come out of an oven; and he regards you with a look as if he was afraid you might bind him apprentice to some trade or handicraft, or send him to a Sunday-school; and so put an end to his short, happy, careless life—to his lessons from that great teacher, the Sun—to his physic, the air—to his bed, the earth—and to the spring of his very being, Liberty!

The first room you enter is filled with some very good and some very bad English pictures. There is Hogarth's *Distressed Poet*—the *Death of Wolfe*, by West, which is not so good as the print would lead us to expect—an excellent whole-length portrait of a youth, by Gainsborough—*A Man with a Hawk*, by Northcote, and *Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse*, by Sir Joshua. This Portrait, Lord Grosvenor bought the other day for 1760*l.* It has risen in price every time it has been sold. Sir Joshua sold it for two or three hundred pounds to a Mr. Calonne. It was then purchased by Mr. Desenfans who parted with it to Mr. William Smith for a larger sum (we believe 500*l.*); and at the sale of that gentleman's pictures, it was bought by Mr. Watson Taylor, the last proprietor, for a thousand guineas. While it was in the possession of Mr. Des-

enfants a copy of it was taken by a pupil of Sir Joshua's, of the name of Score, which is now in the Dulwich Gallery, and which we always took for an original. The size of the original was larger than this copy; and there was a dead child painted at the bottom of it, which Sir Joshua Reynolds afterwards disliked, and he had the canvass doubled upon the frame to hide it. It has been let out again, but we did not observe whether the child was there. We think it had better not be seen. We never very much liked this picture; but that

may probably be our fault. We do not wish to draw invidious comparisons; but we may say, in reference to the pictures in Lord Grosvenor's Collection, and those at Cleveland-house, that the former are distinguished most by elegance, brilliancy, and high preservation; while those belonging to the Marquis of Stafford, look more like old pictures, and have a corresponding tone of richness and magnificence. We have endeavoured to do justice to both, but we confess we have fallen very short even of our own hopes and expectations.

W. H.

STANZAS TO ———.

Sphered in the stillness of those heavenly eyes
The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems a temple
Sacred to holy thinking.—*Evadne.*

I.

I knew not that the world contain'd
A form so lovely as thine own;
Nor deem'd that where such beauty reign'd
Humility would fix her throne.
For I had mark'd, where eyes were bright,
Too well their owners knew their pow'r,
And arm'd them with that dazzling light
The sun emits at noontide's hour:
Too proud to veil a single ray,
Or one effulgent glance surrender,
And glittering with the blaze of day,
And scorning twilight's softer splendour.

II.

I knew not, where the form display'd
Such symmetry and grace as thine,
That intellect would lend its aid,
And sentiment there raise her shrine.
For I had mark'd where form and face
Had beauty's varied charms combined,
There oft was wanting feeling's trace—
The beam of soul—the ray of mind.
And vain has been each studied art,
And futile ev'ry cold endeavour—
The light that comes not from the heart
A moment shines—then fades for ever.

III.

But I, at last, have turn'd from those
Whom once I knew, to gaze on thee,—
On thee, whose cheek's divinest glows
Reveal thy bosom's purity.
The summer-sky is calm—serene—
The summer-ocean mildly fair,
As if some bright—some heavenly scene
In beauty were reflected there;—
And thus when on thy brow I gaze,
And view the lights around it gleaming,
They seem to be the living rays
From heart, and soul, and spirit beaming.

V. D.

ON FAME AND MONUMENTS.

To be forgotten, is almost as much the general lot as to die, yet few submit to this dreary particular of our common sentence without a hope of some mitigation and allowance. We will not yield to death tamely, we think: let him stop our present breath and take us from future action; our past lives at least, we fondly imagine, are beyond his reach—these we may make our proxies, our present and future, among the generations of men, and so secure a sort of being in this world, even when we hope to be breathing, thinking, and enjoying, in a better. I have heard people say that they could think with more patience of dying, than of being buried; and I can understand their feeling in this respect. It is explicable, indeed, by that sympathy which quickens our tears and deepens our sobs at a burial—as if there was almost another death for one departed, in this his final abstraction from the sight of the living world. We feel as if there was a loss after death, and its completion was in the grave. To die is to forget; to be buried is to be forgotten.

This horror of oblivion was not planted in our souls only to sadden us, it being, perhaps, the most powerful and permanent of all motives to useful and honourable action. Let those, who would not be forgotten, deserve to be remembered. The achievements which tend most to raise the minds, to humanize the feelings, and improve the condition of men, are the best securities for a cherished and lasting life in their memories. There is no burial for the great benefactors of their kind. But the love of fame is an universal passion; and it would be hard if some degree of the enjoyment were not permitted to the crowd who, wanting ability or opportunity, cannot exactly comply with the severe condition of deserving it. Attention must not be confined to those talkers only who have something to say. Every one who has a tongue has his lingual rights—his vocal privileges. Even Mr. ——— speaks, and thereupon is called “the honourable
JULY, 1823.

gentleman.” The love of life may, in strictness, be defensible only, like the love of fame, as it is combined with the love and the power of being useful; yet would it be a harsh measure to put all those worthy persons to death, who have no reasons for being spared, except a simple fancy for being alive. As the meanest has his pretensions to his life in the flesh, his decent pride of eating, drinking, and sleeping, so he would do his little best to hold his inch of posthumous place; and if there be room, why turn him out? A joint boiled to-day and baked to-morrow, as life, and a name over a vestry-door or on a new pump, as immortality, are allowances which it is scarcely worth while to look grudgingly upon. As for me, who take my rank amongst the minnows, and not as a Triton either, I have a due fellow-feeling for their humble emulation and tiny pride; and would for their benefit, passing without notice all the great bases of sterling and enduring fame, say a few words on the comparative value of those small foundations, to which they must trust the precarious fortunes of their after-lives and dignities.

Publicity and permanency are the chief qualities, I imagine, which every one would desire in his monument, or *locum tenens*, in this world; but as these cannot often be found combined in such creations as are equal to the mediocrity of ordinary men, he must choose between them, or go without them, as his means may allow, or his fancy suggest. An epitaph, as being a special and exclusive illustration of your particular case, seems to be an obvious mode of notoriety; and as it is open to the humblest aspirants, (for there are always plenty of hands, I believe, ready to undertake such things at so much a virtue,) it is naturally in pretty general use and favour. Yet in truth it is but a poor perishable record, beneath the ambition of any one who courts even a moderate share of immortality. We have no reason to complain of epitaphs, that they are niggardly and lukewarm in their notices; to give them their due, they say
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quite enough of us generally—but where is the security for their being believed and remembered, or read? A few complimentary stanzas may be delivered over to the keeping of print—and how are you the more famous for that? Who sees them? Who reads them? If you could make interest with some poet, safe in his own renown, to spare you a few lines, (any thing would do,) you might, perhaps, come in amongst his minor pieces in some sweep-all edition of his works, and so, as it were, be taken in tow down to future ages. I know no other means of keeping an epitaph afloat.

The church-yard, that centre of universal interest and observation, should seem, in point of situation, not ill-recommended to the candidates for fame; yet, loaded as it is with sculptured stone and monumental brass, it can confer little distinction either in degree or duration. Here is publicity more than enough; but no individuality; you are but one in a crowd; your claims to notice are confounded with those of your fellows; while the whole mass of tombs affects the living, only as one great memento of general mortality. Then again the vulgarity of the place! It is not every one, were there the opportunity, who would be willing to travel to posterity with the *canaille* of the common ground. Not to insist upon this objection, there is the insecurity of possession to check our hopes and mortify our pride. An inscription is soon worn away, and who expects to be renewed in the stone by his great-grand-children? The age of martyrs is gone, and there is no “Old Mortality” who would waste his time upon us poor drones who die in our beds. I would not willingly expose myself to a charge of unbecoming levity towards any of the natural solemnities of this momentous subject. I have no such thought in my heart; but our whims and vanities—a good-humoured laugh at them can do no harm, I believe, whether they be on the earth or under it. I have my human right of a word on this topic, be it merry or otherwise: I am a party concerned. It is not like the rich man sneering at the poor, or the proud man taunting the humble: I claim no exemptions:

my turn will come. I cannot twit my neighbour with the meanness of being buried one of these days. We will move, however, to more open ground.

It is by no means necessary, for the preservation of a name, that you should have a monument made expressly for yourself, with an immediate reference in all its parts and intentions to your person and merits. There may be something flattering to the feelings in this sort of undivided greatness; but, from the imperfectness of man's art, and the fragility of such materials as he can controul and combine, it is humbly transitory, as I have shown; not very lively or distinct, and, moreover, exceedingly expensive. There is a great variety of ready-made monuments in still life and inanimate nature, which, if they appear in themselves to have little concern with man's good or evil fame, may yet be made pertinent to him by the consent and courtesy of society. If you will travel far enough, where such things are not already bespoke, you may, by the transference of your name, adopt, and identify yourself with, an island—a strait—a mountain—a promontory—or “a queer hummock,”—and so go halves with them in the notice of the world. If monuments of this compound character are less personal, and excite less of present attention, than more appropriate works of statuary or sculpture, they are considerably cheaper, we must remember, and, if not quite so vivacious, will carry you down into far more distant ages of time. Such forms of existence are somewhat too dull, I acknowledge, to please my fancy; but tastes differ. It is not every one, indeed, who has interest to get such honours, who can take his place among the “*Croker Heads*,” and “*Pitt Points*,” and such lofty company; we, therefore, of lower powers, must content ourselves with more petty and perishable objects, which may, perhaps, compensate us for their greater frailty, by their greater liveliness, and their more constant and intimate communion with the eyes, and tongues, and thoughts of men.

What think you of being a stage-coach with six *insides*, as The Wellington? This is a common vehicle

of fame, and, with its horn (trumpet), fame-like, is certainly a jolly, noisy, rattling, kind of remembrancer, that may make a man as notorious, over some hundred miles or so, on any of the great roads, as a moderate ambition should desire. Your life must have a period in such a state—its journey's end; and as you are but a tenant at will, you are, of course, exposed to all the changes that are peculiar to that uncertain tenure. Not to mention the common wear and tear of wheels, there can be no comfortable reliance on the affection and fidelity of coach proprietors. Such people will be truckling to every flashy novelty of the passing hour; and no man should be surprised to see the *Old Original Cornwallis* brightened up in a moment, without provocation or apology, into the *New Opposition Canning*. Nevertheless, this condition of being is better than nothing.

Our horses, who perform so many hard services for us, are no bad hacks for our names. People of limited merits, at least, may trust themselves to worse reporters. Mr. M——'s bay colt *Jones* (I forget the pedigree) will, if there ever was truth in two pair of legs, do incalculably more towards the celebrity of the name it bears, than ever will be done for it by Mr. Jones. We honour these animals with our names, we are pleased to say; but that is as it may happen. What if the brute should turn out an Eclipse? Who would be the gainer then? I have a dog called after Lord ——, and, unless his lordship be strangely scandalized, his vicegerent with a tail ——— but comparisons, they say, are odious.

Some prefer a ship—a man-of-war—as their deputy; and it is undoubtedly an official, to which any man may be proud to confide his name. As a three-decker, or a tight frigate, you might, by a fortunate concurrence of circumstances, be lifted on even to the utmost period (and a period there must be) of sub-celestial immortality. If you could engage for a smart war, a gallant action, and some great death on board, you would at once be mixed up with events for history,—become “booked,” as they say of a parcel, and sure of your place to the end of

time at least. There are other casualties too, out of the ordinary course of service, that might raise you to very enviable distinction. Who would have thought of the marvellous chance that fell upon the old *Northumberland*? But luck like this no man has a right to calculate upon; and, as the world goes, you might find your life as a ship neither very glorious nor very long—let me see—fifty years (at the outside) of easy sailing between Plymouth and the Downs, with an occasional trip to the West Indies and back again; to which may be appended ten years more of a kind of secondary existence, under jury-masts, or as a sheer hulk, and floating prison. This is about the best that you could reasonably hope for; and you must not conceal from yourself, that you might be prematurely dispatched by the common accidents of the sea, or hurried off in your prime by the dry-rot. Merchant ships I barely allude to, for they are scarcely fit for a gentleman's use. No one, I presume, above a tallow-chandler, would desire to be the *William of Yarmouth*.

A street—a town—(think of *Romulus*)—are good monuments on many accounts, independent of durability, and more dear to our feelings even than that very important quality. They are, as one may say, pleasant, cheerful, monuments, that will keep a man's name, not only alive always, but awake. For my part I should like very well to be a square—a terrace—or a row; and should prefer them to a hill or a headland, on the principle of “a short life and a merry one.” I might on any disastrous day be burned out by a fire, or expunged by other interlopers; but then as long as I *was* permitted to endure, how infinitely should I be looked at and talked of! Never out of somebody or other's mouth from year's end to year's end—thousands of people continually inquiring after and trying to find me out; and a bag-full of letters daily, with the same invariable reference to me! More homage might be done to my name during a single week as a street, than might be incident to it as a hill in five centuries. I can conceive no pleasure in moping out my immortality as an Egyptian desert, or an eternal mountain at the

North Pole. I have not the smallest wish to be *Melville Island*: I would rather be *Houndsditch*. I should not feel comfortable as *Botany Bay*: *Waterloo* I might put up with; but, if I had my free choice, I think I would be *Hyde-Park-Corner*. On the same grounds of preference, were I to live beyond the grave as a book, I would rather be some light, lively, volume, to be thumbed, and dog's-eared, and tossed about from table to chair for my little term of fame, and then be forgotten for ever, than some huge folio, immortal and immovable, on the top shelf—the Pole of the library—dull region of primeval dust, and perpetual cobwebs.

There are people who have a strange fancy for trusting their names under the foundation-stone of a new bridge, or church, or free-mason's lodge. I consider this to be the very worst scheme of fame that ever was invented. Fame!—it is wilfully hiding yourself from day; hoarding yourself up, in the blundering spirit of the miser, who at once secretes, and nullifies his gold. You may amuse yourself with the notion, that there you are snug and out of harm's way for centuries; but if no body is to see, hear, or think of you, in your solitude, you are not a whit more alive, as it appears to me, under your stone, than in your coffin. It is in fact precisely burying yourself alive. If these structures tumbled to pieces with the same order and etiquette with which they are founded, you might, perhaps, be turned up to the light again for a moment among some remote generations of men—which would be pleasing;—but, as they are not in the habit of going to ruin so methodically, you would, in all probability, never be released from your confinement; and, for any purposes of notoriety, might as well be ending your days with Mr. Southey's Arvalan, “ten thousand thousand fathoms down in an ice-rift.” No—heaven keep me and my friends from the foundation-stone of a bridge!

A portrait, on canvas or in stone, though not within the class of monuments ready-made, and free of cost, is yet a means of extending a little the natural allowance of life, which is within the reach of common men. I think little of it myself. Your

vanity may be gratified by leaving a representative so purely and exclusively personal to yourself; but the misfortune is, that these kind of trustees, while they may preserve your face, are very apt to lose your name. If you allow yourself to be transcribed by an inferior hand, you know very well that ere long your resting-place will be among the enigmatical lumber of some repository of “*Marine Stores*,”—the Capulet's tomb of such productions; and if you apply to an artist of eminence, you may find *his* name so paramount and absorbing, as to carry you to posterity, not as Mr. B. or Mrs. W., but as “a Lawrence,” or “an Owen.” Why should you let out your features for the benefit only of another's reputation? If I were dead and gone, I would not give two-pence to be “a Titian;”—And yet I would too; yes—yes—there must be something in that—a *secret* satisfaction—I only mean to say that such a distinction is not the road to glory. A portrait is a memorial rather for private or family affection, than for public fame. It should never travel from its native walls, and the tutelary partialities of its own friends and relations. At home, as “a little ugly gentleman over the settee,” it may give a man a sort of immortality of domestic life—keep him warm in the love and esteem of his kindred, down to the remotest limit of tradition—even to his grandchildren—and thenceforward hold him in preservation, to the end of colour and canvas, as an ancestor, at least, or a curiosity, perhaps, worth something for the cut of his coat and the tie of his neck-cloth. Once out of doors and at large, it is no longer a portrait, but a painting; no longer you, but a fine piece of colour, or a noble design.

There is one method, now I think of it, of introducing yourself to the public as a portrait, without change of place and consequent danger to your identity:—I allude to the agency of the sign-post. A *sign* is really no bad guardian and dispenser of a name: but it is not for the vulgar, for those whom nobody knows. It cannot be made the founder of a name: a man must have done something before he can take the place of the *Saracen's Head*. As an accessory

to other sources of fame, it is not beneath the consideration of any one who has an honest ambition to multiply his acquaintance. The extragenteel may affect to think it low—and why?—what are their exquisite reasons? It may not add any material brilliancy to your rank among the best company in the higher regions—the “dress walks” of fame; but, as a means of publishing yourself to the multitude, who have no access to the prouder evidences of your greatness, where will you find a more effective *chaperon*, or more useful master of the ceremonies? How many are there at this time of day, even among the polite and well-taught, who, if they would speak the truth, derive their liveliest impressions of old Benbow and Rodney from their honest faces swinging aloft, or staring steadily from their frames, at inn-doors and ale-houses! Envy, rankling envy, must be at the bottom of their contempt, who profess to despise such distinctions. Talk about low indeed! Who will make *you* a sign? You give yourself airs of haughtiness and self-denial, but—“let me whisper in your lug—You’re aiblins nae temptation.” The only sensible objection that I can propose to *signs*, as depositories of our posthumous life, is the precariousness—the briefness of their reign. They do in some instances maintain a specific symbolization with wonderful constancy, through all changes of time, men, manners, and customs; but it is rather in favour of abstractions—allegories—fictions—prodigies (what shall we call them?) than of any definite lady or gentleman. There will be no end to the *Good Woman*—no upper end worth talking of, certainly; the *Green Man and Still* is still green; and the *King’s Head* never dies; but the *King of Prussia*, I fear, is fading fast; our first and second *Georges* look deadly dull, and dim, and pale; and the *Duke of Cumberland* (I think it must be the Duke of Cumberland) has only a speck or two of horse—a rag of coat—a scrap of hat—half a face—a bit of sword, and a leg, to stand between him and oblivion. There is an exception, and only one that occurs to me, to this law of *signal death*. The *Shakspeare’s Head* (just the head for

lasting) has not grown a day older within the memory of man. Yes—there *is* another—the *Garrick’s Head* (a very good head in its way) stands almost cheek by jowl with the immortal poet, and keeps itself young and fresh in the light of his countenance.

Cutting or scratching a name on a tree, a wall, or an inn-window, is, in the way of monument-making, the simplest and most unpretending deed that I can think of—the humblest exercise of the love of fame—of that great passion of high and low, which will work with a pin’s point, and has cumbered the earth with the pyramids. Yet how blind is our pride! how limited our foresight! Works thus insignificant—the labour of a minute—the merest hints of ambition, have lived through more centuries than the proudest productions of human art and toil. On some of the walls of Pompeii (if I remember rightly) the scrawlings—the “T. Jenkins,” “I love you,” and “Burdett for ever,” of the Roman soldiers, are still visible—frail memorials, preserved by the same catastrophe that buried the town and its people, and now brought to light, when the ETERNAL CITY has scarcely a vestige left of all that it contained of great, and good, and fair. In the little village of Bowness, on the Cumberland border of the Solway Firth, the traveller, if he have ardour enough to hunt for them, may see here and there a smooth tablet of freestone (fragments from the Picts’ wall) set in like a picture on the unhewn front of a cottage or a barn, showing names, Roman names, as rudely cut, and nearly as old, as those at Pompeii, and whose authors, no doubt, as little calculated upon a reader outliving the era of Rome.

I have pretty nearly exhausted, I believe, the whole catalogue of monuments, as supplied by the materials and ingredients of our own world. The heavens present a more barren field to our ambition. The fleeting clouds will not abide at our bidding; and there are no points of note, or marks of difference—no resting-places for us in the blue ether—the equal and infinite sky. The stars are the only objects that we can separate and individualize, and they are all *engaged*. Oh! to have been

the moon--the sonnet-hallowed moon! But that is out of the question now:—she is the moon. I have not heard that comets have yet been appropriated by human vanity, and I see not why they should be disregarded. Their visits are few and far between; but what a stir they make when they do come! *The Prince Regent Comet!* it sounds as well as the *Prince Regent Bath Coach*. It is Fontenelle, I think, who observes, that “as the very things (our monuments) which should secure us from death, moulder away, and die after their manner—as a city—a province—nay, an empire, cannot be responsible for our immortality—it is no bad plan to give your name to a star, which lasts for ever.” The stars are creditable monuments, no doubt—sound funds in which to vest a name; but I do not see why they are better than any solid parts of our earth in sufficient quantity. A hill or a valley you might not be willing to trust—then choose a continent or a good bouncing island. He who adopts a star has a whole world to himself, which is certainly preferable to any *part* of a world; so much I grant; but the notion that the stars will be more durable as our monuments, than the four quarters of our own globe, is purely fanciful. Allowing them this precedence in stability, as an honour to themselves, as stars, it is still an enigma to me, how we are to perpetuate in them our mortal interests and vanities. We cannot conjecture what revolutions and catastrophes await those bodies; but, admitting that our dear planet is to perish first, how, after its dissolution, are we to preserve our names here or in the heavens? There the stars are, to be sure, and may be; but where will be our authority for the Jupiter and the Mars—the Liverpool and the Wellington, amongst them? No—when the earth tumbles to pieces, there is an end of the *Georgium Sidus*, as surely as of the Laureate’s hexameters. We must not confound the perishable name with the immortal star. It is not as if our excellent monarch had become an indestructible part and parcel of this luminary. We loyal earthites may be pleased to think so; but what may the moonites and the whole “starry host” say to such a notion? The star was,

before we discovered it, and we cannot be permitted to name it, as if we had made it. A transitory conjunction—a pretty compliment, perhaps, to both parties, during the natural life of this terraqueous globe—but no farther: the nature of things forbids it.

Yet I freely allow that, to our feelings and natural prejudices, the name and the thing are in most cases inseparable. *Beachy Head* is a lofty promontory on the Sussex coast; and this same promontory is—is *Beachy Head*. There is nothing more to be said about it. It is the same with the names of persons. The name and the individual are so identified and confused—so co-existent, co-ordinate, and co-operative, that the imagination can scarcely separate them. They are one to all intents and purposes. Who is that gentleman?—Mr. Jones. And who is Mr. Jones? There he stands. Turn them as you will, you cannot part them: they must be and die together. There are persons, indeed, who change their names, and, we are given to believe, live; but such self-desertion is a most barbarous and unnatural practice, to which I can scarcely concede my faith, and to which I never can reconcile my affections. I cannot help considering it as a kind of suicide. A man’s name is so much flesh of his flesh, particularly in the estimation of his friends, that he can scarcely get rid of it without blood-guiltiness. When my friend E——, is not E——, or he, he is lost to me: I know him not; he is a stranger; Mr. Anybody. By such an act of exchange (which, if it is not robbery, is murder in this instance), a man at least destroys all his past being—kills and buries a whole life of impressions, associations, and recollections, that were as real as himself. He begins again: he is another and *not* the same. Who is Lord Bexley? Mr. Vansittart that *was*—the deceased Mr. Vansittart. It is so: our habits and prejudices—in short, it is so. Nay—you may say—there is Lord Bexley just as usual—*semper idem*:—but where is Mr. Vansittart? No—I enter my solemn protest against all such doings—such puzzling anomalies—such vicarious representations of ourselves. I cannot allow a man to stand proxy for himself. Lord Bexley, or Mr. Van-

sittart either—or neither—as you please; but not both, and both in one. An addition, a partnership, in this particular, would be less offensive, perhaps, than an absolute change:—not that I approve even of this degree of tampering with our reality; but of the two evils, or crimes, it is the least. A Co. might with a little use become endurable. It is best, however, to leave ourselves alone.

Some people have a dislike to certain titles in very great men, simply as titles, which derogate, they think, from the nobility of mind. They are not willing, for instance, that a fine poet should be a lord. I do not agree with this sentiment to its utmost extent. If the title has been long attached to the man—has long co-existed with his characteristic actions, and personal adventures, it becomes, not only not degrading, but

could not be withdrawn without violence to our feelings. I could not bear that Lord Bacon, or Sir Isaac Newton, should give up even his name of mere rank; but if the grave were unfortunately open to court-honours, I could never submit with patience to Lord Shakspeare. He must be born again, or you could not lower him down to such a dignity without profanation. The man must have time to ennoble the title, or it may be worse than an encumbrance. It is a dangerous measure for a great man, as they say, to *retire* on a title: if he cannot begin, or at least go on, with one, he must be a loser by the accession—a loser of himself. His title can have no retrospective influence, except to darken and confound. The old man we knew; the new lord is an experiment.

R. A.

AN HEIRESS IN JEOPARDY.

How much of human hostility depends on that circumstance—distance! If the most bitter enemies were to come into contact, how much their ideas of each other would be chastened and corrected! They would mutually amend their erroneous impressions; see much to admire and much to imitate in each other; and half the animosity which sheds its baneful influence on society would fade away and be forgotten. It was one day when I was about seven years old, after an unusual bustle in the family mansion, and my being arrayed in a black frock, much to my inconvenience, in the hot month of August, that I was told my asthmatic old uncle had gone off like a lamb, and that I was the heiress to ten thousand pounds per annum. This information, given with an air of infinite importance, made no very great impression upon me at the time; and in spite of the circumstance being regularly dwelt on by my French governess at Camden-House after every heinous misdemeanour, I had thought little or nothing on the subject, till at the age of eighteen I was called on to bid adieu

to Levizac and pirouettes, and hear my uncle's will read by my guardian.

It furnished me, indeed, with ample materials for thinking. Dr. Marrowfat's face, neither human nor divine—I see it before me while I am writing—appeared positively frightful, while he recited its monstrous contents. It appeared, that my father and uncle, though brothers, had wrangled and jangled through life; and that the only subject on which they ever agreed, was, to support the dignity of the Vavasour family. That in a moment of unprecedented unison, they had determined, that, as the title fell to my cousin Edgar, and the estates to me, to keep both united in the family, we should marry. And it seemed whichever party violated these precious conditions was actually dependent on the other for bread and butter. When I first heard of this pious arrangement, I blessed myself, and Sir Edgar cursed himself. A passionate, overbearing, dissolute young man, thought I, for a husband; for a husband of an orphan; of a girl, who has not a nearer relation than himself in the world; who

has no father to advise her, no mother to support her. A professed rake too: who will merely view me as an incumbrance on his estate; who will think no love, no confidence, no respect due to me; who will insult my feelings, deride my sentiments, and wither with unkindness the best affections of my nature! No—I concluded, as my constitutional levity returned—I have the greatest possible respect for guardians, revere their office, and tremble at their authority; but to make myself wretched merely to please them, No, no—I positively cannot think of it.

Well,—Time, who is no respecter of persons, went on. The gentleman was within a few months of being twenty-one; and, on the day of his attaining age, he was to say whether it was his pleasure to fulfil the arrangement. My opinion, I found, was not to be asked. A rich and titled husband was procured for me, and I was to take him and be thankful. I was musing on my singular situation, when a thought struck me.—Can I not see him and judge of his character, unsuspected by himself? This is the season when he pays an annual visit to my god-mother,—why not persuade her to let me visit her *incog.*? The idea, strange as it was, was instantly acted on; and a week saw me at Vale-Royal, without carriages, without horses, without servants, to all appearance a girl of no pretensions or expectations, and avowedly dependent on a distant relation.

To this hour, I remember my heart beating audibly as I descended to the dining room, where I was to see, for the first time, the arbiter of my fate; and I never shall forget my start of surprise, when a pale, gentlemanly, and rather reserved young man, in apparent ill-health, was introduced to me as the noisy, dissolute, distracting, and distracted baronet. Preciously have I been hoaxed, thought I, as, after a long, and rather interesting conversation with Sir Edgar, I, with the other ladies, left the room. Days rolled on in succession. Chance continually brought us together, and Prudence began to whisper, “you had better return home.” Still I lingered—till

one evening, towards the close of a long tête-à-tête conversation, on my saying, “that I never considered money and happiness as synonymous terms, and thought it very possible to live on 500 a year;” he replied, “One admission more—could you live on it with me? You are doubtless acquainted,” he continued, with increasing emotion, “with my unhappy situation; but not perhaps aware, that, revolting from a union with Miss Vavasour, I have resolved on taking orders and accepting a living from a friend. If, foregoing more brilliant prospects, you would condescend to share my retirement——” His manner, the moment, the lovely scene which surrounded us, all combined against me; and Heaven knows what answer I might have been hurried into, had I not got out,—with a gaiety foreign to my heart, “I can say nothing to you, till you have, in person, explained your sentiments to Miss Vavasour.—See her at once.” “But why?” he exclaimed, “could seeing her again and again ever reconcile me to her manners, habits, and sentiments? or any sum of money, however large, induce me to place at the head of my table a hump-backed bas-bleu in green spectacles?” “Hump-backed!” “Yes, from her cradle. But you colour. Do you know her?” “Intimately. She’s my most particular friend!” “I sincerely beg your pardon. What an unlucky dog I am. I hope you’re not offended?” “Offended? Oh no—not offended. Hump-backed, good Heavens!—not the least offended. Hump-backed of all things in the world:” and I involuntarily gave a glance towards the glass. “I had no conception,” he resumed, as soon as he could collect himself, “that there was any acquaintance.” “The most intimate possible,” I returned; “and I can assure you that you have been represented to her as the most dissolute, passionate, awkward, ill-disposed young man breathing.” “The devil!” “Don’t swear; but hear me. See your cousin. You will find yourself mistaken. Further, at present, this deponent saith not;” and, with a face ludicrously distorted with an attempt to smile, when I was monstrously inclined to cry, I es-

caped to my own room. We did not meet again; for the next morning, in no very enviable frame of mind, I returned home.

Not many weeks afterwards, Sir Edgar came of age. The bells were ringing blithely in the breeze—the tenants were carousing on the lawn—when he drove up to the door. My cue was taken. With a large pair of green spectacles on my nose, in a darkened room, near a table covered with ponderous volumes, I prepared for this tremendous interview. After hems and hahs innumerable, and with confusion the most distressing

to himself and the most amusing to me, he gave me to understand, he could not fulfil the engagement made for him, and regretted it had ever been contemplated. “No, no,” said I, in a voice that made him start, and drawing up the blinds, “No, no, it is preposterous to suppose, Sir Edgar Vavasour would ever connect himself with an ill-bred, awkward, hump-backed girl.” Exclamations and explanations, laughter and railery—intermixed with more serious feelings—followed; but the result of it all was—that—that—that—we are married.
ELLEN.

POEM,

FROM THE DUTCH OF JACOB WESTERBAEN,

A Poet of the Seventeenth Century; the strenuous Defender of Olden Barneveldt, De Groot, and other great but unfortunate Statesmen.

Denekt niet dat den lieven geur,
En de kleur
Van uw bloosend—roode wangen
Uw altijd sal blijven bij
So lang gij
Uwe bloempjes noch laet hangen.

1.

Think not that the dear perfume
And the bloom
Of those cheeks, divinely glowing,
Ever shall remain to thee
While there be
None for whom those flowers are blowing.

2.

By the eglantine be taught
How 'tis sought
For its bloom and fragrance only:
Is not all its beauty past
When at last
On the thorn 'tis hanging lonely?

3.

Maidens are like garden bowers*
Fill'd with flowers,

* In this and the subsequent verse, the author appears to have had Catullus's *Carmen Nuptiale* in his mind, although he has, in a delicate and masterly manner, varied the idea:—

“Ut flos in septis secretus nascitur hortis,
Ignotus pecori, nullo contusus aratro,
Quem mulcent auræ, firmat sol, educat imber:
Multi illum pueri, multæ optavêre puellæ:
Idem cum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
Nulli illum pueri, nullæ optavêre puellæ:
Sic virgo, dum intacta manet, dum cara suis est.
Cum castum amisit polluto corpore florem,
Nec pueris jucunda manet, nec cara puellis.”

Which are spring-time's choicest treasure ;
 While the budding leaves they bear
 Flourish there,
 They will be a source of pleasure.

4.

But whene'er the lovely Spring
 Spreads her wing,
 And the rose's charms have fled ;
 Nor those lately-valued flowers,
 Nor the bowers,
 Shall with former praise be greeted.

5.

While Love's beam in woman's eyes
 Fondly lies,
 All the heart's best feelings telling,
 Love will come, (a welcome guest !)
 And her breast
 Be his own ecstatic dwelling.

6.

But when envious Time takes arms
 'Gainst her charms,
 All her youthful graces spurning,
 Love, who courted beauty's ray,
 Steals away,
 Never thinking of returning.

7.

Maidens ! who man's suit deride,
 And whose pride
 Scorns the hearts that bow before ye,
 From my song this lesson learn :
Be not stern
To the Lovers who adore ye.

V. D.

 SONNET.

SWEET brook ! I've met thee many a summer's day,
 And ventur'd fearless in thy shallow flood,
 And rambled oft thy sweet unwearied way,
 'Neath willows cool that on thy margin stood,
 With crowds of partners in my artless play—
 Grasshopper, beetle, bee, and butterfly—
 That frisk'd about as though in merry mood
 To see their old companion sporting by.
 Sweet brook ! life's glories then were thine and mine ;
 Shade clothed thy spring that now doth naked lie :
 On thy white boiling sand the sweet woodbine
 Darken'd and dipt its flowers—I mark, and sigh,
 And muse o'er troubles, since we met the last,
 Like two fond friends whose happiness is past.

PERCY GREEN.

SPANISH ROMANCES.

No. IV.

MR. LOCKHART appears to have translated all his Specimens of Ancient Spanish Poetry from secondary sources; and his observations are generally rather tinged with the colouring of those by whom they were suggested, than distinguished for originality, or founded on an intimate knowledge of the old poetical literature of Spain. His opinions as to the age of different compositions are almost always erroneous. The proofs he gives in favour of antiquity, are generally satisfactory evidence of a modern origin; quotations made to show the imperfection of versification, rather demonstrate its great refinement. The nature, nay, the very existence, of that vowel rhyme (the *asonante*) which is peculiar to Spanish song, seems unknown to him. It is strange that he should not have been alive to the recurring

harmony of this remarkable vibration; for it runs, in almost every case, through a whole composition; and so far from carelessness or laxity in this particular, among the composers, or the repeaters, of the Spanish ballads, there is scarcely an ear in the Peninsula so dull as not immediately to detect a false or careless rhyme. The *asonantes* are of modern date compared with the *consonantes*, the full or consonant rhyme. They are used in almost all narrative poetry; they are the common vehicle of the drama, and of poetical romance; and are generally used by the *repentistas* for their extemporaneous compositions. The variety of sounds which attaches to the English vowels, makes our language very ill adapted for conveying a correct notion of their character; yet it is, perhaps, worth an attempt.

EN EL VALLE DE PISUERGA.

En el valle de Pisuerga
vide entre peñas un angel,
en una serrana hermosa
del Cielo de Manzanares.
los arroyos de la sierra
por ser sus espejos nacen,
y por llegar se despeñan
y llegan hechos cristales.
descolorida del rostro,
melancolica no sale
por las mudanzas que tiene
de ver las fiestas y bayles.
con la soledad se alegra,
tristeza le satisface,
a todos juzga por unos
a los bienes y a los males.

de sus amigas vencida
dando flores bajó al valle,
á ver las fiestas que hazian
las zagalas y zagales.
un serrano forastero,
que no vino á ver de balde,
que de verla enternecido
dançó por sus ojos graves.
y despues con regozijo
bailaron los naturales
aquesto cantando al son
de los olmos y los sauces:

De nueue serrana teneis la color
deven ser las cenizas del fuego de amor.

Sylva de Romances.

IN THE VALE OF FISUERGA.

Asonantes (a. c.)

In the vale of Pisuerga,
'Midst the rocks I saw an angel,
'Twas a lovely mountain maiden
'Neath the heaven of Manzanares.
Every river, every streamlet,
Flow'd to be her silvery glasses,
Hurrying from their beds to meet her;—
Crystals in the gentle valley.
But her cheeks are pale and gloomy,
Chill'd by melancholy sadness,
Careless she of all around her,
Sports, and songs, and joyous dances.

Solitude is her enjoyment,
 And to her the day is darkness,
 Good and evil—bliss and suffering,
 Neither wounds and neither gladdens.
 Fellow maidens now invite her,
 Flower-crown'd to the vale she hastens,
 Witnessing the laughing revels,
 Swains and nymphs alike partakers.
 Then there came an unknown shepherd,
 Thither not in vain he wander'd:
 When he saw the nymph of beauty,
 How his eyes with passion sparkled!
 But the dance is still continued,
 And the shepherd, as he watch'd her,
 To the song of oaks and willows,
 Thus her tale to heaven related:

Virgin, thy cheeks as the snow are white,
 They are ashes sure of love's fire so bright.

AY DIOS QUE BUEN CAVALLERO.

Ay dios que buen cavallero,
 el maestro de Calatrava
 y cuan bien corre los Moros
 por la vega de Granada,
 desde la fuente del pino
 hasta la sierra Nevada.

y en esas puertas de Elvira,
 mete el puñal y la lança
 las puertas eran de hierro
 de parte a parte la pasa.
Guerras de Granada,
 I. 30.

GOD! WHAT A NOBLE CAVALIER!

Asonantes (a. a.)

God! what a noble cavalier,
 The cavalier of Calatrava;
 How bravely did he drive the Moor
 Across the vega of Granada:
 Even from the fountain of the pine
 Up to the very hill Nevada.
 Elvira's iron gates* he broke
 With sword and lance well temper'd, valiant;
 They were of iron—yet he forced
 His passage through—they form'd no rampart.

Mr. Southey is certainly right, and Mr. Lockhart as certainly wrong, in his view of the antiquity of the *historical romances*. The internal and external evidences are quite conclusive. The language is, almost without exception, that of the sixteenth century; and it would be exceedingly difficult to discover any historical ballad bearing marks of any period previous to the fifteenth. The authors of many of them are known, and they are principally of the epoch of Lope and Gongora. In fact both these poets were great romancers. Then again, the historical errors, the anachronisms, the absurd fables, the confusion of names and things which we meet with at

every step, demonstrate that they were written at a period remote from the events they describe. It is a sad office to destroy the delusions which enshrine the names of the early subjects of romance, to mar a thousand sweet fancies, and disturb countless bright associations. The poet is better off than the chronicler; he may let the "fair fruit" grow on the branches of imagination, and admire and enjoy it,—while it fades on the eye, and is ashes to the taste of the too curious and prosaic observer. Many a hero, to doubt of whose exploits would be heresy in Spain, must be struck off the pages of history, to which he has been transferred from those of romance; yet

* The iron gates of Elvira still remain at Granada.

who would relinquish the magic influence of Pelayo's name? Not I.

That many of the Moorish ballads are founded on traditions which had come down from the period to which they refer, and that some scraps are almost verbal translations from the Arabic, is very probable, though I do not recollect any thing more than a general resemblance between the fragments of Moorish poetry which are in existence, and the ballads of the sixteenth and seventeenth century. The introduction of Christian superstition, or Spanish customs, into the Moorish ballads, instead of being interpolations, as they are deemed by Mr. Depping, are proofs of a Spanish origin. In truth, the Moors had no *Spanish* poetry; for the Cas-

tilian language was, according to the concurrent testimony of contemporaneous authors, almost extinguished in the provinces under the Mussulman sway, by the universality of the Arabic language of their masters. The names of at least two hundred Spaniards are preserved, whose writings were all in the Arabic tongue. The lasting and imposing influence of the Moors, leaving with the Spaniards recollections of magnificence and beauty, which served to illustrate and to elevate their own proud feelings, will account for the *Orientalism* which lingers about their compositions, and which is preserved even in the beautiful ballads of Nicolas Moratin, who died, as it were, but yesterday.

Mientras duerme mi niña
zefiro alegre
sopla quedito
no la recuerdes.

Sopla manso viento
al sueño suave
y enseña á ser grave
á tu movimiento:
dame el dulce aliento
que entre perlas finas
á gozar caminas
y ufano vuelve,

sopla quedito
no la recuerdes.

Mira no despierte
del sueño en que duerme
que temo que el verme
causará mi muerte:
dichosa tu suerte
dichosa tu estrella
que á niña tan bella
halagar mereces:
sopla quedito
no la recuerdes. Böhl, N. 268.

Mr. Lockhart's verses are often very beautiful, but it is absurd to call such renderings as these *translations*.

While my lady sleepeth,
The dark blue heaven is bright,
Soft the moonbeam creepeth
Round the bower all night.
Thou gentle, gentle breeze,
While my lady slumbers,
Waft lightly through the trees
Echoes of my numbers,
Her dreaming ear to please.
Should ye, breathing numbers,
That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze
And gain her lattice height
O'er yon poplar trees;
But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

All the stars are glowing
In the gorgeous sky,
In the stream scarce flowing
Mimic lustres lie:
Blow gentle, gentle breeze,
But bring no cloud to hide
Their dear resplendencies;
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

P. 187.

While my maiden is sleeping,—Blow softly, thou cheerful zephyr.—Wake her not.

Blow, thou gentle wind, and lull her to rest.—Check thy swift course.—Give me thy soft breath which goes forth in joy among fine pearls (dews) and calmly returns.—Blow softly; wake her not.

O wake her not from her visions of sleep; her seeing me would be my death.—O blessed is thy lot! O blessed is thy star! that canst delight so fair a maiden.—Blow softly; wake her not.

GALERITAS DE ESPAÑA.

Galeritas de España
parad los remos
para que descansen
mi amado preso.

Galeritas nuevas
que en el mar soberbio
levantais las olas
de mi pensamiento
pues el viento sopla
navegad sin remos
para que descansen
mi amado preso.

En el agua fría
encendeis mi fuego
que un fuego amoroso
arde entre los hielos :
quebrantad las olas
y volad con viento

para que descansen
mi amado preso.

Plegue á Dios quedeis
entre peñas firmes
defendiendo el paso
de algun breve estrecho
y que esteis paradas
sin tener encuentro
para que descansen
mi amado preso.

Plegue á Dios que os manden
pasar el invierno
ocupando el fondo
de un tranquilo seno
y que sin quebranto
os volvais al puerto
para que descansen
mi amado preso.

Böhl, N. 153

His Song of the Galley is equally "free and easy," and its most obvious thoughts are misunderstood.

Ye mariners of Spain,
Bend strongly on your oars,
And bring my love again,
For he lies among the Moors.

Ye galleys fairly built
Like castles on the sea,
O great will be your guilt
If ye bring him not to me.

The wind is blowing strong,
The breeze will ease your oars ;
O swiftly fly along,
For he lies among the Moors.

The sweet breeze of the sea
Cools every cheek but mine ;
Hot is its breath to me,
As I gaze upon the brine.

Lift up, lift up your sails,
And bend upon your oars ;
O lose not the fair gale,
For he lies among the Moors.

It is a narrow strait,
I see the blue hills over ;
Your coming I'll await,
And thank you for my lover.

To Mary I will pray
While ye bend upon your oars ;
'Twill be a blessed day,
If ye bring him from the Moors.

P. 182.

Ye galleys of Spain, stop your oars.—
Let my beloved captive repose.

Fair galleys ! that drive the waves of my
thoughts over the proud sea.—The wind is
blowing, move on without your oars, that
my beloved captive may repose.

Even from the cold waters ye kindle my
fires ; for the fires of love burn even amidst
frosts.—Break up the waves, fly with the
wind, that my beloved captive may repose.

Would to God ye were thrown upon the
firm cliffs, or guarding the passage of some
narrow strait, or that ye were resting
without adventure, that my beloved cap-
tive might repose.

Would to God ye were sent to pass the
winter in the tranquil bosom of a deep bay,
and that undamaged ye might return to the
port, that my beloved captive might repose.

This diffuseness cannot, however,
be complained of in many of the
compositions, for they are sometimes
reduced into a very small compass.
The romance of Count Alarcos, for
example, which contains more than
four hundred octosyllabic verses in
the original, occupies only six-and-

thirty four-line stanzas in Mr. Lock-
hart's translation.

The nationality of the Spaniards—
and the geographical position of
their country, to which that na-
tionality is in many respects owing,
have preserved, even down to the
present day, many of the character-

istics of the age of chivalry. The respect and devotion with which the fair sex are treated are quite remarkable. "I kiss your feet, my lady!" is the accustomed salutation. A woman is a sacred object, and the very meanest Spaniard would shrink with horror from any the slightest outrage committed on a female.—"Manos blancas no ofenden," "White hands can never offend," is the universal consolation, even when feminine indiscretion becomes ungentle. Down to the time of Charles III., it was the custom in many of the south-

ern provinces of Spain, for a gentleman to bend on one knee whenever a lady addressed him. The Spanish drama is crowded with incidents, and beautiful sketches and sentiments, founded on the extraordinary influence of woman. The power of beauty, "Armas dela Hermosura," and the divinity of kings, "A ser rey enseña un angel," are the two great subjects of the Spanish stage.

Hear the language of an amorous poet of the fifteenth century, in an epistle to his absent fair:

ANDA VE CON DILIGENCIA.

¡ Anda ve con diligencia
triste papel! do te mando,
y llega con reverencia
ante la gentil presencia
de quien quedo contemplando:
si preguntare por mi
responderás con desmayo,
señora, cuando parti
con mas desmayos le vi
que letras comigo trayo.

Y si digere porque
dirás que por su deseo
que en pensar que me aparté
do mirar no la podré
mil muertes morir me veo:
y si dice no so yo
quien le da penas tan tristes,
tu dirás el me juró
que ninguna lo prendió
despues que vos lo prendistes.

Si te preguntare mas
¿ su querer es cual solia?
aqui le responderás,
señora, siempre jamas
en su firmeza porfia:
y dondequiera que está
en vos piensa, y en vos mira
cuando viene y cuando va:
tan bien acá como allá
se queja, muere y suspira.

Y si quisiere saber
como vivir he podido,
di que vivo por tener
esperanza de volver
en aquel gozo perdido:
que si de él me despidiera

segun la pena he sentido
ninguna vida viviera,
pues de la muerte ya fuera
mas de mil veces vencido.

Desque digas el tormento
tan amargo en que me dejas,
remira con ojo atento
como hace sentimiento
de mis angustias y quejas:
y mira si se entristece,
si pierde ó cobra color,
y mira si te aborrece
y mira si mengua ó crece
en su gesto el dolor.

Y mira si te recibe
con desden ó aficion,
y mira bien si concibe
del daño de quien te escribe
amorosa compasion:
mira si huye de ti
si te ve, si te olvida,
mira si hace de si
despues que de ella parti
mudanza con la partida.

Mira si tiene placer
mira si tristes enojos
y mira por conocer
su querer y no querer
en lo que miran sus ojos:
y mira bien en quejar
lo que de mi daño sea,
y mira sepas contar
lo que podiste mirar,
cuando con ella me vea.

Soarez. Cancionero de Valencia, 1511.

GO GENTLE MISSIVE.

Go gentle missive,—go and greet
With mournful words and gloomy mien
My lady—lay thee at her feet,
In that benignant presence sweet:—
Queen of my thoughts and memory's queen;—
If she shall ask a word of me,
Say,—with a pale and tear-wet cheek,
"O lady! when I left him, he
Utter'd more sighs of misery
Than letters on my pages speak!"

If she shall ask thee, missive ! why ?
Say, " Lady ! 'twas the thought that thou
Hadst fled,—to where his eager eye
Can catch no light, can find no joy
From thy blest smile of glory—now."
And if she add—" Some other maid,
Some other maid, this dream has wrought ;"
Say that I swore—and wildly said,
I ne'er affection's vow betray'd,
Nor stain'd its thoughts with other thought.

If she shall ask thee, missive ! more :—
" Is he still faithful—is he true ?"
Say, " Lady ! By the stars he swore,
And told thy countless beauties o'er,
That time such love should ne'er subdue :
Where'er he goes, where'er he stays,
He thinks of thee,—to thee he flies ;
And when he stops, and when he strays,
To thee he turns his fetter'd gaze,
And mourns—and faints—and weeps—and sighs."

Then she will ask thee, missive ! how
Life such a train of woes can bear ?
And thou wilt say—" 'Tis hope's bright glow
That fans his love,—and dreams that thou
Wilt sympathize at last and share :"
Say—" Though there's doubt and fear in this,
Yet—on such hopes the soul will dwell,
Or else this shadowy heaven of bliss,
Where one soft beam of sunrise is,
Would darken into hopeless hell."

And when thy honest tongue reveals
These pangs my inner heart which tear,
Watch if one look of pity steals—
Mark what she thinks, and what she feels,
As pictured in her changing air :
Read every look, and every glance,
Each blush that comes, each blush that goes,
The changes of her countenance,
And if thy presence seems to enhance
The darkness of the cheek-throned rose.

And mark if thou a welcome find,
Or if thou meet with cold disdain :
Then note, if on the maiden's mind,
A single gentle thought enshrined,
Breathes love's soft pity on my pain ;
Mark if she stay—yet seems to fly—
If she forget—or welcome thee—
And tell me if the maiden's eye
Shine brightly as in days gone by,
When last she said Farewell ! to me.

Then tell me—is her heart elate,
Or if her breast with sorrow swell,—
And mark with eager glance her gait,
And if she love, and if she hate,
Which her oft-changing eye shall tell.
And O ! be eloquent—and say,
How thy poor master pines alone,
And let thy memory bear away
All that my eyes shall see the day
When we shall blend, bright thought ! as one.

LOS RAYOS LE CUENTA AL SOL.

Los rayos le cuenta al sol
con un peyne de marfil
la bella Iacinta un dia
que por mi dicha la vi
en la verde orilla
del Guadalquivir.

La mano oscurece al peine
mas que mucho si el Abril
le vio oscurecer los lirios
que blancos suelen salir
en la verde orilla
del Guadalquivir.

Los pajaros la saludan
porque piensan (y es asi)
que el sol que sale en Oriente
buelve otra vez á salir
en la verde orilla
del Guadalquivir.

Por solo un cabello el sol
de sus rayos diera mil
solicitando invidioso
el que se quedaba alli
en la verde orilla
del Guadalquivir.—Gongora, ii. 135.

SHE STOOD WITH AN IVORY COMB.

She stood with an ivory comb, and told
Awakening Phœbus' locks of gold—
I saw her then—how sweet to see,
What a bright hour of bliss for me!
As she stood by the verdant river,
The flowing Guadalquivir.

If her hand were fairer than lily-flowers
That palely smile on the April hours,
The ivory comb seem'd dark compared
To her whiter hand and arm, when bared,
As she stood by the verdant river,
The flowing Guadalquivir.

The birds were singing their songs anew,
They thought the sun—and, oh! 'twas true,—
Was waking again the glorious east,
Summon'd unwonted from his rest,
When she stood by the verdant river,
The flowing Guadalquivir.

That sun for a tress of hers had given
A thousand brightest beams of heaven:
And look'd—to wonder—and adore,
As when he stood in heaven of yore—
She walked by the verdant river,
The flowing Guadalquivir.

These compositions breathe the kindest and the warmest affections, and often touch the most susceptible chords of sympathy.

SI MUERO EN TIERRAS AGENAS.

¿ Si muero en tierras ajenas
lejos de donde naci
quien habrá dolor de mi ?

Si muero en este destierro
á que yo fui condenado
no merece tan gran yerro
ser plañido ni llorado :
pues si yo lo he procurado
y toda la culpa fui :
¿ quien habrá dolor de mi ?

Tu tarde podrás dolerte
que estas mui lejos si muero
yo tan cerca de la muerte
que cada rato la espero :
en aquel punto postrero
pues tu no estarás alli :
¿ quien habrá dolor de mi ?

Si muero como está cierto
de vos, mis ojos ausente
¿ quien sentira el verme muerto
y tan miserablemente
en tierra tan diferente
de aquella donde naci :
¿ quien habrá dolor de mi ?

¿ Quien no la tuvo consigo
adonde busca piedad ?
¿ quien à si se fué enemigo
para que quiere amistad ?
pues hubo tal necedad
y tan imprudente fui
¿ quien habrá dolor de mi ?

Antwerp, Cancionero, p. 399.

IF I IN FOREIGN LANDE SHOULD DIE.

If I in foreign lands should die,
Far from the scenes of infancy,
Who, who will pity me?

If in this exile dark and drear,
To which my fate has doom'd me now,
I should unnoticed die—what tear,
What tear of sympathy will flow?
For I have sought an exile's woe,
And fashion'd my own misery:
Who then will pity me?

Then thou wilt weep—but late—for thou
Art far away if I should die:—
And Death, with frowns upon his brow,
Seems calling me impatiently—
To whose fond bosom shall I fly,
For thou wilt far divided be—
Who then will pity me?

Yes! I shall die—for thou art far,
Far from my eye, though near my thought,
Die where no weeping mourners are—
No mourners—none—for thou art not:
How different there thy minstrel's lot,
Far from the scenes of infancy—
Who then shall pity me?

He dealt no mercy,—where should he,
O! where should he sweet mercy seek?
He was his own heart's enemy—
O! why to him should friendship speak?
They who love's holy bondage break,
Will feel its vengeful enmity:
Who, who shall pity me?

Nothing can be more natural and touching than the representations and the expression of feminine affection.

CON EL VIENTO MURMURAN.

Con el viento murmuran
madre, las hojas,
y al sonido me duermo
bajo su sombra.

Sopla un manso viento
alegre y suave,
que mueve la nave
de mi pensamiento:
dame tal contento
que me parece,
que el cielo me ofrece
bien á deshora,

y al sonido me duermo
bajo su sombra.

Si acaso recuerdo
me hallo entre flores,
y de mis dolores
apenas me acuerdo:
de vista los pierdo
del sueño vencida.
y dame la vida
el son de las hojas,
y al sonido me duermo
bajo su sombra.

Romancero de 1604.

MOTHER, LIST! FOR THE GENTLE BREEZE.

Mother, list! for the gentle breeze
Among the branches blows:
I, 'neath the shades of the whispering trees,
And their music, will repose.

O the sweet breeze, nor loud nor strong,
Is whispering peace to me:
And bears my bark of thought along
The interminable sea—

And a sense of pleasure fills my soul
 As the restless waves of passion roll :—
 And my eye sweet visions of comfort sees
 Shining around my woes—
 And, 'neath the shades of the whispering trees,
 And their music, I repose.

And if in such bright and blessed hours
 A thought of sadness come,
 I look, and a thousand fragrant flowers
 In all their beauty bloom ;
 And in that Eden of peace and rest
 A heavenly visitor soothes my breast ;
 And my soul awakes to extasies,
 When my eyes in darkness close :
 And, 'neath the shades of the whispering trees,
 And their music, I repose.

DEL ROSAL VENGO, MI MADRE.

Del rosal vengo, mi madre,
 vengo del rosale.

A fibras de aquel vado,
 viera estar rosal granado :
 vengo del rosale.

A riberas de aquel rio,
 viera estar rosal florido :
 vengo del rosale.

Viera estar rosal florido.
 cogi rosas con suspiro :
 vengo del rosale, madre
 vengo del rosale.

Gil Vicente.

I COME FROM THE ROSE-GROVE, MOTHER.

I come from the rose-grove, mother,
 I come from the grove of roses.

Go to the banks where the streamlet flows,
 There you may gather the damask rose :
 I come from the grove of roses.

Go to the vale where the river is flowing,
 There you may see the rose-trees blowing :
 I come from the grove of roses.

I saw the rose-grove blushing in pride,
 I gather'd the blushing rose—and sigh'd—
 I come from the rose-grove, mother,
 I come from the grove of roses.

DICEN QUE ME CASE YO.

Dicen que me case yo :
 no quiero marido, no.

Mas quiero vivir segura
 en esta sierra á mi soltura
 que no estar en ventura
 si casare bien ó no :
 no quiero marido, no.

Madre, no seré casada
 por no ver vida cansada,

ó quizá mal empleada
 la gracia que dios me dió :
 no querido marido, no.

No es ni será nacido
 tal para ser mi marido,
 y pues que tengo sabido
 que la flor yo me la só :
 no quiero marido, no.

Juan de Linares.

THEY SAY THEY'LL TO MY WEDDING GO.

They say they'll to my wedding go,
 But I will have no husband—no !

I'll rather live serene and still
 Upon a solitary hill,
 Than bend me to another's will,
 And be a slave in weal or woe :
 No ! I will have no husband—no !

No! mother! I've no wish to prove
The doubtful joys of wedded love—
And from those flowery pathways rove
Where innocence and comfort grow—
No! I will have no husband—no!

And heaven, I'm sure, ne'er meant that he
Should thy young daughter's husband be:
We have no common sympathy—
So let youth's bud unbroken blow—
For I will have no husband—no!

FUENTECILLAS QUE REIS.

¿Fuentecillas que reis
y con la arena jugais donde vais?
pues de las flores huis

y los peñascos buskais;
si reposais donde en calma durmis
porque correis y os cansais?

Francisco de Borja.

YE LAUGHING STREAMLETS, SAY.

Ye laughing streamlets, say,
Sporting with the sands, where do ye wend your way
From the flowrets flying,
To rocks and caverns hieing:
When ye might sleep in calmness and peace,
Why hurry thus in wearying restlessness?

QUE NO COGERE YO VERBENA.

Que no cogere yo verbena
la mañana de San Juan
pues mis amores se van.

sino penas tan crueles
cual jamas se cogeran
pues mis amores se van.

Romancero de 1604.

Que no cogeré yo claveles
madre selva ni mirabeles

I WILL NOT GATHER THE VERVAIN SWEET.

I will not gather the vervain sweet,
Though 'tis San Juan's day,
For my love is fading away.
I'll seek no pinks in their retreat,
Nor rosemary,—nor rue—
For, ah! with sorrows such as mine—
When hearts are sick, and spirits pine,
What have sweet flowers to do?

SI DORMIS DONCELLA.

Si dormis doncella
despertad y abrid
que venida es la hora
si quereis partir.

Si estas decalza
no cureis de os calzar

que muchas las aguas
teneis que pasar.

Las aguas tan hondas
de Guadalquivir
que venida es la hora
si quereis partir.—*Gil Vicente.*

ART THOU SLEEPING, MAIDEN?

Art thou sleeping, maiden?
Wake and open I pray—
'Tis morning now—and we must go
Forward on our way.

Put not thy sandals on,
But come with thy white bare feet:
For the mountain rains have drench'd the plains,
We many a stream shall meet

And the Guadalquivir's wave—
Then, maiden, no delay.
'Tis morning now—so let us go
Forward on our way.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

IN CONTINUATION OF JOHNSON'S LIVES OF THE POETS.

THERE is, perhaps, no one among our English writers, who for so great a part of his life has been an object of curiosity to his contemporaries as Johnson. Almost every thing he said or did was thought worthy of being recorded by some one or other of his associates; and the public were for a time willing to listen to all they had to say of him. A mass of information has thus been accumulated, from which it will be my task to select such a portion as shall seem sufficient to give a faithful representation of his fortunes and character, without wearying the attention of the reader. That any important addition should be made to what has been already told of him, will scarcely be expected.

Samuel Johnson, the elder of two sons of Michael Johnson, who was of an obscure family, and kept a bookseller's shop at Lichfield, was born in that city on the 18th of September, 1709. His mother, Sarah Ford, was sprung of a respectable race of yeomanry in Worcestershire; and, being a woman of great piety, early instilled into the mind of her son those principles of devotion for which he was afterwards so eminently distinguished. At the end of ten months from his birth, he was taken from his nurse, according to his own account of himself, a poor diseased infant, almost blind; and, when two years and a half old, was carried to London to be touched by Queen Anne for the evil. Being asked many years after if he had any remembrance of the Queen, he said that he had a confused but somehow a sort of solemn recollection of a lady in diamonds and a long black hood. So predominant was this superstition relating to the king's evil, that there was a form of service for the occasion inserted in the Book of Common Prayer, and Bishop Bull,* in one of his Sermons, calls it a relique and remainder of the primitive gift of healing. The morbidness of consti-

tution natural to him, and the defect in his eyesight, hindered him from partaking in the sports of other children, and probably induced him to seek for distinction in intellectual superiority. Dame Oliver, who kept a school for little children, in Lichfield, first taught him to read; and, as he delighted to tell, when he was going to the University, brought him a present of gingerbread, in token of his being the best scholar her academy had ever produced. His next instructor in his own language was a man whom he used to call Tom Browne; and who, he said, published a Spelling Book, and dedicated it to the universe. He was then placed with Mr. Hunter, the head master of the grammar school in his native city, but, for two years before he came under his immediate tuition, was taught Latin by Mr. Hawkins, the usher. It is just that one, who, in writing the lives of men less eminent than himself, was always careful to record the names of their instructors, should obtain a tribute of similar respect for his own. By Mr. Price, who was afterwards head master of the same school, and whose name I cannot mention without reverence and affection, I have been told, that Johnson, when late in life he visited the place of his education, showed him a nook in the school-room, where it was usual for the boys to secrete the translations of the books they were reading; and, at the same time, speaking of his old master, Hunter, said to him, "He was not severe, Sir. A master ought to be severe. Sir, he was cruel." Johnson, however, was always ready to acknowledge how much he was indebted to Hunter for his classical proficiency. At the age of fifteen, by the advice of his mother's nephew, Cornelius Ford, a clergyman of considerable abilities, but disgraced by the licentiousness of his life, and who is spoken of in the Life of Fenton, he was removed to the grammar-

* Bull's Fifth Sermon.

school of Stourbridge, of which Mr. Wentworth was master. Here he did not remain much more than a twelvemonth, and, as he told Dr. Percy, learned much in the school, but little from the master; whereas with Hunter, he had learned much from the master, and little in the school. The progress he made was, perhaps, gained in teaching the other boys, for Wentworth is said to have employed him as an assistant. His compositions in English verse indicate that command of language which he afterwards attained. The two following years he accused himself of wasting in idleness at home; but we must doubt whether he had much occasion for self-reproach, when we learn that Hesiod, Anacreon, the Latin works of Petrarch, and "a great many other books not commonly known in the Universities," were among his studies.

His father, though a man of strong understanding, and much respected in his line of life, was not successful in business. He must, therefore, have had a firm reliance on the capacity of his son; for while he chided him for his want of steady application, he resolved on making so great an effort as to send him to the University; and, accompanying him thither, placed him, on the 31st of October, 1728, a commoner at Pembroke College, Oxford. Some assistance was, indeed, promised him from other quarters, but this assistance was never given; nor was his industry quickened by his necessities. He was sometimes to be seen lingering about the gates of his college; and, at others, sought for relief from the oppression of his mind in affected mirth and turbulent gaiety. So extreme was his poverty, that he was prevented by the want of shoes from resorting to the rooms of his school-fellow, Taylor, at the neighbouring college of Christ Church; and such was his pride, that he flung away with indignation a new pair that he found left at his door. His scholarship was attested by a translation into Latin verse of Pope's Messiah; which is said to have gained the approbation of that poet. But his independent spirit, and his irregular habits, were both likely to obstruct his interests in the University; and, at the end of three years, increasing debts, toge-

ther with the failure of remittances, occasioned by his father's insolvency, forced him to leave it without a degree. Of Pembroke College, in his Life of Shenstone, and of Sir Thomas Browne, he has spoken with filial gratitude. From his tutor, Mr. Jordan, whom he described as a "worthy man, but a heavy one," he did not learn much. What he read solidly, he said, was Greek; and that Greek, Homer and Euripides; but his favourite study was metaphysics, which we must suppose him to have investigated by the light of his own meditation, for he did not read much in it. With Dr. Adams, then a junior fellow, and afterwards master of the College, his friendship continued till his death.

Soon after his return to Lichfield, his father died; and, the following memorandum, extracted from the little register which he kept in Latin, of the more remarkable occurrences that befel him, proves at once the small pittance that was left him, and the integrity of his mind: "1732, Julii 15. Undecim aureos deposui: quod die quicquid ante matris funus (quod serum sit precor) de paternis bonis sperare licet, viginti scilicet libras accepi. Usque adeo mihi fortuna fingenda est. Interea ne paupertate vires animi languescant nec in flagitium egestas abigat, cavendum.—1732, July 15. I laid down eleven guineas. On which day, I received the whole of what it is allowed me to expect from my father's property, before the decease of my mother (which I pray may be yet far distant) namely, twenty pounds. My fortune therefore must be of my own making. Meanwhile, let me beware lest the powers of my mind grow languid through poverty, or want drive me to evil." On the following day, we find him setting out on foot for Market Bosworth, in Leicestershire, where he had engaged himself as an usher to the school of which Mr. Crompton was master. Here he described to his old school-fellow, Hector, the dull sameness of his life, in the words of the poet: *Vitam continet una dies*: that it was as unvaried as the note of the cuckoo, and that he did not know whether it were more disagreeable for him to teach, or for the boys to learn the grammar rules. To add to his misery, he had

to endure the petty despotism of a Sir Wolstan Dixie, one of the patrons of the school. The trial of a few months disgusted him so much with his employment, that he relinquished it, and, removing to Birmingham, became the guest of his friend Mr. Hector, who was a surgeon in that town, and lodged in the house of a bookseller; having remained with him about six months, he hired lodgings for himself. By Mr. Hector he was stimulated, not without some difficulty, to make a translation from the French, of Lobo's *Voyage to Abyssinia*, for which he received no more than five guineas from the bookseller, who, by an artifice not uncommon, printed it at Birmingham, with the date of London in the title-page. To Mr. Hector, therefore, is due the impulse which first made Johnson an author. The motion being once given did not cease; for, having returned to Lichfield in 1735, he sent forth in August, proposals for printing by subscription *Politian's Latin Poems*, with a *Life of the Author*, *Notes*, and a *History of Latin Poetry*, from the age of Petrarch to that of Politian. His reason for fixing on this era it is not easy to determine. Mussato preceded Petrarch; the interval between Petrarch and Politian is not particularly illustrated by excellence in Latin poetry; and Politian was much surpassed in correctness and elegance, if not in genius, by those who came after him—by Flaminio, Navagero, and Fracastorio. Yet in the hands of Johnson, such a subject would not have been wanting in instruction or entertainment. Such as were willing to subscribe, were referred to his brother, Nathaniel Johnson, who had succeeded to his father's business in Lichfield; but the design was dropped, for want of a sufficient number of names to encourage it, a deficiency not much to be wondered at, unless the inhabitants of provincial towns were more learned in those days than at present.

In this year, he made another effort to obtain the means of subsistence by an offer of his pen to Cave, the editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*; but the immediate result of the application is not known; nor in what manner he supported him-

self till July, 1736, when he married Elizabeth Porter, the widow of a mercer at Birmingham, and daughter of William Jervis, Esq. of Great Peatling, in Leicestershire. This woman, who was twenty years older than himself, and to whose daughter he had been an unsuccessful suitor, brought him eight hundred pounds; but, according to Garrick's report of her, was neither amiable nor handsome, though that she was both in Johnson's estimation appears from the epithets "*formosæ, cultæ, ingeniosæ*," which he inscribed on her tombstone. Their nuptials were celebrated at Derby, and to that town they went together on horseback from Birmingham; but the bride assuming some airs of caprice on the road, like another Petruchio he gave her such effectual proofs of resolution, as reduced her to the abjectness of shedding tears. His first project after his marriage was to set up a school; and, with this intention, he hired a very commodious house, at the distance of about two miles from Lichfield, called Edial Hall, which has lately been taken down, and of which a representation is to be seen in the *History of Lichfield*, by Mr. Harwood. One of my friends, who inhabited it for the same purpose, has told me that an old countryman who lived near it, and remembered Johnson and his pupil Garrick, said to him, "that Johnson was not much of a scholar to look at, but that master Garrick was a strange one for leaping over a style." It is amusing to observe the impressions which such men make on common minds. Unfortunately, the prejudice occasioned by Johnson's unsightly exterior was not confined to the vulgar, insomuch that it has been thought to be the reason why so few parents committed their children to his care, for he had only three pupils. This unscholar-like appearance it must have been that made the bookseller in the Strand, to whom he applied for literary employment, eye him archly, and recommend it to him rather to purchase a porter's knot. But, as an old philosopher has said, every thing has two handles. It was, perhaps, the contrast between the body and the mind, between the incultum corpus, and the ingenium, which afterwards was one

cause of his being received so willingly in those circles of what is called high life, where any thing that is exceedingly strange and unusual is apt to carry its own recommendation with it. Failing in his attempt at Edial, he was disposed once more to engage in the drudgery of an usher, and offered himself in that capacity to the Rev. William Budworth, master of the grammar-school at Brewood, in Staffordshire, celebrated for having been the place in which Bishop Hurd received his education, under that master. But here again nature stood in his way; for Budworth was fearful lest a strange motion with the head, the effect probably of disease, to which Johnson was habitually subject, might excite the derision of his scholars, and for that reason declined employing him. He now resolved on trying his fortune in the capital.

Among the many respectable families in Lichfield, into whose society Johnson had been admitted, none afforded so great encouragement to his literary talents as that of Mr. Walmsley, who lived in the Bishop's palace, and was registrar of the Ecclesiastical Court, and whom he has so eloquently commemorated in his *Lives of the Poets*. By this gentleman he was introduced in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Colson, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics in the University of Cambridge, and the master of an academy, "as a very good scholar, and one who he had great hopes would turn out a fine dramatic writer, who intended to try his fate with a tragedy, and to get himself employed in some translation, either from the Latin or the French." The tragedy on which Mr. Walmsley founded his expectations of Johnson's future eminence as a dramatic poet, was the *Irene*. A shrewd sally of humour, to which the reading of this piece gave rise, evinces the terms of familiarity on which he was with his patron; for, on Walmsley's observing, when some part of it had been read, that the poet had already involved his heroine in such distress, that he did not see what

further he could do to excite the commiseration of the audience, Johnson replied, "that he could put her into the Ecclesiastical Court." Garrick, who was to be placed at Colson's academy, accompanied his former instructor on this expedition to London, at the beginning of March, 1737. It does not appear that Mr. Walmsley's recommendation of him to Colson, whom he has described under the character of Gelidus,* in the twenty-fourth paper of the *Rambler*, was of much use. He first took lodgings in Exeter-street in the Strand, but soon retired to Greenwich, for the sake of completing his tragedy, which he used to compose, walking in the Park. From Greenwich, he addressed another letter to Cave, with proposals for translating Paul Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent*, with the notes of Le Courayer. Before the summer was expired, he returned for Mrs. Johnson, whom he had left at Lichfield, and remaining there three months, at length finished *Irene*. On his second visit to London, his lodgings were first in Woodstock-street, near Hanover Square, and then in Castle-street, near Cavendish Square. His tragedy, which was brought on the stage twelve years after by Garrick, having been at this time rejected by the manager of the playhouse, he was forced to relinquish his hopes of becoming a dramatic writer, and engaged himself to write for the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The debates in parliament were not then allowed to be given to the public with the same unrestricted and generous freedom with which it is now permitted to report them. To elude this prohibition, and gratify the just curiosity of the country, the several members were designated by fictitious names, under which they were easily discoverable; and their speeches in both houses of parliament, which was entitled the Senate of Lilliput, were in this manner imparted to the nation in the periodical work above-mentioned. At first, Johnson only revised these reports; but he became so dexterous in the execution of his

* In a note to Johnson's Works, 8vo. Edition, 1810, it is said that this is rendered improbable by the account given of Colson, by Davies, in his *Life of Garrick*, which was certainly written under Dr. Johnson's inspection, and, what relates to Colson, probably from Johnson's confirmation.

task, that he required only to be told the names of the speakers, and the side of the question to be espoused, in order to frame the speeches himself; an artifice not wholly excusable, which afterwards occasioned him some self-reproach, and even at the time pleased him so little, that he did not consent to continue it. The whole extent of his assistance to Cave is not known. The Lives of Paul Sarpi, Boerhaave, Admirals Drake and Blake, Barretier, Burman, Sydenham and Roscommon, with the Essay on Epitaphs, and an Essay on the Account of the Conduct of the Duchess of Marlborough, were certainly contributed to his miscellany by Johnson. Two tracts, the one a Vindication of the Licenser of the Stage from the Aspersions of Brooke, Author of *Gustavus Vasa*; the other, *Marmor Norfolciense*, a pamphlet levelled against Sir Robert Walpole and the Hanoverian succession, were published by him, separately, in 1739.

For his version of Sarpi's History, he had received from Cave, before the 21st of April in this year, fifty pounds, and some sheets of it had been committed to the press, when, unfortunately, the design was stopped, in consequence of proposals appearing for a translation of the same book, by another person of the same name as our author, who was curate of St. Martin's in the Fields, and patronised by Doctor Pearce, the Editor of *Longinus*. Warburton* afterwards expressed a wish that Johnson would give the original on one side, and his translation on the other. His next engagement was to draw up an Account of the printed books in the Earl of Oxford's library, for Osborne, the bookseller, who had purchased them for thirteen thousand pounds. Such was the petulant impatience of Osborne, during the progress of this irksome task, that Johnson was once irritated so far as to beat him.

In May, 1738, appeared his "London," imitated from the Third Satire of Juvenal, for which he got ten guineas from Dodsley. The excellence of this poem was so immediately perceived, that it reached a second edi-

tion in the course of a week. Pope having made some ineffectual inquiries concerning the author, from Mr. Richardson, the son of the painter, observed that he would soon be *deterré*. In the August of 1739, we find him so far known to Pope, that at his intercession Earl Gower applied to a friend of Swift to assist in procuring from the University the degree of Master of Arts, that he might be enabled to become a candidate for the mastership of a school then vacant; the application was without success.

His own wants, however pressing, did not hinder him from assisting his mother, who had lost her other son. A letter to Mr. Levett, of Lichfield, on the subject of a debt, for which he makes himself responsible on her account, affords so striking a proof of filial tenderness, that I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of transcribing it.

December 1, 1743.

Sir,—I am extremely sorry that we have encroached so much upon your forbearance with respect to the interest, which a great perplexity of affairs hindered me from thinking of with that attention that I ought, and which I am not immediately able to remit to you, but will pay it (I think twelve pounds) in two months. I look upon this and on the future interest of that mortgage as my own debt; and beg that you will be pleased to give me directions how to pay it, and not mention it to my dear mother. If it be necessary to pay this in less time, I believe I can do it; but I take two months for certainty, and beg an answer whether you can allow me so much time. I think myself very much obliged to your forbearance, and shall esteem it a great happiness to be able to serve you. I have great opportunities of dispersing any thing that you may think it proper to make public. I will give a note for the money payable at the time mentioned, to any one here that you shall appoint.

I am, Sir, your most obedient,
and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

At Mr. Osborne's, Bookseller,
in Gray's Inn.

In the following year (1744) he produced his *Life of Savage*, a work that gives the charm of a romance to a narrative of real events; and which, bearing the stamp of that eagerness and rapidity with which it was thrown off the mind of the

* Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, vol. v. p. 696.

writer, exhibits rather the fervour of an eloquent advocate, than the labouriousness of a minute biographer. The forty-eight octavo pages, as he told Mr. Nichols,* were written in one day and night. At its first appearance it was warmly praised, in the *Champion*, probably either by Fielding, or by Ralph, who succeeded to him in a share of that paper; and Sir Joshua Reynolds, when it came into his hands, found his attention so powerfully arrested, that he read it through without changing his posture, as he perceived by the torpidness of one of his arms that had rested on a chimney-piece by which he was standing. For the *Life of Savage*,† he received fifteen guineas from Cave. About this time he fell into the company of Collins, with whom, as he tells us in his life of that poet, he delighted to converse.

His next publication (in 1745) was a pamphlet, called "*Miscellaneous Observations on the Tragedy of Macbeth, with Remarks on Sir T. H. (Sir Thomas Hanmer's) Edition of Shakspeare*," to which were subjoined, proposals for a new edition of his plays. These observations were favourably mentioned by Warburton, in the preface to his edition; and Johnson's gratitude for praise bestowed at a time when praise was of value to him was fervent and lasting. Yet Warburton, with his usual intolerance of any dissent from his opinions, afterwards complained in a private letter‡ to Hurd, that Johnson's remarks on his commentaries were full of insolence and malignant reflections, which, had they not in them "as much folly as malignity," he should have had reason to be offended with.

In 1747, he furnished Garrick, who had become joint-patentee and manager of Drury Lane, with a Prologue on the opening of the house. This address has been commended quite as much as it deserves. The characters of Shakspeare and Ben Jonson are, indeed, discriminated with much skill; but surely something might have been said, if not of

Massinger and Beaumont and Fletcher, yet at least of Congreve and Otway, who are involved in the sweeping censure passed on "the wits of Charles."

Of all his various literary undertakings, that in which he now engaged was the most arduous, a Dictionary of the English language. His plan of this work was, at the desire of Dodsley, inscribed to the Earl of Chesterfield, then one of the Secretaries of State; Dodsley, in conjunction with six other booksellers, stipulated fifteen hundred and seventy-five pounds as the price of his labour; a sum, from which, when the expenses of paper and transcription were deducted, a small portion only remained for the compiler. In other countries, this national desideratum has been supplied by the united exertions of the learned. Had the project for such a combination in Queen Anne's reign been carried into execution, the result might have been fewer defects and less excellence: the explanation of technical terms would probably have been more exact, the derivations more copious, and a greater number of significant words§ now omitted, have been collected from our earliest writers; but the citations would often have been made with less judgment, and the definitions laid down with less acuteness of discrimination.

From his new patron, whom he courted without the aid of those graces so devoutly worshiped by that nobleman, he reaped but small advantage; and, being much exasperated at his neglect, Johnson addressed to him a very cutting, but, it must be owned, an intemperate letter, renouncing his protection, though, when the Dictionary was completed, Chesterfield had ushered its appearance before the public in two complimentary papers in the *World*; but the homage of the client was not to be recalled, or even his resentment to be appeased. His great work is thus spoken of at its first appearance, in a letter from Thomas Warton to his brother.|| "The Dictionary is ar-

* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. v. p. 15.

† Warburton's Letters, 8vo. Edit. p. 369.

‡ This defect has probably been remedied by Mr. Todd's enlargement of the Dictionary.

|| Wooll's Life of Joseph Warton, p. 230.

† Ibid. vol. viii.

rived; the preface is noble. There is a grammar prefixed, and the history of the language is pretty full; but you may plainly perceive strokes of laxity and indolence. They are two most unwieldy volumes. I have written to him an invitation. I fear his preface will disgust, by the expressions of his consciousness of superiority, and of his contempt of patronage." In 1773, when he gave a second edition, with additions and corrections, he announced in a few prefatory lines that he had expunged some superfluities, and corrected some faults, and here and there had scattered a remark; but that the main fabric continued the same. "I have looked into it," he observes, in a letter to Boswell, "very little since I wrote it, and, I think, I found it full as often better as worse than I expected."

To trace in order of time the various changes in Johnson's place of residence in the metropolis, if it were worth the trouble, would not be possible. A list of them, which he gave to Boswell, amounting to seventeen, but without the correspondent dates, is preserved by that writer. For the sake of being near his printer, while the Dictionary was on the anvil, he took a convenient house in Gough Square, near Fleet-street, and fitted up one room in it as an office, where six amanuenses were employed in transcribing for him, of whom Boswell recounts in triumph that five were Scotchmen.

In 1748, he wrote, for Dodsley's Preceptor, the Preface, and the Vision of Theodore the Hermit, to which Johnson has been heard to give the preference over all his other writings. In the January of the ensuing year, appeared the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, being the Tenth Satire of Juvenal imitated, which he sold for fifteen guineas; and, in the next month, his *Irene* was brought on the stage, not without a previous altercation between the poet and his former pupil, concerning some changes which Garrick's superior knowledge of the stage made him consider to be necessary, but which Johnson said the fellow desired only that they might afford him more opportunity of tossing his hands and kicking his heels. He always treated the art of a player with illiberal contempt; but

was at length, by the intervention of Dr. Taylor, prevailed on to give way to the suggestions of Garrick. Yet Garrick had not made him alter all that needed altering; for the first exhibition of *Irene* shocked the spectators with the novel sight of a heroine who was to utter two verses with the bowstring about her neck. This horror was removed from a second representation; but, after the usual course of ten nights, the tragedy was no longer in request. Johnson thought it requisite, on this occasion, to depart from the usual homeliness of his habit, and to appear behind the scenes, and in the side boxes, with the decoration of a gold-laced hat and waistcoat. He observed, that he found himself unable to behave with the same ease in his finery, as when dressed in his plain clothes. In the winter of this year, he established a weekly club, at the King's Head, in Ivy Lane, near St. Paul's, of which the other members were Dr. Salter, a Cambridge divine; Hawkesworth; Mr. Ryland, a merchant; Mr. John Payne the bookseller, Mr. John Dyer, a man of considerable erudition, and a friend of Burke's; Doctors Macghie, Baker, and Bathurst, three physicians; and Sir John Hawkins.

He next became a candidate for public favour, as the writer of a periodical work, in the manner of the *Spectator*; and, in March, 1750, published the first number of the *Rambler*, which was continued for nearly two years; but, wanting variety of matter, and familiarity of style, failed to attract many readers, so that the largest number of copies that were sold of any one paper did not exceed five hundred. The topics were selected without sufficient regard to the popular taste. The grievances and distresses of authors particularly were dwelt on to satiety; and the tone of eloquence was more swelling and stately than he had hitherto adopted. The papers allotted to criticism are marked by his usual acumen; but the justice of his opinions is often questionable. In the humorous pieces, when our laughter is excited, I doubt the author himself, who is always discoverable under the masque of whatever character he assumes, is as much the object as the cause of our

merriment; and, however moral and devout his more serious views of life, they are often defective in that most engaging feature of sound religion, a cheerful spirit. The only assistance he received was from Richardson, Mrs. Chapone, Miss Talbot, and Mrs. Carter, the first of whom contributed the 97th number; the second, four billets in the 10th; the next, the 30th; and the last, the 44th and 100th numbers.

Three days after the completion of the Rambler (March 17, 1752), he was deprived of his wife, whom, notwithstanding the disparity in their age, and some occasional bickerings, he had tenderly loved. Those who are disposed to scrutinize narrowly and severely into the human heart, may question the sincerity of his sorrow, because he was collected enough to write her funeral sermon. But the shapes which grief puts on in different minds are as dissimilar as the constitution of those minds. Milton, in whom the power of imagination was predominant, soothed his anguish for the loss of his youthful friend, in an irregular, but most beautiful assemblage of those poetic objects which presented themselves to his thoughts, and consecrated them to the memory of the deceased; and Johnson, who loved to act the moralizer and the rhetorician, alleviated his sufferings by declaiming on the instability of human happiness.

During this interval, he also wrote the Prologue to *Comus*, spoken by Garrick, for the benefit of Mrs. Elizabeth Foster, grand-daughter to Milton; the Prologue and Postscript to Lauder's impudent forgeries concerning that poet, by which Johnson was imposed on, as well as the rest of the world; a Letter to Dr. Douglas, for the same impostor, after he had been detected, acknowledging and expressing contrition for the fraud; and the Life of Cheynel, in the Student.

Soon after his wife's death, he became intimate with Beauclerk and Langton, two young men of family and distinction, who were fellow collegians at Oxford, and much attached to each other; and the latter of whom admiration of the Rambler had brought to London with the express view of being introduced to

the author. Their society was very agreeable to him; and he was, perhaps, glad to forget himself by joining at times in their sallies of juvenile gaiety. One night, when he had lodgings in the Temple, he was roused by their knocking at his door; and appearing in his shirt and night-cap, he found they had come together from the tavern where they had supped, to prevail on him to accompany them in a nocturnal ramble. He readily entered into their proposal; and, having indulged themselves till morning with such frolics as came in their way, Johnson and Beauclerk were so well pleased with their diversion, that they continued it through the rest of the day; while their less sprightly companion left them, to keep an engagement with some ladies at breakfast, not without reproaches from Johnson for deserting his friends "for a set of unidea'd girls."

In 1753, he gave to Dr. Bathurst, the physician, whom he regarded with much affection, and whose practice was very limited, several essays for the *Adventurer*, which Hawkesworth was then publishing; and wrote for Mrs. Lenox a Dedication to the Earl of Orrery, of her Shakspeare illustrated; and, in the following year, inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a Life of Cave, its former editor.

Previously to the publication of his Dictionary, it was thought advisable by his friends that the degree of Master of Arts should be obtained for him, in order that his name might appear in the title page with that addition; and it was accordingly, through their intercession, conferred on him by the University of Oxford. The work was presented by the Earl of Orrery, one of his friends then at Florence, to the Della Crusca Academy, who, in return, sent their Dictionary to the author. The French Academy paid him the same compliment. But these honours were not accompanied by that indispensable requisite, "provision for the day that was passing over him." He was arrested for debt, and liberated through the kindness of Richardson, the writer of *Clarissa*, who became his surety. To prevent such humiliation, the efforts of his own industry were not wanting. In

1756, he published an Abridgment of his Dictionary, and an Edition of Sir Thomas Browne's Christian Morals, to which he prefixed a Life of that writer; he contributed to a periodical miscellany, called the Universal Visitor, by Christopher Smart,* and yet more largely to another work of the same kind, entitled, the Literary Magazine; and wrote a dedication and preface for Payne's Introduction to the Game of Draughts, and an Introduction to the newspaper called the London Chronicle, for the last of which he received a single guinea. Yet either conscientious scruples, or his unwillingness to relinquish a London life, induced him to decline the offer of a valuable benefice in Lincolnshire, which was made him by the father of his friend, Langton, provided he could prevail on himself to take holy orders, a measure that would have delivered him from literary toil for the remainder of his days. But literary toil was the occupation for which nature had designed him. In the April of 1758, he commenced the Idler, and continued to publish it for two years in the Universal Chronicle. Of these Essays, he was supplied with Nos. 33, 93, and 96, by Thomas Warton; with No. 67 by Langton, and with Nos. 76, 79, and 82 by Reynolds. Boswell mentions twelve papers being given by his friends, but does not say who were the contributors of the remaining five. The Essay on Epitaphs, the Dissertation on Pope's Epitaphs, and an Essay on the Bravery of the English common Soldiers, were subjoined to this paper, when it was collected into volumes. It does not differ from the Rambler, otherwise than as the essays are shorter, and somewhat less grave and elaborate.

Another wound was inflicted on him by the death of his mother, who had however reached her ninetieth year. His affection and his regret will best appear from the following letter to the daughter of his deceased wife.

To Miss Porter, in Lichfield.

You will conceive my sorrow for the loss of my mother, of the best mother. If she were to live again, surely I should behave better to her. But she is happy, and what is past is nothing to her; and, for me, since I cannot repair my faults to her, I hope repentance will efface them. I return you, and all those that have been good to her, my sincerest thanks, and pray God to repay you all with infinite advantage. Write to me, and comfort me, dear child. I shall be glad likewise, if Kitty will write to me. I shall send a bill of twenty pounds in a few days, which I thought to have brought to my mother; but God suffered it not. I have not power nor composure to say much more. God bless you, and bless us all.

I am, dear Miss,

Your affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

Her attention to his mother, as it is reported in the following words, by Miss Seward, ensured to Johnson the sympathy of Lucy Porter.

From the age of twenty till her fortieth year, when affluence came to her by the death of her eldest brother, she had boarded in Lichfield with Dr. Johnson's mother, who still kept that little bookseller's shop, by which her husband had supplied the scanty means of existence. Meantime, Lucy Porter kept the best company of our little city, but would make no engagement on market-days, lest Granny, as she called Mrs. Johnson, should catch cold by serving in the shop. There Lucy Porter took her place, standing behind the counter, nor thought it a disgrace to thank a poor person who purchased from her a penny battledore.†

To defray the expenses of his mother's funeral, he had recourse to his pen; and, in the evenings of one week produced the Rasselas, for which he received one hundred pounds, and was presented by the purchasers with twenty-five more on its reaching a second edition. Rasselas is a noble monument of the genius of its author. Reflections so profound, and so forcible a draught of some of the great outlines of the human intellect and passions, are to be found in few writers of any age or country. The mind is seldom pre-

* The writers, beside Smart, were Richard Rolt, Garrick, and Dr. Percy. Their papers are signed with the initials of their surnames. Johnson's are marked by two asterisks.—See *Hawkins's Life of Johnson*, p. 351.

† Miss Seward's Letters, vol. i. p. 117.

sented with any thing so marvellous as the character of the philosopher, who has persuaded himself that he is entrusted with the management of the elements. Johnson's dread of insanity was, perhaps, relieved by embodying this mighty conception. He had seen the shadowy form in the twilight, and might have dissipated or eased his apprehensions by coming up to it more closely, and examining into the occasion of his fears. In this tale, the censure which he has elsewhere passed on Milton, that he is a lion who has no skill in dandling the kid, recoils upon himself. His delineation of the female character is wanting in delicacy.

In this year he supplied Mr. Newbery with an Introduction to the *World Displayed*, a *Collection of Voyages and Travels*: till the publication of his *Shakspeare*, in 1765, the only writings acknowledged by himself were a *Review of Tytler's Vindication of Mary Queen of Scots*, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*; an Introduction to the *Proceedings of the Committee for Clothing the French Prisoners*; the *Preface to Rolt's Dictionary of Trade and Commerce*; a *Dedication to the King*, of *Kennedy's Complete System of Astronomical Chronology*, unfolding the *Scriptures*; and a *Dedication to the Queen*, of *Hoole's Tasso*.

In the course of this period, he made a short visit to Lichfield, and thus communicates his feelings on the occasion, in a letter dated July 20, 1762, to Baretti, his Italian friend, who was then at Milan.

Last winter I went down to my native town, where I found the streets much narrower and shorter than I thought I had left them, inhabited by a new race of people, to whom I was very little known. My playfellows were grown old, and forced me to suspect that I am no longer young. My only remaining friend had changed his principles, and was become the tool of the predominant faction. My daughter-in-law, from whom I expected most, and whom I met with sincere benevolence, had lost the beauty and gaiety of youth, without having gained much of the wisdom of age. I wandered about for five days, and took the first convenient opportunity of returning to a place, where, if there is not much happiness, there is at least such a diversity of good and evil, that slight vexations do not fix upon the heart.

I think in a few weeks to try another excursion; though to what end? Let me know, my Baretti, what has been the result of your return to your own country; whether time has made any alteration for the better, and whether, when the first raptures of salutation were over, you did not find your thoughts confessed their disappointment.

Henceforward Johnson had no longer to struggle with the evils of extreme poverty. A pension of 300*l.* was granted him, in 1762, by His Majesty. Before his acceptance of it, in answer to a question put by him to the Earl of Bute, in these words, "Pray, my Lord, what am I to do for the pension?" he was assured by that nobleman that it was not given him for any thing he was to do, but for what he had done. The definition he had given of the word pension, in his dictionary, that in England it was generally understood to mean pay, given to a state hireling, for treason to his country, raised some further scruples whether he ought himself to become a pensioner; but they were removed by the arguments, or the persuasion of Reynolds, to whom he had recourse for advice in this dilemma. What advice Reynolds would give him he must have known pretty well beforehand; but this was one of the many instances in which men having first determined how to act, are willing to imagine that they are going for clearer information, where they in truth expect nothing but a confirmation of their own resolve. The liberality of the nation could not have been extended to one who had better deserved it. But he had a calamity yet more dreadful than poverty to encounter. The depression of his spirits was now become almost intolerable. "I would have a limb amputated," said he to Dr. Adams, "to recover my spirits." He was constantly tormented by harassing reflections on his inability to keep the many resolutions he had formed of leading a better life; and complained that a kind of strange oblivion had overspread him, so that he did not know what was become of the past year, and that incidents and intelligence passed over him without leaving any impression.

Neither change of place nor the

society of friends availed to prevent or to dissipate this melancholy. In 1762, he made an excursion into Devonshire, with Sir Joshua Reynolds; the next year he went to Harwich, with Boswell; in the following, when his malady was most troublesome, the meeting which acquired the name of the Literary Club was instituted, and he passed a considerable time in Lincolnshire, with the father of Langton; and, in the year after, visited Cambridge, in the company of Beauclerk. Of the literary club, first proposed by Reynolds, the other members at its first establishment were Burke, Dr. Nugent, Beauclerk, Langton, Goldsmith, Chamier, and Sir John Hawkins. They met at the Turk's Head, in Gerrard-street, Soho, one evening in the week, and usually remained together till a late hour. The society was afterwards extended, so as to comprise a large number of those who were most eminent, either for their learning or their station in life, and the place of meeting has been since at different times changed to other parts of the town, nearer to the Parliament House, or to the usual resorts of gaiety. A club was the delight of Johnson. We lose some of our awe for him, when we contemplate him as mimicked by his old scholar Garrick, in the act of squeezing a lemon into the punch-bowl, and asking, as he looks round the company, in his provincial accent, of which he never got entirely rid, "Who's for *poonch*?" If there was any thing likely to gratify him more than a new club, it was the public testimony of respect from a learned body; and this he received from Trinity College, Dublin, in a diploma for the degree of Doctor of Laws, an honour the more flattering, as it came without solicitation.

At the beginning of 1766, his faithful biographer, James Boswell, who had known him for three years, found him in a good house in Johnson's-court, Fleet-street, to which he had removed from lodgings in the Temple. By the advice of his physicians, he had now begun to abstain from wine, and drank only water or lemonade. He had brought two companions into his new dwelling, such as few other men would have chosen to enliven their solitude. On

the ground floor was Miss Anna Williams, daughter of Zechariah Williams, a man who had practised physic in Wales, and, having come to London in hopes of obtaining the reward proposed by Parliament for the discovery of the longitude, had been assisted by Johnson in drawing up an account of the method he had devised. This plan was printed with an Italian translation, which is supposed to be Baretti's, on the opposite page; and a copy of the pamphlet, presented by Johnson to the Bodleian, is deposited in that library. Miss Williams had been a frequent visitor at Johnson's before the death of his wife, and having, after that event, come under his roof in order to undergo an operation for a cataract on her eyes with more convenience than could have been had in her own lodgings, continued to occupy an apartment in his house, whenever he had one, till the time of her death. Her disease ended in total blindness, which gave her an additional claim on his benevolence. When he lived in the Temple, it was his custom, however late the hour, not to retire to rest till he had drunk tea with her in her lodgings in Bolt-court. One night when Goldsmith and Boswell were with him, Goldsmith strutted off in the company of Johnson, exclaiming with an air of superiority, "I go to Miss Williams," while Boswell slunk away in silent disappointment; but it was not long, as Boswell adds, before he himself obtained the same mark of distinction. Johnson prevailed on Garrick to get her a benefit at the play-house, and assisted her in preparing some poems she had written for the press, by both which means she obtained the sum of about 300*l*. The interest of this, added to some small annual benefactions, probably hindered her from being any pecuniary burden to Johnson; and though she was apt to be peevish and impatient, her curiosity, the retentiveness of her memory, and the strength of her intellect, made her, on the whole, an agreeable companion to him. The other inmate, whose place was in one of his garrets, was Robert Levett, a practiser of physic among the lower people, grotesque in his appearance, formal in his manners, and silent before com-

pany: though little thought of by others, this man was so highly esteemed for his abilities by Johnson, that he was heard to say, he should not be satisfied though attended by all the College of Physicians, unless he had Levett with him. He must have been a useful assistant in the chemical processes with which Johnson was fond of amusing himself; and at one of which Murphy, on his first visit, found him in a little room, covered with soot like a chimney-sweeper, making æther. Beauclerk, with his lively exaggeration, used to describe Johnson at breakfast, throwing his crusts to Levett after he had eaten the crumb. The pathetic verses written by Johnson on his death, which happened suddenly three years before his own, show with what tenderness of affection he regarded Levett. Some time after (1778), to this couple, who did not live in much harmony together, were added Mrs. Desmoulins, the daughter of Dr. Swinfen his god-father, and widow of a writing-master; Miss Carmichael, and, as Boswell thought, a daughter also of Mrs. Desmoulins, all of whom were lodged in his house. To the widow he allowed half-a-guinea a week, the twelfth part, as Boswell observes, of his pension. It was sometimes more than he could do, to reconcile so many jarring interests. "Williams," says he, in a letter to Mrs. Thrale, "hates every body: Levett hates Desmoulins and does not love Williams: Desmoulins hates them both. Poll loves none of them." Poll was Miss Carmichael, of whom I do not find that any thing else is recorded. Boswell ventured to call this groupe the seraglio of Johnson, and escaped without a rebuke.

From these domestic feuds he would sometimes withdraw himself to the house of Mr. Thrale, at Streatham, an opulent brewer, with whom his acquaintance had begun in 1765. With this open-hearted man he was always sure of a welcome reception for as long a time as he chose; and the mistress of the house, though after the death of her first husband and her subsequent marriage to an Italian she somewhat ungraciously remembered the petty

annoyances which Johnson's untoward habits had occasioned her, was evidently pleased by his hearty expressions of regard, and flattered by his conversation on subjects of literature, in which she was herself well able to take a part.

In this year, his long-promised edition of Shakspeare made its appearance, in eight volumes octavo. That by Steevens was published the following year; and a coalition between the editors having been effected, an edition was put forth under their joint names, in ten volumes 8vo., 1773. For the first, Johnson received 375*l.*; and for the second, 100*l.** At the beginning of the Preface, he has marked out the character of our great dramatist with such a power of criticism, as there was perhaps no example of in the English language. Towards the conclusion, he has, I think, successfully defended him from the neglect of what are called the unities. The observation, that a quibble was the Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it, is more pointed than just. Shakspeare cannot be said to have lost the world; for his fame has not only embraced the circle of his own country, but is continually spreading over new portions of the globe; nor is there any reason to conclude that he would have acquiesced in such a loss. Like most other writers, he indulged himself in a favourite propensity, aware, probably, that if it offended some, it would win him the applause of others. One avenue of knowledge, that was open to Shakspeare in common with the rest of mankind, none of his commentators appear to have sufficiently considered. We cannot conceive him to have associated frequently with men of larger acquirements than himself, and not to have made much of their treasures his own. The conversation of such a man as Ben Jonson alone, supposing him to have made no more display of his learning than chance or vanity would occasionally produce, must have supplied ample sources of information to a mind so curious, watchful, and retentive, that it did not suffer the slightest thing to escape its grasp. Johnson is dis-

* Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. ii.

tinguished in his notes from the other commentators, chiefly by the acute remarks on many of the characters, and on the conduct of some of the fables, which he has subjoined to the different plays. In other respects he is not superior to the rest; in some, particularly in illustrating his author from antecedent or contemporary writers, he is inferior to them. A German critic of our own days, Schlegel, has surpassed him even in that which he has done best.

From Boswell I have collected an account of the little journeys with which he from time to time relieved the uniformity of his life. They will be told in order as they occur, and I hope will not weary the reader. The days of a scholar are frequently not distinguished by varieties even as unimportant as these. Johnson found his mind grow stagnant by a constant residence in the neighbourhood of Charing-cross itself, where he thought human happiness at its flood: and once, when moving rapidly along the road in a carriage with Boswell, cried out to his fellow-traveller, "Sir, life has few things

better than this." In the winter of 1766 he went to Oxford, where he resided for a month, and formed an intimacy with Chambers, afterwards one of the judges in India. During this period, no publication appeared under his own name; but he furnished Miss Williams with a Preface to her Poems, and Adams with another for his Treatise on the Globes; and wrote the Dedication to the King, prefixed to Gough's London and Westminster Improved. He seems to have been always ready to supply a dedication for a friend, a task which he executed with more than ordinary courtliness. In this way, he told Boswell that he believed he "had dedicated to all the royal family round." But in his own case, either pride hindered him from prefixing to his works what he perhaps considered as a token of servility, or his better judgment restrained him from appropriating, by a particular inscription to one individual, that which was intended for the use of mankind.

(*To be continued.*)

THE YORKSHIRE ALEHOUSE.

And he had trudged through Yorkshire dales,
Among the rocks and winding scaurs,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie,
Beneath their little patch of sky,
And little lot of stars.—*Wordsworth.*

"A DUSTY road makes a drouthy passenger." Such was the motto which, written beneath an open mouth and a foaming tankard, seemed to frame an excuse for the wayfarer whom it sought to entice into an alehouse in one of the woody dales of merry old Yorkshire. To the enticement of this homely sign and summer proverb, the house held out the farther, but more dubious inducement, of a mounted Saint George slaying the dragon, bearing a notice, in the manner of a legend, "entertainment for man and horse." More comprehensible symbols of good and various cheer abounded; the burnished bottoms of pewter drinking-vessels were seen, elevating and elevated, within the open windows, and amid the summer air—
JULY, 1823.

the smacking of palm on palm, in friendly and clamorous salutation, was heard; while before the door stood, with interlaced bridles, many horses, neighing an acknowledgment over their corn to the anxious steeds of passing travellers, who, with eyes averted from the pressing seductions of the change-house, hastened on to more remote accommodation. The great northern waggon, heaped high with the woollen treasures of the county, and drawn tediously along by ten fine horses, stood by the way-side, watched by a vigilant bull-dog; while its cautious conductors sat within sight, giving, at every mingled morsel of beef and ale they dispatched, a wary glance at their travelling depository of English wealth. Nor was this caution with-

out cause—for a roving horde of gypsies had pitched their tent within sight, under the shelter of a holly-tree—the thin blue smoke from their little fire curled quietly upward into the twilight air, and half a dozen asses grazed at short tether-length, with the double burthen of old brass, and tawny children, on their backs. A fair-haired girl waved the ringlets backwards on her shoulders, as she glided towards them, bearing a flagon of ale, and returned not without the assurance of a merry bridal, and a potent bridegroom, from the presiding sybil of the horde. I saw her look at her white palm, as she came smiling back; every step she took was lighter with increase of joy; while a head or two, with tawny visages and sun-burnt locks, looked after her with a suppressed laugh, enjoying the double pleasure of having passed upon her credulous heart, and unpractised eye, imaginary happiness and a bad sixpence.

The alehouse itself was not without its external attractions. It stood on the verge of an ancient forest, where the cultivated and uncultivated land met; and it presented to the highway a peaked and carved front of stone, of that mixed style common in the days of Queen Bess and King James. The architraves of door and windows had been covered with rich carving; and the heads of deer, and chace-dogs, and hunting horns and bows, might still be distinguished amid the profusion of leaf and blossom with which the skill of the carver had wreathed each window-lintel. An infant river was seen glimmering among the short massy shafts of a multitude of oak and elm-trees, which studded an extensive pasture land in front; while behind, a pretty abrupt hill, clothed to the summit with natural wood, interposed between the eastern blast and this ancient hunting-lodge of a branch of the house of Percy. I am not one insensible to the influence of ancient names; and I love those of our old English and Scottish worthies before the names of all meaner persons. I also know that a baron's hall in romance is a right hospitable place with an open door and a full table smoking with festal dinners; and that a palace in poetry is a place flooded with nectar, and strewn with

couches, and filled with luxurious feasting, and ringing with pleasant sounds. But by the honest faith of one who has travelled far, and proved the matter by that rough instructor—experience, I have ever found the best accommodation and comfort in places where aristocratical poesy, and regal romance, had no colours to bestow; and I care not who hears me declare that to the palace of a Percy, or a Howard, or a Dacre, I prefer the humble house of homely comfort before me—and that, to the fellowship of lords, I prefer that of Gilbert Gauntree, the owner of the George and Dragon, there where he stands filling up the porch with his most portly person—a visible type of excellent ale and soft accommodation—a personification of provincial jollity and good cheer.

I might as well have said sooner, that I had been on the road from the rising of the sun, and it was now setting—that the day had been close and sultry, and the motion of our horses (for you will find presently that I had a companion) had stirred the dust around us in clouds, rendering a place of rest a desirable thing. As I turned my horse's head to the house, the owner moved towards me with what speed he might—the earth, accustomed to the load, forbore to groan; but it certainly shook while my horse—purchased among a spare race of people, and unacquainted with the miracles which the fatted calf and the foaming tankard work among the jolly children of the south—stood stone-still, and snorted, and seemed to examine, with a suspicious eye, the approach of this walking prodigy. “Welcome, master, welcome,” said he of the George and Dragon; “a dusty road makes a drouthy passenger, as the sign says—and, if ye were as dry as dust, I have the stuff that will sloken ye, as the cannie lads of the north say.” My horse, at this address, slackened his knees, unarched his neck, and, compressing his nostrils, broke out with a long quavering neigh, which had more of a laugh in it than I ever heard in any uttered sound short of a human laugh. Whether laughter or speech, honest Gilbert began to interpret it to his own advantage: “Aye, aye, my bonnie grey, that was a neigh

demanding winnowed corn—and corn thou shalt have, lad, a heaped measure—thou mightest have neighed long for corn in Scotland, I trow—there heather springs, instead of hay, and corn-cakes grow like cockles. Whew, Dicken, boy, Dicken—plague on thee for a snail; canst thou not leap instead of crawl? Art thou twenty-seven stone neat of flesh and bone, like thy master, that thou comest as if thy boots were lead? Here, take this horse, and rub him down like a lord's, and litter him to the knees." And, giving the horse to a kind of goblin of all work, he turned to me, and said, "Now, master, come to as good a supper as ever smoked, as soft a bed as ever weary bones rested in, and a flagon of as nappy ale as ever reamed o'er the lips of a bicker, as ye say in the north—for a cannie Scotchman I trow ye be." "But, honest Gilbert," said I, "how knowest thou that I am from the north? Resolve me that, thou slender lord of the open mouth and the drouthy motto—thou entertainer of man and horse." "Ah, master," replied he, "these are the marks which I know the three kingdoms by. Foremost of all comes my hot Irishman, shouting out 'Wine! by the powers, wine! Ale, you tun of man! Would you poison a born gentleman with your muddy ale?—By Saint Patrick, I shall grow as thick i' the wit as one of you foggy islanders, if I drink such vile potations—I disown the drink, by the hand of Noah, who plucked the first grape.' Next comes my own happy countryman, finding fault with every thing, devouring every thing, and paying for every thing. He curses the post-boy for going too slow—and time, for going too fast—vows we have never had good weather since the French Revolution—nor aught but dusty roads since the change of ministry—drinks a bottle of brandy to cool himself—eats three pounds of the best beef in the North Riding to make him sleep sound—grows a prayer—and goes to bed with his boots on. And, lastly, comes my cautious Scot—he walks round the house three times—ponders upon the sign—dives into the meaning of the motto—tells the waiter it is a Scottish proverb, and asks him the

price of his twopenny ale, and what is the charge of an hour's sleep by the fire. Ah, sir, they are a cannie people—I could pick ye out a Scotchman among a thousand men—the land of cakes appears at the second word he speaks."

While Gilbert was concluding this hasty sketch of national character, I began to fear that my companion, faint with the heat and weary with the long journey, would become anxious to know if accommodation for the night could be obtained. The look of the establishment satisfied me that this abounded; so I waved my hand, and forward she came. "I swear by the drouth of man, by which I live," said he of the George and Dragon, "that here comes a lady to be my guest. Bless her sweet face, and her kindly look. I will wait upon her myself—it will do my heart good." And, setting himself in motion, and shouting out, "Rebecca, love! Rebecca!" he produced a chair, and, with unlooked-for agility, placed it for my companion to dismount by, softened down the rough outward man, and demeaned himself like one aware that good manners and civil carriage were necessary now. His daughter Rebecca came—a sweet slender girl of seventeen, with a light foot and a merry eye, and cheeks like the damask rose. "Rebecca, my love!" said he, "show this lady into the little chamber with the brown hangings—wait upon her, and see that all is in order. The room, madam, is as fragrant as a rose—the floor as white as a lily—the bed as soft as down can be, and the sheets are like new-fallen snow. There's not such a chamber in all the North Riding. And these words of boast, madam, are not mine—they are the words of young lady Kiplettillem, who slept here when she ran away, and was wed to lance Corporal Maccraw, of the Fusileers. And now," said he, as my companion followed Rebecca, with a smile at Gilbert's historical notice of the promised chamber, "let me do the needful to your honour. Will you like to sit in the parlour by yourself, and look at my paintings till dinner is ready? There is the portrait of Squire Musgrave's brown horse Cubal, that won

the Irish and the English plate, and which the old ballad says was begotten by Belzebub, and could speak like a Christian. I remember some words of the song myself, sir. (Sings.)

And when that they came to the middle of the course,
Cubal to his rider began to discourse ;
Saying, ' Come, pretty rider, pray tell unto me
How far in the distance Miss Sportley may be.'
' The rider look'd back, and replied, with a smile,
' I think she's about the space of half a mile.'
' So—stick to your saddle, my boy, never fear ;
You'll never be beat by the gallant grey mare.'

" So you see, sir, the song bears the story out. I gave long Saunders, the ballad pedlar, a good supper, and a night's quarters, for a copy of it to hang up by the picture. And there is a painting of the Ram of Derby—it has been celebrated in song too, sir. I have a club of the best wits of the district, who meet here, and sing the merry song of the Ram, sir. I can touch a verse or two of it myself, sir, to oblige a north-country gentleman—you are all pipers and ballad-makers, I am told: it must be a merry country—but cruel cold, sir. Shall I give you a slice of the Ram, sir, as the president of the witty club says? (Sings.)

As I went into Derby,
Upon a market day,
I saw the finest fat ram, sir,
Was ever fed on hay.
This ram was fat behind, sir ;
This ram was fat before ;
This ram was a hundred yards round,
And I'm sure it was no more.
The horns which grew on this ram, sir,
Were fifty cubits high ;
And the eagles built their nests there,
I heard the young ones cry.
The butcher who kill'd this ram, sir,
Was drowned in the blood ;
The boy who held the bowl, sir,
Was swept away with the flood.

" The ram is choking you, as our worthy vice-president says when he calls for another touch of my choice October—so I will cease, sir. But look in—look in—chop and choose—chop and choose: parlour or hall—kitchen or chamber—all's one to Gib Gauntree, of the Dragon ; a dry road makes a drouthy passenger—that's my motto—so look in—chop and choose, chop and choose."

Thus admonished, into the house I went ; and looking to the right, there I beheld half the running horses, and fatted oxen, of the west—flourishing in fullness of pedigree—limned with all the skill of the district sign-painter, and hung in succession like the male and female portraiture of families whose genealogical trees take root about the time of Hengist and Horsa. I look-

ed to the left, and there I saw something much more to my fancy—a large hall with a ceiling white as snow, a floor of stone sifted over with fine white sand—the walls hung round with flitches of bacon as if with tapestry, and the mantle-piece glittering with burnished copper and tin. A large fire, though it was the middle of summer, glowed in the chimney ; and, over many simmering-pans and moving spits presided a squat middle-aged dame, sprinkled with the fatness of many feasts, and with a face broad and imperious, from which the fire itself might have obtained increase of heat. She moved from side to side of the immense fire-place, preparing consolation of various kinds for many desiring mouths ; and casting a look upon each of the groupings of longing

travellers, as any of her numerous undertakings miscarried, in which one might plainly read that she gave them all, body and spirit, to flames everlasting.

I seated myself at a vacant table, and began to peruse the faces of those among whom it was my lot to be cast—there were various groupes, and several solitaires; but the looks of all were riveted on the fire, and on the demon who ruled over pot and spit. “My good girl,” said a tall traveller, brandishing his knife and fork and leaning forward upon the table like one eager for a feast, “when am I to have my morsel from the fire? Here am I fasting from all, save a single pot and a pound of corned beef at the Gled and Gosling, and a whet at the Robin Hood. I am so ravenous that I could demolish, at a cut or two, your whole mess of steaks, and eat the gridiron they were broiled on.” “Come, then, cormorant,” said the incensed cook, “fall on, and the fiend give thee good on’t, hot iron and all!” And she placed the gridiron, reeking with collops, before him—a thick and fat vapour eddied away in a long stream, as, nothing displeased, and with a sharp and diligent knife, he began to make the smoking dainty disappear.

The fragrance of the traveller’s meal reached a figure seated in a stuffed arm-chair—and so huge in person, and utterly unwieldy, that he must have come by the waggon—for no common vehicle could have moved under him. He was so overlaid with outward man, that he might be compared to a candle over-dipped. He sat with his eyes fixed on the revolving spit—if eyes they might be called, of which you could only distinguish the faint glimmer of satisfaction increasing as the roast approached to a conclusion, so deeply were they overbuilt by cheek and brow. When the reek of the broiled collops was wafted across his face he gave a grunt of delight; and a large bull-dog, as overgrown as himself, which lay beneath his chair, with its broad square nose resting on its fore-paws, arose, and looked in its owner’s face, shook its tail, and licked its lips, and uttered a whine of most clamorous desire.

“Curse thee,” said the virago of the pan and spit; “must thou have it raw and bloody from the cow’s haunch too? Lie down; or I will thrust a collop down thy throat with the red-hot tongs.” At this moment in glided mine host’s daughter, Rebecca. “Ah, Squire Featherstone,” said the damsel, “it’s a kind wind that blows you here;” and she stood beside her huge guest, her eyes shining with gladness. The squire roused himself up as much as a man of his calibre might; and, stroking down the curling ringlets of the maiden with a hand rivalling in weight a shoulder of mutton, said, “Thank thee for thy good will, girl—and see if thou hast not a cap and feather the better for’t at Midsummer. Wind that blew me here, Rebecca, wench? In faith, lass, it could not be less than a storm that blew me here—yet I have seen, on a day, when I could have crept through the bore of an inch-auger, and leapt, hop-step-and-jump, with the lithest lads of the three Ridings. But, Becky, lass! come, stir thee—stir thee. I come not here to look in thy pretty face, and set these ringlets right on thy shoulders—but, hark in thy left ear—if thou wouldst come and be dame Featherstone, I would comb thy locks with a golden comb, wench—I would.” To all this Rebecca answered with a laugh, and a sidelong look, which seemed to measure and weigh this mighty production of the North Riding. Her eye became graver, as she looked; and growing doubt seemed gathering beneath her lids. She went to a small table—covered it with a white cloth—removed, with a careful hand, a roasted fowl from the fire, and set it smoking before him. In a moment, all else that the world contained vanished from mind and eye—the fowl, dismembered, lay distilling fat dew—neither looked to the right nor to the left; but with both hands carried an incessant supply to that insatiable crevice which men call the mouth, and then dropped the fragments to his four-footed comrade at his feet.

Apart from him, and divided at equal distances round a little table, sat three of those wise and profound persons who settle all movements by

land and sea, taxation, tithes, parliamentary influence—and what perhaps promised, from their course of life, to be of more importance—parochial settlements, and the blessing of having charity doled out to the moiety of mankind by the reluctant hand of the legislature. In imitation, too, of their Saxon ancestors, who debated all serious subjects once drunk and once sober, they had commenced in drink, knowing there would be time for reflection and sobriety soon, when cash grew scant, and credit scarce. “Confound all your flowered and open-stitch luxuries,” said one, a journeyman manufacturer of the finest Yorkshire broad cloth; “confound them all, say I, since wool may clothe them all like peeresses and princesses. Away with your flimsy silk, and your gaudy satin, and your fine woven laces, and your striped and flowered muslins; and up with the fleece and the comb. One of our best blues, with a cut-steel button from Rhodes of Sheffield, might become men, were they all demigods. It will never be a merry country again, till the wool-comb puts down the spinning-jennies and the lace-looms; and then for the beef, and the bread, and the beer.” And he emptied a quart of ale at a draught—and flourished the burnished vessel around his head, in defiance of contradiction.

“I will tell ye my mind, plump and plain,” said a travelling dealer in cattle, balancing in his hand, at the same time, a flagon of ale crowned with white foam like a competition cauliflower, which he held half-way between the table and his lips, like one resolved to be brief. “I tell ye what—I would pull down the mills, and make a bonfire of the machinery, and hang one half of the weavers by the light of their own blazing looms, and banish the other. I would turn pleasant Lancashire into good grass parks, where you would hear nought but the low of fattening cattle, and see nought but merry men making bargains, and giving glorious luck-pennies, in the corner of every field. And should any one ask you who said so, ye may say it was Dick Desborough, of the North Riding, damn me.” And

the concluding flourish of swearing was quenched to a whisper in the flagon of ale, into the foam of which he instantly dived.

“Dick Desborough,” said his other comrade, balancing himself with difficulty on his seat, and spilling the ale at every attempt which he made to lift it to his lips; “Dick Desborough, I will dispute with no man—opinion is free—or what have we signed the petition to parliament about, and given the king good advice? Opinion, Dick, is no taxed commodity—thanks to Hampden and Hunt for that—it is as free as the wind—as free as the light of thy eye, Rebecca, my dear: so here goes opinion. Confound yarn winnells, grass parks, lowing cattle, cattle dealers, and all luck-pennies, glorious or inglorious. Confound them, hide and hair—fell and flesh, skin and bone. Give me a sharp ploughshare—a free furrow cut clean as Rebecca’s ribbon, a showery and sunny summer, and a hot harvest, and then I will show you a merry Old England again. The flagons will foam, the lasses will dance, the lads will sing, and all men will laugh at sharp taxation and rotten boroughs, and lying evils and standing armies. Confound pasturage and spinning-mills, says Bill Swingletree; and so said his father before him.”

“And who laughs at standing armies, I shall be glad to know?” said a tall and blooming virago, who, seated in a corner between two travelling heroes of the firelock and knapsack, seemed desirous to be considered as appertaining to both. The arm of a little carotty-headed corporal had invaded, and partly occupied, the ample circumference of her waist; while her upper works were in the possession of a brawny private, with long waxed mustaches, a grim eye, and a menacing aspect. “And who laughs at the lads of the gun, and the sword?” said the heroine, rising up to give greater emphasis to what she was about to say. “I have seen better men, and handsomer, thrown in by the dozen, like sand-bags, to fill a wet ditch during a hasty march, than the cleverest one among ye. Confound ye for clod-hoppers, and combers of wool, and drivers of cattle! Does it become such fellows as you

to speak slightly of our gallant soldiers? You who sit, full-fed, and warm, and safe, at home, when the bullets fly and the bayonets are crimsoned, and the brooks of a foreign land are increased with English blood? Ye eat when ye are hungry—ye drink when ye are dry—ye go to bed when ye please—and ye rise to the crowing of the cock, or the sound of the harvest horn—ye hide your heads when the rain falls—and ye work but when the sun shines—and ye dance, and ye sing, and ye make mouths at your betters—and to whom are ye indebted for all these indulgences, but to the good and gallant soldier? And yet must I hear words of scorn for those who kept bloodshed from your doors, by many a gallant deed, on many a bloody field! I would not give the little finger of poor Sandie Frazer, who lies buried in the gory dykes of Bergen-op-zoom, for a whole North Riding of such productions as you—and I am a North Riding lass, myself—Nancy Rutherford by name.”

“And is poor Sandie Frazer dead?” said a young woman, entering the door of the ale-house, with a child in her arms, and another at her foot. Then my pilgrimage is ended; and these bonnie babes are fatherless.” And she sunk down on a seat at the threshold—drew the children to her bosom, and sobbed aloud. “But let me understand you, lass,” said Nancy of the North Riding. “Our Sandie Frazer may not be your Sandie Frazer,—our lad was tall, with sunny hair, bright blue eyes, lisped somewhat in his speech, and his speech was very sweet—he smiled when he spoke, sung like a thrush, and danced as light as a leaf in the wind.” “Enough, enough,” said the young woman, “ye have seen my Sandie Frazer; there was but ae lad whom the mother of these two children loved, and he lies dead in a trench. Woe’s me for ye, my two sweet wee unhappy weans.” “A pot of Burton ale to a drink of ditch-water,” said the other, “that ye are the lass he always sighed for and spoke about—ye have the very look of the one he described to me—only saddened down like, and touched with sorrow somewhat. Sorrow’s a sad hand for a fair face—she has laid a finger on me in her time. But

speaking of bonnie Sandie—d’ye come from near Dumfermline? and is your name—I forget now—it is a queer name, a Mac—something; but if ye be she, your father disowned ye, and your mother turned ye from the door, cause ye wedded corporal Frazer. Plague on their Scottish pride.”

The young woman replied, with a shriek of pleasure and of agony, “And did he aye speak about me, say ye—and did he tell you the story of our love? Then shall I seek bread for his bairns through the wide world, with a contented though a sorrowful heart. Will ye say what ye ken of his death? I can bide it, I can bide it.” “It’s a tale soon told,” said she of the North Riding; “I marched with Corporal Cater then—he’s dead and buried in a bloody grave, as well as your bonnie Sandie—oh the dykes of Bergen-op-zoom!—I saw them full of water at night, and found them filled with dead bodies in the morning. The first known face I saw was that of black Dick Ratcliffe, of Scarborough. But let me tell my tale right—and first let me advise my Dumfermline lass to taste a drop of this neat cheering article—a sorrowful heart’s always dry. Well, well, ye wont—ye’ll grow wiser, lass—I was soft like thyself, when I first followed the camp; but I soon learned—a marching regiment’s a prime school; and I’m far from dull in my comprehension. However, I will tell ye what I saw—I saw seventeen hundred bonnie lads, and your Sandie Frazer among them, marching out at dead of night to the storming of that dirty Dutch town. They went out as silent as the grass o’er which they trod; and with them went two caravans—one drawn by grey horses, and the other by black—I thought, as I followed them, that it looked like a funeral; the caravans belonged to the surgeons, and were for bearing back the wounded. As they went along, I heard Corporal Frazer say to the chief surgeon, ‘If ye bring me back, let me come with the grey; for the black looks like a hearse:’ and an old Scotch soldier, who marched by his side, said, ‘We shall not need, Frazer—we shall lie stark and stiff, with many a pretty man, before the dawning. I have seen—but it will dispirit our comrades if I say what I have seen. Bergen-op-

zoom is the last place we shall see, and we shall not behold it by day."

"Come, come, Nan, lass," said the little corporal, "you have said too much about that puddle dub—all-weedy ditch and frog-marsh—old mother twenty trews, dull dirty Holland. Can't you say to the girl at once, that Frazer and five hundred others were shot in the ditch, and have done with it—damme, you are as tedious as a gazette."

"And damn swampy Holland, Nan, my good girl," said the tall private, "it's not worth the fag-end of a blank cartridge. Give me good old Spain, say I, where you can have a bullock for a bullet, a madonna to cook it, and replenish your canteen—where the floors are silver, and the reliques pure gold. Ah! many's the pretty little saint of the right metal I have had in my knapsack; here's to a merry Spanish campaign, say I, and let Holland go to the hogs—where a man cannot have a mouthful of meat without the current metal—a curse upon the land, say I; and may the dykes break, and the sea resume its empire."

"Peace, thou moiety of manhood," said she of the North Riding, "and silence, thou mere flint-snapper." "And now, my bonnie lass of Dumfermline town, as poor Corporal Frazer called thee, I will tell thee of the last of his marches. We went out at midnight, as silent as shadows, and halted not till we saw the dykes and ramparts dark before us—with here and there a twinkling light, and here and there a sentinel pacing his rounds. We moved on—a dog barked, and a soldier saw us, and fired; and, without a shout, down rushed our men, and then the work of death began. Shot after shot—knell after knell—small-arms first, and then cannon—men falling from the ramparts, and men dropping in the ditch—the sound of trumpet, the shout and the huzza—formed a concert fitter for devils than men. I said it was midnight, and that scarcely a light twinkled—it was as bright as mid-day soon, and lights in thousands and tens of thousands were flashing in every direction. Flights of rockets, thrown from the town, hung over us like a canopy of stars—ye might have counted every musket—numbered

every button—called every man by his name; while from the batteries the balls flew on us like hail. Think ye not that our gallant lads were idle—the ramparts were thrice lost, and thrice won. But why should I make a long tale of sorrow and distress? Day at last dawned, and showed me the dykes dammed with the dead and dying. One of the first I saw was my own poor corporal: two balls, and a pike, had done their work—all in the bosom; and a true bosom it was to me! and I have been faithful to his memory while I could—but resolution cannot last ever, and tears cannot run like a stream. Close beside him lay bonnie Sandie Frazer—pike and bullet had been dealing with him too—a ball to the brow—and a white broad brow it was—and a pike to the bosom—and so go our gallant spirits away! It was hot work, my bonnie lass of Dumfermline; it was hot work."

"Ye have said enough," said the young woman; "but I expected all this. On the night of the storming of that fatal place—it might be twelve o'clock—I was lying with my two babes in a farmer's barn, and I thought I was sleeping—but your story tells me I was awake. A light came into the barn, and I put my hands over my babe's face, that it might not awake; and looking up, I saw Sandie Frazer wiping the blood from his brow. He gave a smile, and I could not but smile—but it was soon changed to shrieking, for he vanished away; and the farmer came running when he heard my cries, and said it was a dream, only a dream."

"Hilloah, my hearties," said the driver of the waggon, entering, "I have shouted out these ten minutes—we must wag.—Come 'long, Nan, with your two troopers—come, trot—jog's the word—waggon and water will wait for no one. And come, too, if ye like, my cannie Scotch lass with your two bairns—if ye go southward, I will give ye a cast of the waggon for pure love. Nay, don't weep, woman; a face like thine will find a husband any where." "I was going southward once," said she; "but I shall turn northward now.—Come, my two sweet fatherless weans, we cannot weel be more desolate—we shall find a bush

and a bield somewhere." And she rose, and was about to depart. "Nay, nay," said Nan of the North Riding, "we will not sunder so, my sweet lass of Dumfermline. I have a few trinkets, and popish baubles, and some broad gold pieces, which have survived the Spanish and the Flemish wars; and, for the sake of bonnie Sandie Frazer, ye shall share them: I need them not. Here's the two lads who win cash for me. Pluck up your heart, and come to the south with us—your story shall win you a pension, or I will write your wrongs on the secretary's forehead with my ten nails."

The waggon moved on, and the

ale-house was emptied of most of its inmates. Those whom our little, simple, and perfectly authentic story has at all interested, will be pleased to learn that the young widow of Dumfermline lives in a warm cottage, on a small pension; and that honest Nancy of the North Riding, won from the folly of her ways by the relict of bonnie Sandie Frazer, forsook the south, much to the sorrow of two entire regiments, and married a douce and sponable widower on the border, and became a subscriber to seven moral and religious tract associations, and an example to three parishes.

NALLA.

REPORT OF MUSIC.

ROSSINI's opera, *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, was produced on the 5th of June, for the benefit of Madame Camporese, at the King's Theatre. The scene is laid in Africa, and the plot is extremely simple. *Agorante*, an African commander, falls in love with *Zoraide*, a captive, who has engaged her heart and betrothed herself to *Ricciardo*—a Christian chieftain. *Ricciardo* in the train of *Ernesto*, his friend, and an ambassador from the French, obtains admission into the capital of *Agorante*. *Ernesto*, being admitted to the presence of *Agorante*, induces him to believe that *Ricciardo* has by force deprived him (*Ernesto*) of his wife. *Agorante*, thus deceived, admits him to his confidence, and engages him to persuade *Zoraide* to accept *Agorante*. *Zomira*, a female, who was previously attached to him, discovers the machinations of *Ernesto* and *Ricciardo*; and *Agorante* delivers over the lovers to death, together with *Ircano*, *Zoraide's* father. At the moment of the execution of the sentence, *Ernesto* arrives with troops, and saves them. Rossini's mannerism is now so well known, and it prevails so generally, that the description of one opera will nearly apply to all the rest. There are in this his customary traits of memory, occasional deep feeling, and figurate passages. *Garcia* has the principal part, and Madame Camporese and Madame Vestris are the females. It is come in

time to rescue the town from the repetitions of *La Donna del Lago*.

The three principal capitals of Germany, viz. Vienna, Berlin, and Munich, have each at the present moment to boast of a great pianoforte player, at a very juvenile age. Vienna, of Franz Ziszt; Berlin, of Mendelsohn; and Munich, of Mademoiselle Schauroth.

Ziszt is a native of Hungary, only eleven years of age, and plays in a most finished manner all the most difficult compositions of Hummel and Moscheles; particularly *the Fall of Paris* of the latter. He is also very great in extemporising upon any theme that is given to him in writing. If it be very long, he curtails and simplifies before he works upon it. A. Mendelsohn is the son of a Jewish banker, at Berlin, a pupil of Zelber and Berger. Both boys have filled all Germany with the fame of their wonderful talents. They are nearly of the same age. Miss Schauroth, the daughter of Major Schauroth, is just arrived in London.

The celebrated Beethoven, according to a recent letter, is become so completely deaf that he is entirely lost to all society. Nevertheless, he has but lately finished two great works: a mass, which was bought for Berlin; and a new symphony, for the Philharmonic of London.

J. N. Hummel, who made such very high demands for coming to our

Philharmonic Concerts this year, leaves Weimar at the beginning of September, on a professional tour through Holland and the Netherlands.

The committee of the Royal Academy of Music have made a Report upon their proceedings, which has been printed and distributed among the subscribers. The tone of it by no means speaks that confidence which a body, having in its disposal so considerable a sum as has been subscribed, might be expected to use. On the contrary, it should seem as if the committee doubted the permanent existence of the establishment; for they solicit earnestly the most active exertions of the noble directors in its behalf, and for the increase of its funds. The Report details the appointments of the Master and Mistress, whom it eulogizes as most exemplary persons (a point that the subscribers might take on the faith of the judgment of those persons to whom they have committed the most unlimited patronage); it vindicates the mode of electing the pupils, enumerates the professors appointed, and justifies, by the example of the foreign conservatories, the custom of the pupils practising their various exercises in the same room. The professors are cut down from thirty to ten; and subsequently to this Report being prepared, the Board of Professors, which, by the original regulations, was to be entrusted with the entire arrangement and direction of the musical education of the students, has been *dissolved!!* almost before it had begun to act. There is no English teacher of singing among the Professors: the principal, Dr. Crotch, and his assistant, are the only instructors in harmony and composition. Mr. Grotorex has removed his son from the Academy, who was elected amongst the first ten boys. A private examination of the pupils has taken place, and a public one is soon to follow. After this Report the long existence of the institution should seem to be more problematical than ever, even to those whose motives in the encouragement of the design are unimpeachable.

Three years since was revived a society under the title of the Cymmrodorion, originally formed for the cultivation of Ancient British (or

Welsh) literature and music. This body consists of about two hundred of the nobility and gentry of Wales, and others, principally Ancient Britons, resident in London, amongst whom are many persons of deep research and learning. The society has its rooms (in Lisle-street) and its officers; one volume of its transactions has been published, and another is preparing. It distributes medals and prizes for essays and other compositions; collects manuscripts, &c. Under the patronage of this institution, an *Eisteddvod*, or *Session of Bards*, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 22d of May. This meeting, under the name *Gorsedd y Beirdd*, or *Congress of the Bards*, was in very remote times amongst the privileged national assemblies of the Cymry; and the preservation of Bardic traditions, the conservation of illustrious names and actions, and the promotion of general instruction, were its objects. About the twelfth century it ceased to act as a national council; then, probably, took the name of *Eisteddvod*, and subsequently became, by the progress of circumstances, what it now is—a meeting for the cultivation of music and poetry: with long intervals between, the *Eisteddvod* has been constantly kept up ever since. Of late years, societies have been formed in the four provinces, for the encouragement of national literature; and as auxiliary to this object, since 1819, they have had their annual *Eisteddvodau*. The first meeting in London, under the Cymmrodorion, was in 1822, which is now also become annual. On the present occasion, Lords Dynevor and Kenyon were the presidents of the day. Mr. J. H. Parry stated in English, and Mr. Griffith Jones, in Welsh, the nature of the meeting; and a concert, the principal part being Welsh music, was given. Mr. Davies performed *Ar hyd y nos*, with variations, on the Cambrian pedal-harp, with two rows of strings. W. Prichard, “a mountain minstrel,” and harper to Gwyneddigion, an air (*Pen Rhaw*, or *the Spade head*) with variations, peculiar to the Welsh or triple harp. But the most curious part of the celebration was the *Penillion* singing with the Welsh harps, after the manner of the Ancient Britons. The singer is presumed to be

acquainted with the twenty-four measures, and he strikes in with the harper, who is at liberty to change the air as often as he pleases. This is constantly done by persons totally ignorant of music.

Since our last report, there have been some of the finest concerts of the season; namely, those of Mrs. Salmon, Mr. J. B. Cramer, and Mr. Moscheles. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Cramer could find no morning for his concert but that of the day on which Mrs. Salmon's was held in the evening. "When two men ride upon a horse," says wise master Dogberry, "one must go behind;" but when a man and a woman ride upon a horse, the woman is even more certainly posted in the rear. So it proved with Mrs. Salmon, who had about half the number of auditors that attended Mr. Cramer. It was not, however, quite chivalrous in the strong Pianist thus to jostle the fair vocalist from the wall; for be it known, Mr. Cramer's concert was announced subsequently to Mrs. Salmon's. It is to be regretted that great interests should thus encounter; for there is no saying how such discords may be resolved. Mr. Cramer's concert was almost literally a pianoforte performance. Of six instrumental pieces, four were for that instrument, either solo, in duet, or as principal. Mr. Cramer played a concerto and two duets, one with Mr. Moscheles, and the other with Mr. Kalkbrenner. Competition has done much for the public since it has made Pianists so much more anxious to be heard than heretofore. Verily the musical world is deeply indebted to Mr. Moscheles. But, indeed, this concert afforded a vast treat to the amateurs of fine playing, since it brought these performers, alike supreme in art, into a collision and comparison that elicited all their powers. Mr. Moscheles trusted to his own strength, which is indeed immense, and the assistance of the most eminent singers. Mrs. Salmon was aided by Signor Garcia, and most of the great Italian and English artists. The three novelties of the night were, a recitative and air, by Garcia, of his own composition; Signor Vimercati's playing on the Mandolin, which is truly surprising, considering

the limited nature of the instrument; and a new air with a violin obligato accompaniment, composed by Garcia, expressly for Mrs. Salmon. It was altogether a most delightful concert.

We mentioned the provincial meetings that were about to take place. That at Oxford was held for the 10th, 11th, and 12th of June. It commenced with an act of the learned professor's *Palestine*; and in the second was given, Mr. Attwood's Coronation Anthem, with Selections from Mozart's *Requiem*, and Haydn's *Seasons*. The singers were Madame Ronzi de Begnis, Signora Caradori, Miss Stephens, and Miss Travis, Signor de Begnis, Messrs. Vaughan, W. Knyvett, and Bellamy. At the miscellaneous concerts the encores were very numerous.

The coming meetings are to be held at Gloucester, Sept. 16, 17, 18; York, Sept. 22, 23, 24, 25; Liverpool, Sept. 29, 30, and Oct. 1, 2; Birmingham, Oct. 6, 7, 8, and 9.

The Gloucester, York, and Birmingham, will be conducted by Mr. Greatorex; the Liverpool, by Sir George Smart. The three latter are upon a scale of the most exalted magnificence. Madame Catalani certainly comes to Birmingham, and the same splendid preparations, as before, are making. At Liverpool, there will be Mrs. Salmon, Miss Stephens, and Miss Goodall, Mesd. Camporese and Ronzi, Messrs. Braham, Vaughan, Knyvett, Bellamy, Phillips, and De Begnis. The serpents and trombones from his Majesty's band will attend. At York, there will be not less than 400 performers, without including the principals. The stimulus imparted by the success of the Birmingham meeting is operating far and wide, and not less beneficially for the diffusion of music, than for the purposes of charity and of circulation. In York, there is an annual Congress of the amateurs of the county, who assemble very numerous, perform two concerts, dine together, and sing part-songs afterwards. This keeps up the love of music, and operates most beneficially; the meeting takes place this year, on the 19th and 20th of June. The audience are admitted gratuitously, and there are seldom

less than 1000 persons present. The overtures are listened to with *Philharmonic* attention, and the glees and songs are sung by amateurs. A music hall is building at Sheffield, where the next year's meeting will probably take place.

The following are the principal publications of the month:—

Mr. Moscheles's Polonoise is an interesting and elegant composition; it presents a succession of brilliant and original passages, on which the rhythm of the Polonoise confers particular animation. The second and third pages are worthy of high commendation, for their beautiful melody, as well as for the means they afford to promote and exhibit the powers of the left hand. The piece, like most of Mr. Moscheles's compositions, contains many novel and beautiful ideas, as powerfully developed as they are finely conceived.

To harp and flute players, we recommend *Mr. Dizi's Two Airs, with Variations, the Yellow Hair'd Laddie, and Benedetta sia la Madre*. They are the production of an elegant and cultivated fancy, and particularly well adapted to the genius of the instruments.

Mr. Kiallmark has arranged *De Piacer* as a rondo for the pianoforte, in as easy a style as the nature of the subject will permit, which is at least judicious; for it has already appeared in almost every other form.

Mr. Peile's Pastoral Rondo has many qualities to recommend it to the notice of players who make no pretensions to great attainments.

Mr. Klose's Four Rondos are of the easiest description, and extremely well adapted to the purposes of early instruction.

The newly-published arrangements are the third books of *La Donna del Lago*, and *Pietro L'Eremita*, by Mr. Latour; and the eighth book of Mr. Bochsa's adaptation of Rossini's Operas, for the harp, consisting of a second selection from *Pietro l'Eremita*.

The first and second of Mozart's Symphonies, arranged by Hummel, for the pianoforte, flute, violin, and violoncello, is a most valuable publication; Mr. Hummel being peculiarly fitted to such a task, from his perfect knowledge of the powers of his instrument, his science as a musician, and from the circumstance of his having been

a pupil of Mozart's. His grand Duo, for the pianoforte, which was performed by Messrs. Cramer and Kalkbrenner, at the concert of the former, exhibits, perhaps, better than any of his compositions, his great attainments.

Several of the pieces, from Mercadante's Opera of *Claudio e Elisa*, brought out this season at the King's theatre, have appeared. The style of this composer is evidently formed upon that of Rossini, but it wants the grace and animation which so peculiarly characterise the works of the latter; it is, too, very unequal, and frequently meagre. The fable of the opera is not of a kind to call forth the genius of a composer; it is uninteresting and absurd, while the mixture of pathos and broad humour would endanger the success even of a finer composition.

The recitative *Mici cari Figli*, followed by the Aria *Giusto Ciel*, is, perhaps, the best; the imitation of Rossini in the allegro movement is, however, so complete, as almost to appear intentional.

A duet for two Sopranos, by Mercadante, from *Andronico*, *Nel seggio Placido*, is very sweet, and proves that the composer would succeed better by adhering to his natural purity.

Some duets, arias, &c. from operas by Rossini, never performed in this country, have also appeared. The aria, *Ciel Pictoso*, from *Zelmira*, is in his best manner; the allegro perhaps too dramatic for the chamber, but the recitative and andantino are very beautiful and expressive movements. The duet *Un Segreto è il mio Tormento*, from *Il Sigismondo*, is effective, and not difficult.

Nella casa devi avere, from the opera of *Pietra di Paragone*, is a duet of great humour; it consists of the instructions of a young lady to an ancient beau, as to his conduct after marriage; and he, in the ardour of his affection, consents to be both blind, deaf, and dumb. Rossini has adorned his subject with elegant and animated melody, and the usual proportion of rapid articulation and execution.

Mr. Rawlings's Canzonet, Hither Fairy Queen repair, sung by Mrs. Salmon, at the British Concerts, and accompanied on the flute by Mr. Card, was received with great approbation. Its effect depends much upon the accompaniment, but it has a lightness and elegance extremely well adapted to the character of the words.

A LETTER TO THE DRAMATISTS OF THE DAY.

Alas, for the lost Drama ! the Drama is no more !

Dennis, in Swift's Dialogue.

GENTLEMEN,—As you are known to me only by your works,—a visitation of Providence, which I will not obtrude upon you, debarring me not only from your society, but from all—you may be anxious to learn on what plea I presume to address you. Simply this: I love the drama, and would fain see the mighty genius of British Tragedy awake from the slumber which hath oppressed her for ages.

To revive the drama is impracticable, some (of your enemies) will say. Allow me, Gentlemen, in your name, to retort courteously,—it is not. Prove your words, say the malignants. Prove your own, first, saith the advocate.

'Tis true,—“and pity 'tis, 'tis true,”—we may not be able so far to revivify Melpomene, that she shall “spit fire and spout rain” with primeval energy, at the first onset. But we may so far recover her ladyship from her trance, that she shall call for her customary bowl of hemlock, throw back her Magdalene locks, and look about her a little. We may then tweak her ladyship's nose till she burst into a genuine tragedy squall; cry *havock* in her ears, to see her start a stride or two in the magnificent sweep of the boards; and, by dint of coaxing, chafing, patting, pinching, encouraging and reproaching, perhaps at length prevail upon her ladyship to make a few “damnable faces and begin.”

To get clear of this “mob of metaphors,” my purpose and expectation in thus addressing you, Sons of the *sleeping* Melpomene, are: to originate a *nascent* impulse towards legitimate dramatism. Authors are proverbially modest; so that I have no doubt but that many of you will incontinently assert yourselves legitimate dramatists already. Marry! say I, to these happy fellows, God give ye joy! I'm heartily rejoiced at your good fortune; skip on to the next article, for this hath nought to do with such independent

gentlemen. I address myself to those only, who are conscious (as every one, not a fool, must be), that whatsoever merit the tragedy of the present day may possess as poetry, it has none as effective, legitimate drama.

What do I mean by “legitimate drama?” I'll not answer that: Definitions are dangerous. If an instance will allay your curiosity, *Lear* is legitimate drama. So is *Hamlet*. So is *Macbeth*, and *Othello*. Of these four tragedies, to speak with the Bathos, “none but themselves can be their parallels:” they are models of legitimate drama. *Venice Preserved* is legitimate, though in a less degree. *The Revenge* also, in a still less: with many others.

I will write you a dissertation on the subject: define and divide, premise and conclude; surprise you in an enthymeme, gore you with a dilemma, and overwhelm you with a sorites;—if you'll promise to read it. Till then, I prefer throwing together a few desultory, scatter-brain, heterogeneous thoughts, just as they chance to “tumble out of their dark cells into open daylight” (as Locke has it), and tumultuously escape from the recesses of my mind. So let us have no cavilling at words: if you don't understand the meaning of “legitimate,” ask the Holy Alliance; and, if they cannot answer you to your satisfaction, how do you expect such a poor sinner as I?

Well, then: Drama is distinguished from all other species of literature, and tragedy from all other species of poetry, by certain essential attributes, peculiar qualities, appropriate, indispensable, and incommunicable. These attributes or qualities must be preserved, in order to constitute legitimate drama or tragedy; and, however dramatists may choose to run riot in other respects, these aforesaid grand leading characteristics must appear on the surface, or their works are no longer dramas, but something else; dia-

logues, conversations in verse, amebatory pentameters, *pro* and *con* poems, or non-descripts, as the case may be. Thus, an author who strings together, without unity of action, order, or connexion, a number of adventures, may designate his work an epic poem if he please; but it is nevertheless, in spite of his onomatopony, no more an epic poem than the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the Lives of the English Admirals.

But what are these grand, leading, indispensable, essential attributes? Some are obvious. Others less apparent, but as essential, it is my design to recall to your attention; as I conceive it is to the neglect, contempt, non-observance, or oblivion of these, that the degeneracy of the modern drama is chiefly owing; and not to any deficiency of genius in the writers.

Now, Gentlemen pensioners of the Muses' train, it strikes me that an excellent method of elucidating these mysteries would be, to appropriate to myself the liberty of adverting to your works, casting a retrospective glance at your predecessors; to arrogate to myself the power of expressing my opinions on the merits and defects of both; and, finally, to do exactly as I please with them. So without farther preamble—

Except one word as to what I, your gratuitous correspondent, negatively am. I am not a critic—merely one deeply inspired with a love of the drama, and possessed with an ardent desire and expectation to see Tragedy again walk forth in the stole of her ancient splendour. Secondly: I never myself wrote a drama; so you have nothing to fear from the envious shafts of an anonymous rival. Whatever opinions I may give, be they right or wrong, they are honest.

Come then! To make Shakspeare lean from his cloud, and Massinger pause with the nectar at his lips; to make beetle-brow'd Ben dissolve his heretofore illiquifiable features into a smile of applause, Otway break out in heroics, and the whole *corps dramatique* of the sky rise on their elbows from their yellow beds of asphodel—to catch the faint sounds of our sublunary voices, as we “rave

and recite” in the long-lost strain of the drama! Come, I say—Stop.

Another word upon the three mistakes committed in this letter before I began the first line of my address. I call you dramatists; and moreover, Gentlemen: that is, conjunctively,—dramatic gentlemen, or gentlemen dramatists, which you will. Now here are three mistakes, in two words; a fair earnest of my future accuracy. For: some of you may be dramatists, yet no gentlemen; or, gentlemen, yet no dramatists; or, dramatists and gentlemen, yet not *tragic* dramatic gentlemen, whom alone I address in this “*grandis epistola*.” By the first oversight, I exclude gentlewomen; which made no part of my intent. “Shakspeares in petticoats,” Sapphos in buskins and English, or those who would be so, will honour me by allowing this letter to relate to them under the general name of dramatists. To the gentlemen no dramatists, I have only to apologize for taking their names in vain. I do not address myself to the comic dramatists of the day; for legitimate drama must begin with tragedy.

Preliminaries being premised, as Peter Pleonasm might say, let's on to the material as quick as our quill can carry us. The latest work of note in the dramatic line, which hath crossed my visual ray, is DURAZZO; and with a few remarks upon this, I take your leave, gentlemen, to begin my *Instauratio Magna Dramaticorum*.

I say “of note,” because though tragedies are now-a-days as “plenty as blackberries,” they are not, in general, half so mentally palatable as those luxurious vegetables are corporeally. The consequence is, the trade of a tragedist hath fallen into disrepute with the critical; and for a work to be “of note” at present, the author must have been previously notable; as the author of Durazzo was, by his tragedy of Conscience. This circumstance, however, did not wholly direct my choice, though it might have solicited it. A galaxy of cream-coloured title pages, beset with alphabetical *maculae*, spotted here and there and every where, with “tragedy,” “drama,” “five acts,” “London,” and

"John Murray," lay athwart my writing-table; and I pounced upon this star as the brightest among the innumerable, judging from a hasty supervisal. Shall I specify a few of the innumerable?

There is MONTEZUMA, for instance; but I make it a rule never to read any thing about *Wild Indians*: Pizarro introduced quite as many savages as a civilized man needs be acquainted with. There is tragedy enough, God knows! in the old world, without sending us a-peak to the Andes or Oroonoko for outlandish catastrophes; and for mine own poor part, whilst the dagger and the gown rejoice in their ancient properties of killing and clothing in a gentlemanly manner, I shall prefer seeing those classical methods exhibited on the stage, to all the transatlantic bewitchery of leopard-skin petticoats, belts, and baldrics of beads, baubles, clinquant tin, and shining braziers, with tomahawks and ostrich-feathers into the bargain.

There is THE PROUD SHEPHERD'S TRAGEDY, i. e. no tragedy at all, but a poem in eighteen departments, nicknamed "scenes" by the author.

Then there is the DUKE OF MERCIA, with a villanous Scandinavian and Saxon *Dramatis Personæ*, such as: Frithegist and Sigiferth, Edric and Alghitha, Morcar, Gunilda, Ethelmar, Uthred and Gothmund. Truly, what the Duke of Mercia's merits may be, I am not competent to determine, inasmuch as I did not scan them; but this I know, that Melpomene herself couldn't write a good tragedy with such jaw-breaking baptismals and clusters of consonants in her pen's mouth every moment, as the above; nor (for I will go farther), Shakspeare. In fact, Shakspeare wouldn't pitch upon a subject which made it necessary to adopt such a hideous nomenclature. But what do I talk of necessity, for? In his Lear, whilst he in some measure preserves the appellatives Gonorill, Ragan, and Cordella, as historical, he had the humanity to mollify their asperity, and make them poetical also. The Danish Chronicles, whence he took his fable of Hamlet, denominate the philosophic prince *Amlethus*, Gertrude *Gerutha*; the king's name

is *Fengo*, which Shakspeare transmutes into a very unlocal one, indeed,—Claudius; thereby, however, evincing his determination to preserve the majesty of tragedy even in the names of his personages, and that, though the name of Claudius is not once pronounced in the drama. Spenser, on the other hand, is deservedly ridiculed for christening even his clowns by such unsavoury N or M's as Hobbino, Cuddy, and Colin Clout. Names may be historically true, nay, appropriate and natural, yet poetically ugly nevertheless. "What's in a name!" you say; "a rose, by any other name would smell as sweet." Ay, verily; but tragedies are not *always* roses; and with our dear Juliet's leave, a tragedy must have pronounceable names, euphonous, and such as may become the lips in uttering them. How trippingly off the tongue rolleth—Sweet Sigiferth! or Gentle Gunilda! It may seem hypercritical to object to a tragedy on account of its name or the names of its characters; but a true poet's ear will instinctively feel offended by the least deviation from perfect harmony, and therefore, when we meet inharmonious names in a tragedy, it is a *prima facie* presumption that the author is no poet, or worse, a bad one. The fault is exactly of the same species as a fault in metre, though less in degree; they are both marks of an ear of no very delicate sensibility, of a soul not over nervously alive to the sublime and the beautiful. You might as well say, that a harsh verse, or an unmusical cadence was unimportant. The green-sick girl, or she who preys on the garbage of a circulating library, will show you that there is a natural affection in the human mind for beautiful names: Beverley and Julia, Montgomeri and Matilda, are frequently the talismanic support of a novel, of greater efficacy to charm a milliner or a milk-sop, than words graven on the seal of King Solomon to fascinate a genie. In short, you may call me fool, or fastidious, or fribble, or what you please, but I would as soon be set down to decypher a slab of hieroglyphics, as to read through a tragedy full of *friths* and *firths*, and *goths* and *githas*. Being, indeed, the very sport of my antipathies and pre-

judices, I fly all mental contact with those truculent progenitors of ours, unless they make their approach under feigned names, as Gertrude and Claudius had the policy to do: I regard them as *native wild Indians*, and would with as little reluctance kiss an Abiponian she-Centaur or an Esquimaux-Venus, as sit in their company for an evening's entertainment. Mason, in his *Elfrida*, which Voltaire aptly superscribed *tragedie barbare*, wrote them down as completely as involuntarily; with me, at least; for I never could bear the sight of a Gothic *dramatis personæ*, since reading the aforesaid *barbare*. Finally, as to this weighty onomatomical affair: if I should be so lucky as to obtain your concurrence, Gentlemen, in the opinion that good names are better than bad ones, you will act on the hint of a friend; if not—in God's name, lay your next scenes in Muscovy or Cathay, and christen your personages, Dolgorouki, Razoumoffski, Hum-fum, and Te-totum. By the bye, Durazzo (or Dooratso) and all the tragedies of the present day, sin not a little in this little particular: their *dramatis personæ* are neither indicative nor sonorous.

What have we next?—

WERNER.—Ah! my lord! my lord Byron!

CLEMENZA, OR THE TUSCAN ORPHAN, in Five Acts.—This is a splendid thing! Ex. gr.

Rinaldo. Yes! I shall behold her!—Ha! But where! With whom!

(Distractedly—A short pause.)
Under the self-same roof!—by heavens at hand

The priest to make them *one*, and make me —*mad*!

Scævola!—Come hither, kind Scævola—

(What follows in a lowered and altered tone, but with frantic rapidity, and seizing hold of Scævola's arm.)

Is there no nostrum that can purge the brain,

And steep the soul in sweet forgetfulness?
By wizard wild reveal'd, or elfin sprite,
That nightly course the caverns of your isle,

What time the frowning moon resigns her reign

To the bright horrors of the vast volcano?
Or comes within thy ken no friendly fay's
Strong potion, brew'd from dark Sicilian weed,

That drank the dews which fell from Lucifer,

Of power potential to unchain the slave
Of wayward destiny?—If such there be,
By the Great Power that made thee—

(Shaking Scævola violently by the arm.)

Scævola. Who comes here?

(Looking to the right.)

Rinaldo. (Recovering himself.)

Too much of this ... &c.

My opinion exactly coinciding with Rinaldo's, I here shut the book.

But DURAZZO. Yes, Durazzo is evidently the production of a gentleman and a scholar, a man of good taste and considerable poetical abilities. It is written with great purity and elegance of language; and the beauty of many of its lines and passages is green to the eye of the soul. What a very chaste and picturesque description is the following:

One evening, in the wood that skirts the city,

I wander'd forth alone. The weary sun
Had stoop'd his forehead from the mountain brow,

On which it just had lean'd, as if to rest
After the wond'rous journey of the day:
The herdsman sought his humble cot, the flocks

Their fragrant chambers, and the birds
were gone

To nestle in their leafy villages.—(P. 21.)

Here is another beautiful passage:—Durazzo addressing Zelinda,

Turn not away—speak, prithee—speak again;

For not the Thracian bard could touch a string

So melting sweet, when plaintive Echo stole
His music on the waters of Despair,
As in that accent bless'd me.—(P. 45.)

It may not be easy to decide the palm between this second quotation and the following from Otway, alluding also to the human voice:

Methought I heard a voice

Sweet as the shepherd's pipe upon the mountains,

When all his little flock's at feed before him.—(Orphan, Act 5, Sc. 2.)

But, at all events, if the sweet pastorality and more distinct imagery of the latter entitle it to any preference as abstract poetry, it is much more than counterbalanced by the superior keeping and propriety of the

former: for Zelinda, like the Thracian bard, is supposed to bewail a lost lover; whilst Monimia, in Otway's tragedy, compares the agonized voice of Castallo, who has just murdered his brother, to the cheerful though wild sound of a shepherd's pipe on the mountains.

There are also some passages of force in *Durazzo*; though by no means so powerful or numerous as effective tragedy requires. Thus:

I come amongst you a competitor,
To answer taunts with tauntings. When
the wind
Scolds at the sea, the sea rebukes the wind
With lips of foam; and when a comet
starts
Into our system, angrily he glares,
That the bright multitude of stars turn pale
To see the mighty stranger pass along.
(P. 73.)

Again:

The vulgar animal we tie by day,
Keeps fiercer watch by night; and nobler
brutes
Catch vigour from abuses. Feed the lion—
He's tame; 'tis famine lights a soul of fire
Within his ribs, and crowns the savage,
King!—(P. 69.)

These would *act* well; and awaken that interest in the bosom of an audience, which must necessarily sleep under the lullaby of continuous poetry, however beautiful. Is it possible for the playhouse to doze in such a storm as this:

I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them
fight
Against the churches; though the yesty
waves
Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodged, and trees
blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders'
heads;
Though palaces and pyramids do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though
the treasures
Of nature's germens tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.

Macbeth, Act 4. Sc. 1.

Why, if well *mouthed*, this is sufficient to shake the very dome of the theatre, and bring the gods down, head-long, into the pit. You all
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know the efficacy of such passages, as well as I do, my friends; and yet, in the teeth of your knowledge, you neglect introducing similar awakeners, and run away after some evanescent prettiness or other, to please Master Mawkish and Miss Maudlin in the boxes, forsooth.

But no more of this at present; there are some of you more deficient in energy than the author of *Durazzo*; when I come to your tragedies, I shall rate in a proper style.

The dramatists of this day would appear, to a less profound observer than I am (who can spy out the cause in our present ultra-refinement of mind), to have entered into a conspiracy for the exclusion of every thing which might possibly assist their genius in the end they, as tragedists, should aim at. *Action* is the essence of drama; nay, its definition: business, bustle, hurly, and combustion dire, are indispensable to effective drama; at least, if pathos run not very copiously through the piece, in which case action may be partly compounded for by tears, though, perhaps, not without some hazard. But that essence and these indispensables, you, Gentlemen, seem, with one consent, sedulously to avoid meddling with; to shun as you would fire and brimstone. You seem to think that the whole virtue of tragedy lies in its *poeticity*; and the softer, the sweeter, the more soul-soothing, the more hushing the poetry is, the better you think it, though the audience go to sleep under your noses. At any rate, if you don't think thus, you write as if you did. One great instrument of keeping an audience on the fret of attention, is a good plot; an excellent reason, as it would appear with you, to select bad or indifferent ones. Oh! so as we deliver forth poetry enough, what a plague have we to do with plotting? You either poke into the crevices and corners of history, real or fictitious, for insignificant events, which you neither amplify nor adorn by addition or decoration, as Shakspeare might have ensampled you; or, being the architects of your own stories, your designs are so light and graceful, so economical in point of material, and of so very Corinthian an order of elegance, that they are nearly

invisible to the gross sense of our popular eye-sight.

The tragedy under consideration is deplorably meagre in the item of story. It has no interest whatever of plot or construction. There is no one great or absorbing action to engross our attention by its magnitude or intensity: neither is there any ingenious perplexity of incidents, to be unravelled by the catastrophe, and keep the mind actively suspended during the process of disentanglement. Terror and Pity, without one at least of which tragedy is a farce, are neither of them excited. Curiosity is not roused, nor anxiety solicited. Sir, the author of *Durazzo*, will you allow me to ask, what you mean by expending so much excellent poetry on such a miserable plot? Your language betrays too much knowledge of Shakspeare, and too sanguine an admiration of him, to let me suppose you ignorant of the overwhelming interest with which he thought it necessary to invest his fable. And if you be not ignorant of this, why do you not attempt to imitate it, as well as to copy his sustained language, which you do with considerable success? Surely you can't think, that *you* may dispense with what *he* thought necessary? But, indeed, I most invidiously single you out from your compeers for vituperation upon this point, whilst you are not a whit more "the true blank of mine eye," than your dramatic brothers of the day. There is as much action, as much business in the last act of *Macbeth*, as in the five-and-twenty of *Sardanapalus*, *Mirandola*, *Evadne*, *De Monfort*, and *Durazzo*. I shall recur elsewhere to this text; for an imp of Beelzebub is at my elbow, pulling the sheet from under my pen, so that I have but time for a few valuable observations more on *Durazzo*. The

interest of a tragedy fairly depends on its plot; but sometimes it may be supported in the person of one of the characters. Thus the plot of the *Revenge* is very insipid; but the energy and vindictive grandeur of Zanga's character keep our attention on duty. Now, *Durazzo* hath not even this personal or individual interest. The hero, *Durazzo*, is an undecided, indefinite indescribable. He is "no character at all"; he is perpetually contradicting his own sameness, neutralizing this action by the next; he "divides himself and goes to buffets" about what he shall be, and is nothing after all, not even a vacillator; he is as shapeless and compact as the man in the moon. Inconsistent without being natural, his villany excites no horror, his magnanimity elicits no applause. We care little about what becomes of him, inasmuch as we have not the pleasure of knowing his true character. *Alonzo* and *Zelinda* are fully as interesting as *Alonzo* and *Leonora* in the *Revenge*; and excite much about the same disquietude in our bosoms for their ultimate happiness. *Benducar* (the lady's father) is the most spirited person in the drama; and by the same infelicity of which *Dryden* complains in *Paradise Lost*, where the Devil is the prime object of attraction, is a much more prominent character than the nominal and intentional hero. So that, in brief, the whole interest of this drama (like that of most of its cotemporaries) is contained, not, as it should be, in its dramatic attributes, but in its attributes not essentially dramatic, viz. its abstract poetical qualities, which are beautiful as poetry, but as nothing else.

I can no more, at present, but subscribe myself, Gentlemen,

Your very respectful hum—*

* The devil would have his due, and ran away with our Correspondent's MSS. before he could sign his name.—ED.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG MAN WHOSE EDUCATION
HAS BEEN NEGLECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER.

No. V.

ON THE ENGLISH NOTICES OF KANT.

MY DEAR SIR—In my last letter, having noticed the English, the German, and the French, as the three languages in which the great commerce of thought and knowledge, in the civilized world, is at this day conducted; and having attributed three very considerable advantages to the German as compared with the French; I brought forward, in conclusion, as an advantage more conspicuous even than any I had before insisted on, the great originality and boldness of speculation which have distinguished the philosophic researches of Germany for the last * 150 years. On this point, as it stood opposed to some prejudices and gross mis-statements among ourselves, I naturally declined to speak, at the close of a letter which had, perhaps, already exhausted your attention. But, as it would be mere affectation wholly to evade a question, about which so much interest † has gathered (and an interest which, from its objects and grounds, must be so durable), I gave you reason to expect, that I would say a few words on that which is at this time understood by the term *German Philosophy*—i. e. the philosophy of Kant. This I shall now do. But let me remind you for what purpose; that you may not lay to my charge, as a fault, that

limited notice of my subject, which the nature and proportions of my plan prescribe. In a short letter it cannot be supposed possible, if it were otherwise right on this occasion, that I should undertake an analysis of a philosophy so comprehensive as to leave no track of legitimate interests untouched, and so profound as to presuppose many preparatory exercises of the understanding. What the course of my subject demands—is, that I should liberate the name and reputation of the Kantian philosophy from any delusion which may collect about its purposes and pretensions, through the representations of those who have spoken of it amongst ourselves. The case is this: I have advised you to pay a special attention to the German literature—as a literature of knowledge, not of power: and amongst other reasons for this advice I have alleged the high character and pretensions of its philosophy: but these pretensions have been met by attacks, or by gross misrepresentations, from all writers within my knowledge, who have at all noticed the philosophy in this country. So far as these have fallen in your way, they must naturally have indisposed you to my advice; and it becomes, therefore, my business to point out any facts

* Dating from the earliest works of Leibnitz, rather more.

† I have heard it alleged as a reason, why no great interest in the German philosophy can exist, or can be created amongst the English—that there is no “demand for books on that subject:”—in which remark there is a singular confusion of thought. Was there any ‘demand’ for the Newtonian philosophy, until the Newtonian philosophy appeared?—How should there be any ‘demand’ for books which do not exist? But considering the lofty pretensions of the Kantian philosophy, it would argue a gross ignorance of human nature to suppose, that no interest had already attended the statement of those pretensions whenever they have been made known: and, in fact, amongst thoughtful and intellectual men a very deep interest has long existed on the subject, as my own experience has been sufficient to convince me. Indeed what evidence could be alleged more strong of apathy and decay in all intellectual activity, and in all honourable direction of intellectual interests, than the possibility that a systematic philosophy should arise in a great nation near to our own, and should claim to have settled for ever many of the weightiest questions, which concern the dignity and future progress of the human species—and should yet attract no attention or interest? We may be assured that no nation, not thoroughly emasculated in power of mind—i. e. so long as any severe studies survive amongst her, can ever be so far degraded. But these judgments come of attending too much to the movements of what is called “the literary world:” literature very imperfectly represents the intellectual interests of any people: and literary people are in a large proportion as little intellectual people as any one meets with.

which may tend to disarm the authority of these writers, just so far as to replace you in the situation of a neutral and unprejudiced student.

The persons who originally introduced the Kantian philosophy to the notice of the English public, or rather attempted to do so, were two Germans—Dr. Willich and (not long after) Dr. Nitsch.—Dr. Willich, I think, has been gone to Hades for these last dozen years; certainly his works have: and Dr. Nitsch, though not gone to Hades, is gone (I understand) to Germany; which answers my purpose as well; for it is not likely that a few words uttered in London will contrive to find out a man buried in the throng of thirty million Germans. *Quoad hoc*, therefore, Dr. Nitsch may be considered no less defunct than Dr. Willich; and I can run no risk of wounding any body's feelings, if I should pronounce both doctors very eminent block-heads. It is difficult to say, which wrote the more absurd book. Willich's is a mere piece of book-making, and deserves no sort of attention. But Nitsch, who seems to have been a pains-taking man, has produced a work which is thus far worthy of mention, that it reflects as in a mirror one feature common to most of the German commentaries upon Kant's works, and which it is right to expose. With very few exceptions, these works are constructed upon one simple principle: finding it impossible to obtain any glimpse of Kant's meaning or drift, the writers naturally asked themselves what was to be done? Because a man does not understand one iota of his author, is he therefore not to comment upon him? That were hard indeed; and a sort of abstinence, which it is more easy to recommend than to practise. Commentaries must be written; and, if not by those who understand the system (which would be the best plan), then (which is clearly the second best plan) by those who do *not* understand it. Dr. Nitsch belonged to this latter very respectable body, for whose great numerical superiority to their rivals I can take upon myself

to vouch. Being of their body, the worthy doctor adopted their expedient—which is simply this: Never to deliver any doctrine except in the master's words; on all occasions to parrot the ipsissima verba of Kant; and not even to venture upon the experiment of a new illustration drawn from their own funds. Pretty nearly upon this principle it was that the wretched Brucker and others have constructed large histories of philosophy: having no comprehension of the inner meaning and relations of any philosophic opinion, nor suspecting to what it tended, or in what necessities of the intellect it had arisen—how could the man do more than superstitiously adhere to that formula of words in which it had pleased the philosopher to clothe it? It was unreasonable to expect he should: to require of him that he should present it in any new aspect of his own devising—would have been tempting him into dangerous and perplexing situations: it would have been, in fact, a downright aggression upon his personal safety, and calling upon him to become *felo de se*; every turn of a sentence might risk his breaking down: and no man is bound to risk his neck—credit—or understanding, for the benefit of another man's neck—credit—or understanding. "It's all very well," Dr. Nitsch and his brethren will say; "It's all very well for you, Gentlemen, that have no commenting to do—to understand your author: but to expect us to understand him also that have to write commentaries on him, for two—four—and all the way up to twelve volumes, 8vo.—just serves to show how far the unreasonableness of human nature can go." The doctor was determined on moral principles to make no compromise with such unreasonableness; and, in common with all his brethren, set his face against understanding each and every chapter—paragraph—or sentence of Kant, so long as they were expected to do duty as commentators. I treat the matter ludicrously: but in substance I assure you that I do no wrong to the learned* commentators: and un-

* Under this denomination I comprehend all the rabble of abbreviators, abstractors, dictionary-makers, &c. &c. attached to the establishment of the Kantian philosophy. One of the last, by the way, Schmidt, the author of a Kantian dictionary, may be cited

der such auspices, you will not suppose that Kant came before the English public with any advantages of patronage. Between two such supporters as a Nitsch on the right hand, and a Willich on the left, I know not *that* philosopher that would escape foundering. But, fortunately for Kant, the supporters themselves foundered: and no man, that ever I met with, had seen or heard of their books—or seen any man that *had* seen them. It did not appear that they were, or logically speaking could be, forgotten: for no man had ever remembered them.

The two doctors having thus broken down and set off severally to Hades and to Germany,—I recollect no authors of respectability who have since endeavoured to attract the attention of the English public to the Kantian philosophy, except 1. An anonymous writer in an early number of the *Edinburgh Review*; 2. Mr. Coleridge; 3. Mr. Dugald Stewart; 4. Madame de Staël, in a work published, I believe, originally in this country, and during her residence amongst us. I do not add Sir William Drummond to this list, because my recollection of any thing he has written on the subject of Kant (in his *Academical Questions*) is very imperfect; nor Mr. W—the reputed author of an article on Kant (the most elaborate, I am told, which at present exists in the English language) in the *Encyclopædia Londinensis*; for this essay, together with a few other notices of Kant in other *Encyclopædias*, or elsewhere, have not happened to fall in my way. The four writers above-mentioned were certainly the only ones on this subject who commanded sufficient influence, either directly in their own persons—or (as in the first case) vicariously in the channel through which the author communicated with the public, considerably to affect the reputation of Kant in this country for better or worse. None of the four, except Mr. Coleridge, having—or professing to have—any direct ac-

quaintance with the original works of Kant, but drawing their information from imbecile French books, &c.—it would not be treating the other three with any injustice to dismiss their opinions without notice: for even upon any one philosophical question, much more upon the fate of a great philosophical system supposed to be *sub judice*, it is as unworthy of a grave and thoughtful critic to rely upon the second-hand report of a flashy rhetorician—as it would be unbecoming and extrajudicial in a solemn trial to occupy the ear of the court with the gossip of a country-town. However, to omit no point of courtesy to any of these writers, I shall say a word or two upon each of them separately. The first and the third wrote in a spirit of hostility to Kant, the second and fourth as friends. In that order I shall take them. The writer of the article in the *Edinburgh Review*, I suppose upon the internal evidence to have been the late Dr. Thomas Brown, a pupil of Mr. Dugald Stewart's, and his successor in the Moral Philosophy chair at Edinburgh. This is a matter of no importance in itself; nor am I in the habit of troubling myself or others with literary gossip of that sort: but I mention it as a conjecture of my own—because, if I happen to be right, it would certainly be a very singular fact, that the only two writers within my knowledge who have so far forgot the philosophic character as to attempt an examination of a vast and elaborate system of philosophy not in the original—not in any authorised or accredited Latin version (of which there were two even at that time)—not in any version at all, but in the tawdry rhetoric of a Parisian *philosophie à la mode*, a sort of *philosophie pour les dames*,—that these two writers, thus remarkably agreeing in their readiness to forget the philosophic character, should also happen to have stood nearly connected in literary life. In such coincidences we suspect something more than a blind

as the *beau idéal* of Kantian commentators. He was altogether agreed with Dr. Nitsch upon the duty of not understanding one's author; and acted up to his principles through life—being, in fact, what the Cambridge men call a *Bergen-op-zoom*, i. e. one that sturdily defies his author—stands a siege of twelve or twenty years upon his understanding—and holds out to the last impregnable to all assaults of reason or argument, and the heaviest batteries of common sense.

accident: we suspect the natural tendency of their philosophy, and believe ourselves furnished with a measure of its power to liberate the mind from rashness, from caprice, and injustice, in such deliberate acts which it either suggests or tolerates. If their own philosophic curiosity was satisfied with information so slender,—mere justice required that they should not, on so slight and suspicious a warrant, have grounded any thing in disparagement of the philosophy or its founder. The book reviewed by the Edinburgh reviewer, and relied on for his account of the Kantian philosophy, is the essay of Villars—a book so entirely childish that perhaps no mortification more profound could have fallen upon the reviewer than the discovery of the extent to which he had been duped by his author. Of this book no more needs to be said, than that the very terms do not occur in it which express the hinges of the system. Mr. Stewart has confided chiefly in Dégérando—a much more sober-minded author, of more good sense, and a greater zeal for truth, but, unfortunately, with no more ability to penetrate below the surface of the Kantian system. M. Dégérando is represented as an unexceptionable evidence by Mr. Stewart, on the ground that he is admitted to be so by Kant's "countrymen." The "countrymen" of Kant, merely as * countrymen, can have no more title to an opinion upon this point, than a Grant-ham man could have a right to dogmatise on Sir Isaac Newton's philosophy, on the ground that he was a fellow-townsmen of Sir Isaac's. The air of Königsberg makes no man a philosopher. But if Mr. Stewart means that the competency of M. Dégérando has been admitted by those countrymen of Kant's whose educations have fitted them to understand him, and whose writings make it evident that they *have* understood him (such for instance, as Reinhold, Schulze,

Tieftrunk, Beck, Fichte, and Schelling), then he has been misinformed. The mere existence of such works as the *Histoire Comparée* of M. Dégérando, which cannot be regarded in a higher light than that of verbal indices to the corpus philosophiæ, is probably unknown to them; certainly, no books of that popular class are ever noticed by any of them, nor could rank higher in their eyes than an elementary school algebra in the eyes of a mathematician. If any man acknowledges Dégérando's attempt at a popular abstract of Kant as a sound one, *ipso facto* he degrades himself from the right to any opinion upon the matter. The elementary notions of Kant, even the main problem of his great work, are not once so much as alluded to by Dégérando. And by the way, if any man ever talks in your presence about Kant—and you suspect that he is talking without knowledge, and wish to put a stop to him,—I will tell you how you shall effect that end. Say to him as follows:—Sir, I am instructed by my counsel, learned in this matter, that the main problem of the philosophy you are talking of—lies involved in the term *transcendental*, and that it may be thus expressed—“*An detur aliquid transcendente in mente humanâ:*” “Is there in the human mind any thing which realizes the notion of *transcendental* (as that notion is regulated and used by Kant?)” Now as this makes it necessary above all things to master that notion in the fullest sense, I will thank you to explain it to me. And as I am further instructed that the answer to this question is affirmative, and is involved in the term *synthetic unity*—I will trouble you to make it clear to me wherein the difference lies between this and what is termed *analytic unity*. Thus speaking, you will in all probability gag him; which is, at any rate, one desirable thing gained when a man insists on disturbing a company by dis-

* The reader may suppose that this could not possibly have been the meaning of Mr. Stewart. But a very general mistake exists as to the terminology of Kant—as though a foreigner must find some difficulties in it which are removed to a native. “His own countrymen,” says a respectable literary journal, when speaking of Kant (Edinburgh Monthly Review for August, 1820, p. 168.)—“His own countrymen find it difficult to comprehend his meaning; and they dispute about it to this day.” Why not? The terminology of Kant is partly Grecian—partly scholastic; and how should either become intelligible to a German, *qua* German, merely because they are fitted with German terminations and inflexions?

puting and talking philosophy. But, to return,—as there must always exist a strong presumption against philosophy of Parisian manufacture (which is in that department the Birmingham ware of Europe); secondly, as M. Dégérando had expressly admitted (in fact boasted) that he had a little trimmed and embellished the Kantian system, in order to fit it for the society of “*les gens comme il faut*”; and finally, as there were Latin versions, &c. of Kant, it must reasonably occur to any reader to ask why Mr. Stewart should not have consulted these? To this question Mr. Stewart answers—that he could not tolerate their “barbarous” style and nomenclature. I must confess that in such an answer I see nothing worthy of a philosopher; and should rather have looked for it from a literary *petit-maitre*, than from an emeritus Professor of Moral Philosophy. Will a philosopher decline a useful experiment in physics, because it will soil his kid gloves? Who thinks or cares about style in such studies, that is sincerely and anxiously in quest of truth? * In fact, *style*, in any proper sense, is no more a possible thing in such investigations as the understanding is summoned to by Kant—than it is in Euclid’s Elements. As to the nomenclature again, supposing that it *had* been barbarous, who objects to the nomenclature of modern chemistry, which is, *quoad materiam*, not only a barbarous, but a hybrid nomenclature? Wherever law and intellectual order prevail, they *debarbarise* (if I may be allowed such a coinage) what in its elements might be barbarous: the form ennobles the matter. But how is the Kantian terminology barbarous, which is chiefly composed of Grecian or Latin terms? In constructing it, Kant proceeded in this way:—where it

was possible, he recalled obsolete and forgotten terms from the Platonic philosophy, and from the schoolmen; or restored words abused by popular use to their original philosophic meaning. In other cases, when there happen to exist double expressions for the same notion, he called in and reminded them, as it were. In doing this, he was sometimes forestalled in part, and guided by the tendency of language itself. All languages, as it has been remarked, tend to clear themselves of synonyms—as intellectual culture advances; the superfluous words being taken up and appropriated by new shades and combinations of thought evolved in the progress of society. And long before this appropriation is fixed and, petrified, as it were, into the acknowledged vocabulary of the language, an insensible *clinamen* (to borrow a Lucretian word) prepares the way for it. Thus, for instance, long before Mr. Wordsworth had unveiled the great philosophic distinction between the powers of *fancy* and *imagination*—the two words had begun to diverge from each other; the first being used to express a faculty somewhat capricious † and exempted from law, the latter to express a faculty more self-determined. When, therefore, it was at length perceived, that under an apparent unity of meaning there lurked a real dualism, and for philosophic purposes it was necessary that this distinction should have its appropriate expression,—this necessity was met half way by the *clinamen* which had already affected the popular usage of the words. So again, in the words *Deist* and *Theist*; naturally they should express the same notion—the one to a Latin, the other to a Grecian, ear. But of what use are such duplicates? It is well that the necessities of the understanding gradually reach all

* The diction of the particular book which had been recommended to Mr. Stewart’s attention—viz. the *Expositio Systematica* of Phiseldék, a Danish professor, has all the merits which a philosophic diction can have, being remarkably perspicuous, precise, simple, and unaffected. It is too much of a mere metaphor of Kant, and has too little variety of illustration: otherwise I do not know a better digest of the philosophy.

† Which distinction comes out still more strongly in the secondary derivative *fanciful*, and the primary derivative *fantastic*: I say primary derivative—in reference to the history of the word:—1. *phantasia*, whence *phantasy*:—2. for metrical purposes, *phant’sy* (as it is usually spelled in Sylvester’s *Du Bartas*, and other scholar-like poems of that day:—3. by dropping the *t* in pronunciation, *phansy* or *fancy*. Now from No. 1, comes *fantastic*; from No. 3, comes *fanciful*.

such cases by that insensible *clinamen* which fits them for a better purpose, than that of extending the mere waste fertility of language, viz. by taking them up into the service of thought. In this instance, *Deist* was used pretty generally throughout Europe, to express the case of him who admits a God, but under the fewest predicates that will satisfy the conditions of the understanding. A *Theist*, on the other hand, even in popular use, denoted him who admits a God with some further (transcendental) predicates—as, for example, under the relation of a moral governor to the world. In such cases as this, therefore, where Kant found himself already anticipated by the progress of language, he did no more than regulate and ordinate the evident *misus* and tendency of the popular usage into a severe definition. Where, however, the notions were of too subtle a nature to be laid hold of by the popular understanding, and too little within the daily use of life to be ever affected by the ordinary causes which mould the course of a language, there he commenced and finished the process of separation himself. And what were the uses of all this? Why the uses were these: *first*, in relation to the whole system of the transcendental philosophy: the new notions, which were thus fixed and recorded, were necessary to the system: they were useful in proportion as *that* was useful—i. e. in proportion as it was true. *Secondly*, they extended the domain of human thought, apart from the system and independently of it. A perpetual challenge or summons is held out to the mind in the Kantian terminology to clear up and regulate its own conceptions, which, without discipline, are apt from their own subtle affinities to blend and run into each other. The new distinctions are so many intellectual problems to be mastered. And, even without any view to a formal study of the transcendental philosophy, great enlargement would be given to the understanding, by going through* a Kantian dictionary, well explained, and well illustrated. This terminology therefore was useful, 1. As a

means to an end (being part of the system); 2. As an end in itself. So much for the uses: as to the power of mind put forth in constructing it (between which and the uses lies the valuation of Kant's service; for, if no uses, then we do not thank him for any difficulty he may have overcome; if no difficulty overcome, then we do not ascribe as a merit to him any uses which may flow from it)—as to the power of mind put forth in constructing it, I do not think it likely that you will make the same mistake which I have heard from some unreflecting persons, and which in fact lurks at the bottom of much that has been written against Kant's obscurity, as though Kant had done no more than impose new names. Certainly, if that were all, the merit would not be very conspicuous. It could cost little effort of mind to say—let this be A, and that be D: let this notion be called *transcendent*, and that be called *transcendental*. Such a statement, however, supposes the ideas to be already known, and familiar—and simply to want names. In this lies the blunder. When Kant assigned the names, he created the ideas; i. e. he drew them within the consciousness. In assigning to the complex notion X the name *transcendental*, Kant was not simply transferring a word which had previously been used by the schoolmen to a more useful office; he was bringing into the service of the intellect a new birth; that is, drawing into a synthesis, which had not existed before as a synthesis, parts or elements which exist and come forward hourly in every man's mind. I urge this upon your attention, because you will often hear such challenges thrown out as this (or others involving the same error)—“Now, if there be any sense in this Mr. Kant's writings, let us have it in good old mother English.” That is, in other words, transfer into the unscientific language of life, scientific notions and relations which it is not fitted to express. The challenger proceeds upon the common error of supposing all ideas fully developed to exist in *esse* in all understandings: ergo, in his own: and all that are in his own he thinks

* In some cases, it is true the construction of the ideas is posterior to the system, and pre-supposes a knowledge of it, rather than precedes it: but this is not generally true.

that we can express in English. Thus the challenger, on his notions, has you in a dilemma at any rate: for if you do *not* translate it, then it confirms his belief that the whole is jargon: if you *do* (as, doubtless, with the help of much periphrasis, you may translate it into English, that will be intelligible to a man who already understands the philosophy), then where was the use of the new terminology? But the way to deal with this fellow is as follows: My good Sir, I shall do what you ask: but, before I do it, I beg that you will oblige me by, 1. Translating this mathematics into the language of chemistry: 2. By translating this chemistry into the language of mathematics: 3. Both into the language of cookery: and, finally, solve me the Cambridge problem—"Given the captain's name, and the year of our lord, to determine the longitude of the ship." This is the way to deal with such fellows.

The terminology of Kant then is not a rebaptism of ideas already existing in the universal consciousness: it is, in part, an enlargement of the understanding by new territory (of which I have spoken); and, in part, a better regulation of its old territory. This regulation is either negative—and consists in limiting more accurately the boundary line of conceptions that had hitherto been imperfectly defined; or it is positive—and consists in the substitution of names which express the relations and dependencies of the object* (*termini organici*) for the conventional names which have arisen from accident, and do *not* express those relations (*termini bruti*). It is on this principle that the nomenclature of chemistry is constructed: substances, that were before known by arbitrary and non-significant names, are now known by systematic names—i. e. such as express their relations

to other parts of the system. In this way a terminology becomes in a manner organic; and being itself a product of an advanced state of the science, is an important re-agent for facilitating further advances.

These are the benefits of a sound terminology: to which let me add, that no improved terminology can ever be invented, nay, hardly any plausible one, which does not presuppose an improved theory. Now surely benefits such as these ought to outweigh any offence to the ears or the taste, if there were any. But the elegance of coherency is the sole elegance which a terminology needs to possess, or indeed can possess: the understanding is, in this case, the arbiter; and, where *that* approves, it must be a misplaced fastidiousness of feeling which does not submit itself to the presiding faculty. As an instance of a repulsive terminology, I would cite that of Aristotle, which has something harsh and technical in it that prevents it from ever blending with the current of ordinary language: even to this, however, so far as it answers its purposes, the mind soon learns to reconcile itself. But here, as in other more important points, the terminology of Kant is advantageously distinguished from the Aristotelian, by adapting itself with great ductility to any variety of structure and arrangement, incident to a philosophic diction.

I have spoken so much at length on the subject of Kant's terminology, because this is likely to be the first stumbling-block to the student of his philosophy;—and because it has been in fact the main subject of attack amongst those who have noticed it in this country; if *that* can be called attack which proceeds in acknowledged ignorance of the original works.

A much more serious attack upon

* In a conversation which I once had with the late Bishop of Llandaff, on the subject of Kant, he objected chiefly to the terminology, and assigned, as one instance of what seemed to him needless innovations, the word *apperception*. "If this word means self-consciousness," said he, "I do not see why Mr. Kant might not have contented himself with what contented his father." But the truth is, that this word exactly illustrates the explanation made above: it expresses one fact in a system *sub ratione*, and with a retrospect to another. This would have been the apology for the word: however, in this particular instance, I chose rather to apologize for Kant, by alleging that Wolf and Leibnitz had used the word; so that it was an established word before the birth of the transcendental philosophy; and, it might therefore be doubted, whether Mr. Kant, senior, had contented himself in this case with less than Mr. Kant, junior.

Kant has been the friendly notice of Madame de Staël. The sources from which she drew her opinions were understood to be the two Schlegels; and, probably, M. Dégérando. Like some countrymen of Kant's (e. g. Kiesewetter) she has contrived to translate his philosophy into a sense which leaves it tolerably easy to apprehend—but unfortunately at the expense of all definite purpose, applicability, or philosophic meaning. On the other hand, Mr. Coleridge, whose great philosophic powers and undoubted acquaintance with the works of Kant would have fitted him beyond any man to have explained them to the English student, has unfortunately too little talent for teaching or communicating any sort of knowledge—and apparently too little simplicity of mind, or zealous desire to do so. Hence it has happened that so far from assisting Kant's progress in this country, Mr. Coleridge must have retarded it by expounding the oracle in words of more Delphic obscurity than the German original could have presented to the immaturest student. It is, moreover, characteristic of Mr. Coleridge's mind that it never gives back any thing as it receives it: all things are modified and altered in passing through his thoughts: and from this cause, I believe, combined with his aversion to continuous labour, arises his indisposition to mathematics; for *that* he must be content to take as he finds it. Now this indocility of mind greatly unfits a man to be the faithful expounder of a philosophic system: and it has, in fact, led Mr. Coleridge to make various misrepresentations of Kant: one only, as it might indispose you to pay any attention to Kant, I shall notice. In one of his works he has ascribed to Kant the foppery of an exoteric, and an esoteric doctrine: and that upon grounds wholly untenable. The direct and simple-minded Kant, I am persuaded, would have been more shocked at this suspicion than any other with which he could have been loaded.

I throw the following remarks together, as tending to correct some of the deepest errors with which men come to the examination of philosophic systems, whether as students or as critics.

1. A good terminology will be one of the first results from a good theory: and hence though a coherent terminology is not a sufficient evidence in favour of a system, the absence of such a terminology is a sufficient evidence against it.

2. It is asked which is the true philosophy? But this is not the just way of putting the question:—the purpose of philosophy is not so much to accumulate positive truths in the first place—as to rectify the position of the human mind, and to correct its mode of seeing. The progress of the human species in this path is not direct but oblique: one philosophy does not differ from another solely by the amount of truth and error which it brings forward; there is none, which has ever had much interest for the human mind, but will be found to contain some truth of importance, or some approximation to it: one philosophy has differed from another rather by the station it has taken, and the aspect under which it has contemplated its objects.

3. It has been objected to Kant by some critics in this country, that his doctrines are in some instances reproductions only of doctrines brought forward by other philosophers. The instances alleged have been very unfortunate: but doubtless whatsoever truth is contained (according to the last remark) in the erroneous systems, and sometimes in the very errors themselves of the human mind, will be gathered up in its progress by the true system. Where the erroneous path has wandered in all directions, has returned upon itself perpetually, and crossed the field of inquiry with its mazes in every direction,—doubtless the path of truth will often intersect it—and perhaps for a short distance coincide with it: but that in this coincidence it receives no impulse or determination from that with which it coincides—will appear from the self-determining force which will soon carry it out of the same direction as inevitably as it entered it.

4. The test of a great philosophical system is often falsely conceived: men fancy a certain number of great outstanding problems of the highest interest to human nature, upon which every system is required to try its strength; and *that* will be the true one, they think, which solves them

all; and *that* the best approximation to the true one which solves most. But this is a most erroneous way of judging. True philosophy will often have occasion to show that these supposed problems are no problems at all, but mere impositions of the mind upon itself arising out of its unrectified position — errors grounded upon errors. A much better test of a sound philosophy than the number of the pre-existing problems which it solves will be the quality of those which it proposes. By raising the station of the spectator it will bring a region of new inquiry within his view; and the very faculty of comprehending these questions will often depend on the station from which they are viewed. For, as the earlier and ruder problems, that stimulate human curiosity, often turn out baseless and unreal, so again the higher order of problems will be incomprehensible to the undisciplined understanding. This is a fact which should never be lost sight of by those who presume upon their natural and uncultivated powers of mind to judge of Kant—Plato—or any other great philosopher.

5. But the most general error which I have ever met with as a ground for unreasonable expectations in reference not to Kant only but to all original philosophers—is the persuasion which men have that their understandings contain already in full development all the notions

which any philosophy can demand; and this not from any vanity, but from pure misconception. Hence they naturally think that all which the philosopher has to do is to point to the elements of the knowledge as they exist ready prepared, and forthwith the total knowledge of the one is transferred to any other mind. Watch the efforts of any man to master a new doctrine in philosophy, and you will find that involuntarily he addresses himself to the mere dialectic labour of transposing, dissolving, and recombining, the notions which he already has. But it is not thus that any very important truth can be developed in the mind. New matter is wanted as well as new form. And the most important remark which I can suggest as a caution to those who approach a great system of philosophy as if it were a series of riddles and their answers, is this:—no complex or very important truth was ever yet transferred in full development from one mind to another: truth of that character is not a piece of furniture to be shifted; it is a seed which must be sown, and pass through the several stages of growth. No doctrine of importance can be transferred in a matured shape into any man's understanding from without: it must arise by an act of genesis within the understanding itself.

With this remark I conclude; and am—
Most truly yours,
X. Y. Z.

THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

APPEARANCE AND PROGRESS OF THE AURORA BOREALIS.

This subject, now rendered peculiarly interesting from its evicent connexion with electro-magnetism, has lately engaged the attention of Mr. Farquharson, of Aberdeenshire. In latitude $57^{\circ} 12' N.$ the Aurora Borealis generally appears just after it is dark, like a bright circumscribed twilight on the visible horizon, the centre of which is exactly on the northern point of the magnetic meridian. By degrees it enlarges, rising higher, and extending more from east to west, the play of gleaming light becoming gradually better defined; the whole luminous

space presenting the appearance of pencils, or bundles of rays pointing upwards. Those on the magnetic meridian are parallel to that line, pointing exactly to the zenith; and those considerably to the east and west are directed to the zenith, or to a point which appears within the limits of 10° to the south of it. The rays are various in their intensity of light, and the appearance of each ray incessantly changes; it runs from east to west, and from west to east, then remains stationary, undergoing various alterations in vividness, and afterwards disappears, and has its place supplied by another. This magnificent light gradually ex-

tends towards the south, and at length separates from the north horizon at the point of the magnetic meridian, and forms a flat luminous arch in the north part of the heavens. When it reaches an elevation of about 45° , it presents the appearance of a broad zone, occupying, from north to south, from about 25° to 35° in breadth, and having its extremities resting on the visible horizon. After passing the elevation of 45° , the rays become more and more shortened as it approaches the zenith, the belt becomes more compact, its vividness greater, and the extremities raised above the horizon; when it has arrived at the zenith, it becomes very narrow, not exceeding from 3° to 5° in breadth; the intensity of the light is greatly increased, and exhibits near the zenith a nebulous or mottled appearance, varying constantly in intensity, but which, as it approaches the extremities, gradually changes, and assumes the appearance of parallel rays; at this period, both ends are generally elevated from 25° to 30° above the horizon, though the elevation varies considerably. The luminous space still continues to move southwards, preserving its parallelism with its earlier positions; and, after it has reached about 10° to the south of the zenith, it begins to become broader by a change exactly the reverse of that by which it became narrower, the enlargement and gradual change of appearance going on as long as it has been visible in its progress to the south; but, in the observations which Mr. Farquharson has made, it never went beyond 30° to the south of the zenith, having after this become gradually indistinct and vanished entirely on passing that limit. In some instances, the meteor was seen near the south horizon, but it was not observed whether it had travelled from the north. Such is the order of the appearances presented by the Aurora Borealis under favourable circumstances; but it seldom occurs that all the phenomena described have been observed on the same evening. Sometimes the twilight appearance in the north is all that is visible; in which case, the meteor is seldom of long continuance; but, during the time that it lasts, it gradually enlarges towards

the south, and then disappears. It is occasionally formed high above the horizon, at first by feeble detached rays becoming quickly more compact and luminous; but, in whatever stage it begins, the succeeding relative progress is the same as already described. It not unfrequently happens that the whole meteor is entirely either to east or west of the magnetic meridian, the extremity of the luminous space nearest it becoming first elevated above the horizon, the rays being directed longitudinally towards the zenith, or a little to the south of it. The meteor moves gradually towards the south, contracting in breadth, and afterwards enlarging in the reverse order of that in which it becomes narrower. Though these varieties occur, no anomalies have at any time been observed, inconsistent with the described order of the phenomena. Thus, in whatever part of the heavens the rays appeared, they have been always directed to the zenith, or a little to the south of it. The zones of light have never been stationary, or moving to the north; and at the zenith, parallel rays have never been seen, but only the narrow belt of nebulous light. The only conditions that can explain and reconcile all these appearances, are that the pencils of rays of the Aurora Borealis are vertical, or nearly so, and form a deep fringe which stretches a great way from east to west, at right angles to the magnetic meridian, but which is of no great thickness from north to south, and that the fringe moves southward, preserving its direction at right angles to the magnetic meridian. The velocity with which the meteor moves is extremely various. It was once seen to pass in half an hour, from 45° N. of the zenith, where it was first observed, to 30° S. of it, where it became extinct. In other instances, it moved so slowly, that its motions could be discovered only by observing it for a considerable time. In the former the light was very vivid, whereas in the latter it was very faint, so that the luminousness appears connected with the rapidity of its progress. It occurs when the atmosphere is quite clear, as well as when partially obscured by clouds, and it precedes westerly and south-

easterly gales. Only one instance occurred from which Mr. Farquharson could draw any conclusion with respect to its height. During the continuance of a south-westerly gale, the atmosphere, which through the day had been cloudy, became clear at night, and a pale Aurora Borealis appeared in the north. Its north edge had become elevated about 20° above the horizon at the magnetic meridian, when a cloud making its way towards the west, came under it, by which it was affected in a remarkable manner. The lower extremity of the pencil of rays appeared in contact with the upper part of the cloud, and their light became very vivid, compared to that of the others; at the same time, the upper edge of the cloud was phosphorescent, exhibiting a denser and whiter light than could have been occasioned by any reflection of the greenish rays above it, while in the space through which the cloud had passed, the Aurora Borealis became extinct. These singular appearances accompanied the cloud during its passage from about NNW. to NNE. when the meteor having apparently passed to the south of the cloud's path, was no longer affected by it, and the eastern portion of it continued visible for a considerable time; whereas the part that had been influenced by the cloud did not again appear. From this it seems that the region of the Aurora Borealis is above, and immediately contiguous to that in which the clouds are forming at the time of its appearance.

LIGHT FROM AN AIR GUN.

It is well known that when atmospheric air is suddenly rarefied, as when it issues from the muzzle of an air gun into which it was previously condensed, a flash of light is perceived, which has been generally attributed to electricity, excited by the sudden expansion. Some interesting experiments on this subject have been made by Mr. Hart, from which he arrives at a different conclusion with regard to the origin of the light.

In his first trials in which he discharged the gun under a variety of circumstances, using dry, damp, and warm air, and discharging it in warm,

cold, dry and moist weather, he failed in procuring light. In these the gun was unloaded; but when loaded, light was instantly perceived; he therefore supposed that it might be occasioned by the friction of the wadding on the sides of the barrel, which induced him to try a variety of substances possessing different electric powers; as dry silk, wool, feathers, shell lac, sugar, and slips of glass. With the first four he occasionally succeeded, but he never failed with the last two, the glass always giving the most vivid light, which was of a greenish colour, extending a foot and a half from the muzzle. In repeating some of these experiments, the old silk which had been lying on the floor, and which had become moist and dirty, was again used, and by it a much more brilliant light was emitted than by any of the others; the same was also the case with pieces of split lath, and even with damp saw-dust picked up from the floor. The gun after this was discharged without any wadding in the barrel, when it always gave light *at the first shot* after the magazine was charged. From this it was suspected that as its muzzle rested against a wall during the charging, some sand or lime might have fallen in, the attrition of which during the discharge may have caused the luminousness. Accordingly, on taking precautions against this, no light could be obtained, which induced Mr. H. to introduce a little sand, by which a beautiful stream of light was produced at each discharge. From these experiments, it is evident that the effects were occasioned by attrition, and that the sand adhering to the old wadding, saw-dust, split lath, &c. was the cause of the light; hence on trying these when quite clean none was observed. To ascertain whether the light from these was produced by the abrasion of particles of iron from the inside of the barrel, like sparks from a cutler's wheel,—sand, fragments of spar and sugar, were held at the muzzle of the gun when discharged, by which they appeared slightly luminous. When a grating composed of clean and dry thermometer tubes was held in the same situation, there was no light,—proving that the luminousness is not occasioned by any

electrical appearance excited by the air striking against the objects: we must therefore consider it as caused not by any change which the condensed air undergoes, but merely by attrition, and therefore similar to what occurs in common cases of friction.

NEW FORM OF THE VOLTAIC APPARATUS.

The recent electro magnetic experiments of Sir Humphry Davy, have been made with an apparatus constructed by Mr. Pepys. This apparatus we understand is composed of a single coil of copper and zinc plate, consisting of two sheets of the metals, having a surface of 200 square feet. They are wound round a wooden centre, and kept apart by pieces of hair line, interposed at intervals between the plates. The whole is suspended by a rope, and counterpoised over a tub of dilute acid into which it is plunged when used. When in action it does not give the slightest electrical indication to an electrometer; indeed its electricity is of such low *intensity* that well-burned charcoal acts as an insulator to it, and the *quantity* is so trifling, that it with difficulty ignites one inch of platinum wire of 1-30th of an inch in diameter—when, however, the poles are connected by a copper wire 1-8th of an inch in diameter, and eight inches long, it becomes hot, and is rendered most powerfully magnetic, so that the apparatus is admirably adapted for electro-magnetic experiments, from which it is proposed to call it a magnetometer.

PATENT PORTABLE STATIC LAMPS.

Mr. Parker, of London, has just constructed a very ingenious lamp, the oil in which is raised to the burning height without springs, valves, or screws, and in a manner not liable to get out of repair. A cylindrical vessel three inches high, and open at top, contains the oil; in its centre is fixed a strong iron rod, on which the upper part of the lamp is placed. Another vessel seven inches high is put round this and soldered to its bottom, leaving a space between them of 2-12ths of an inch, which is filled with mercury. A third cylinder, called the plunging vessel, three

inches high, shut at the top and open below, is attached to the connecting tube and burner of the lamp, the tube ascending to the required height of the light, and descending to the bottom of the cylinder, which is placed in the cavity containing the mercury, the tube moving up and down on the iron rod on points or pins, to prevent friction or capillary attraction. The oil vessel being filled with oil, and the space between the cylinder with mercury, it is evident that when the plunging vessel enters the mercury and the tube attached to the oil in the manner of a gasometer, the air contained cannot escape, and being pressed by the weight of the vessel, forces by its elasticity the oil up the tube to the requisite height, by which the combustion is kept up till the whole of it is consumed. The principal advantages of this lamp are, that there is no shadow; and independent of being cheaper, it is in other respects more economical, as there is no waste of light. In the French lamps, though the shadow projected from the reservoir is overcome by rays from other parts of the flame, yet those that fall on the reservoir are entirely obstructed, whereas in the lamp of Mr. Parker, as the oil cavity is below, there is no loss of light. It is also not liable to be out of repair, and it is much more cleanly.

FEEDING OF ENGINE BOILERS.

Thomas Hall, Engine man to the Glasgow Water Company, having remarked the waste of fire, when a steam engine stops working, has, instead of letting in a constant supply of water into the boiler to compensate for the loss, recommended that, at each time the engine is stopped, water to the depth of 18 inches above its usual level be poured in, by which, when the working is resumed, there is a sufficient supply of hot water, the steam is ready the moment it is required, and no increase of fuel to heat recently introduced fluid is necessary. He has himself put this method into practice, and, however simple, it promises to be the means of a very great saving. In his trials the saving of fuel was about 2 per cent.

SKETCH OF FOREIGN LITERATURE.

Germany.—THE increasing ardour with which the study of Oriental literature is pursued in Germany, has encouraged Mr. G. W. Freytag to announce the speedy publication of an Arabic dictionary, which, without being too extensive, may suffice for general use. He will suppress what is useless in the Lexicon of Golius, arrange the rest more methodically, and correct what is inaccurate. He will endeavour to unite, in the smallest compass possible, all that is necessary for the understanding of the Arabic authors; but he will not enter into the explanation of difficult passages.

A question which has long been a subject of great interest in Germany is, the piracy of literary property, which is even encouraged in some of the states by letters patent. Numerous writers have declaimed against this violation of the rights of property, but no satisfactory remedy has yet been proposed: though it has been repeatedly discussed in the German diet, that assembly has not yet agreed on any means, to prevent works published in one of the states of the confederation, from being immediately pirated in another. Now, however, a Mr. L. F. Griesinger has published a pamphlet, in which he maintains the very singular opinion, that all kinds of literary piracy ought to be permitted. He considers the laws which prohibit it as remains of the feudal system; and literary property is, in his eyes, a monopoly. He particularly supports his opinion by the fact, that the Greeks and Romans never hindered any body from copying books when they had once been made public by the author.

Russia.—Many of the literati of the Russian empire are now much engaged with the history of the Mongols and Tartars. Count Romanzof is printing *Abulghasi Bachdurhans*, that is, a genealogy of the Turks in Kasan; a book hitherto known only in some very indifferent German, Russian, and French translations. Mr. Chalfin, at Kasan, is preparing an edition of *Gengis Chan* and *Tamerlane*, two works of which no part has yet been published, except some fragments in an essay: *De origine vo-*

cabuli Dengi et de Bulariæ Urbis origine. At St. Petersburg Mr. Char-moy, professor of the Persian language, is employed on a history of Mongols and Tartars, in Persian and French. The sources from which he has drawn are, *Raschid Eddin*, *Mirschoud Chondemir* and *Abd-ur-Ras-sak*. Mr. Schmidt is also writing a history of the same people, but he takes Mongol authorities for the basis of his work. Mr. Frähn has been engaged upon an important work upon the Mahometan coins, in the Russian-Asiatic museum. The two following works have also appeared from the same indefatigable pen: *Schem Eddin Muhamedis Demasceni Mirabilia Mundi selectæ* Codd. Petrop. &c. and *Ahmed-Ibn-Foslans*, that is, A Picture of Manners and Customs of the Russians at the Commencement of the Tenth Century. The translation is opposite to the text, and critical and literary remarks by the author are added in the Russian.

Spain.—The literary intercourse with Spain is so uncertain, that it is long before books published in that country become known here; among the latest are the following: *Floresta de Rimas antiguas Castellanas*, &c. by J. N. Böhl-de-Tabro, 2 vols. 8vo. This collection will, doubtless, have numerous readers. *Flora Peruana*, with Latin and Spanish text, ornamented with 37 copper-plates, representing 133 new species of plants, 137 already known, but more accurately described than before, and 14 likewise known, but the description of which has undergone some modification. 2 vols. large folio. *Ciencia de la Legislation*, from the Italian of Filangieri, 10 vols. 8vo. The first volumes of this work were published some years ago, but the reading of them was prohibited by the Inquisition. Since the abolition of that formidable tribunal, the remainder of the work was translated, and all the ten volumes are now in the hands of the public.

France.—The French public is as eager after the productions of Sir Walter Scott as the English, and means are taken to publish them at Paris almost as soon as at Edinburgh. The Parisian critics say, that in

placing the scene of his latest production in France, he has only paid a debt of gratitude to the French, who are his ardent admirers.

Among the literary enterprises of the respectable bookseller, M. Pancoucke, we have not hitherto mentioned the *Chefs d'œuvre* of the French bar, which has met with great and merited encouragement. M. Villermain, author of a *History of Cromwell*, and of a translation of *Cicero de Republica*, has now published a volume of miscellanies, some of which have never before been printed, others are much enlarged and improved. Of the fine edition of the works of Cervantes, which we have once before noticed, another volume has just appeared, being the first of *Persiles and Sigismunda*, or the *Pilgrims of the North*. It is remarkable that this novel or romance, though hardly known even by name, is placed, by many Spanish writers, on a level with *Don Quixotte*, and that Cervantes himself is even said to have preferred it. The rage for collections seems to continue: thus we are to have a *Collection of the Letters of the celebrated Women of the age of Louis XIV.* as a sequel to those of *Mesdames de Sevigné, Maintenon, &c.* The 33d and 34th volumes of the *Universal Biography* contain some of the most interesting articles of the collection, such as that of *Petrarch*, by M. Foisset, and that of *Pascal*, by M. Raynouard; those of *W. Pitt, Earl of Chatham*, and his great son, &c.

We mentioned an intended history of Spain. We now learn that it is to be a *General History of Spain*, after *Mariana* and other Spanish historians, compiled and published by M. Raoul Rochette, and M. Saint Martin, of the Academy of Inscriptions, and M. Desprès, Counsellor of the University.

The French journals speak in high terms of a *Dictionary of the Language of Oratory and Poetry*, by Mr. J. Planche. M. Solvet, a young author, has translated from the German of the celebrated Professor Meiners, of Gottingen, the *History of Luxury amongst the Athenians*, from the most ancient Times to the Death of Philip of Macedon. He has annexed to it a treatise, by the Abbé Nadal, on the *Luxury of the Roman*

Ladies; first published in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Inscriptions*. The 19th *Livraison* of the *chefs d'œuvres* of the foreign Stage is taken up with the Portuguese theatre. The volume contains *Inez de Castro*, by Gomes; the conquest of Peru, by Pimenta de Aguiar; the *Character of the Lusitanians*, a national tragedy, by the same author; and the life of the great *Don Quixotte*, by Antonio Jozé.

Messrs. Say and Jouy, who have been imprisoned in St. Pelagie, have employed the leisure so kindly afforded them, in composing a work which contains, it is reported, a very piquant and varied picture of the several parts of that prison, which is divided into four distinct sections, viz. *Corridor de la Dette, de la Politique, de la Detention, et des Enfants*. The title is *Les Ermites en Prison, ou Consolations de S. Pelagie*; it is said to be full of interesting details and curious anecdotes, 2 vols. one of which is published.

Count Forbin's Souvenirs de la Sicile are now published in one volume, 8vo. It cannot be expected that a traveller in our days should be able, during a short visit to Sicily, to find much that is new and interesting; the present is, however, a very agreeable volume, for the elegance of the style, the clearness and simplicity of the descriptions, and the occasional comparisons of ancient and modern Sicily. A short concluding chapter gives an account of the events that took place in Sicily in 1820. The volume contains also an *Indian Tale*, *The Rajah of Bednoure*, which, however, has no manner of connexion with the work itself.

M. Champollion, Jun. well known by his discoveries relative to the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing, has announced his intention of publishing a work, to be called the *Egyptian Pantheon*, consisting of 200 plates, and about 450 pages of letter-press, in 4to. to be divided into about thirty or thirty-five numbers.

The Twelfth *Livraison* of the *Memoirs* relative to the Revolution, contains the *Memoirs of the Marchioness de Bonchamps*, edited by Madame de Genlis, and the *Memoirs of Madame de la Rochejacquelin*, with very curious historical illustrations.

THE DRAMA.

DURING the past month the benefits have been raging violently, and, of course, each night has offered some new enticing wonder,—some splendid foolish novelty to those theatrical patrons, who will, upon a strong inducement, put down their money, but who like to have enough for it in return. If the performer, whose name tops the bill for the night, do not promise some very rash folly in the course of the evening, he may as well keep his tickets to himself, and spare the butcher, the baker, and the shoemaker, those little annual packs of cards, by which they are made *play* people against their will. The bill of fare must be ample—three main dishes at least, besides side-dainties, and little extraordinary kickshaws, made to tempt the coyest of appetites. Mrs. Liston must swallow a sword—or Miss Paton jump into a quart bottle. Mr. Farley must sing "*La ci darem*" with Mrs. Gibbs,—or Mr. Young dance a hornpipe in fetters, and balance a tobacco-pipe on his chin. The player is privileged to overstep discretion at a season like this—and criticism looks with a mild eye upon the tragedian who is beside himself, or the comedian who takes to the black wig, the dagger, the bowl, and the lofty port, for one night only. No one can, for a moment, be angry with Mr. Macready for playing Shylock before all his friends, because they are assembled with him on one night for mutual indulgencies: neither can any liberal person be angry with Mr. Terry for yoking six horses to a car, in which only Mr. Kean was to be dragged about the stage—for he knew that six horses would draw much better than two; and the public adore a profusion of horse-flesh. Nay, if Mr. Terry had advertised that Mr. Simpson would be drawn in a real cabriolet up Mincing Lane, to the accompaniment of a full orchestra, the scheme would only have been more extravagant, and therefore more profitable. Miss Paton crammed the house with songs and friends, till there was no room to squeeze a critic into. She sang delightfully, but the linked sweetness of music was a little too long drawn

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out. Miss F. H. Kelly played Belvidera for her benefit—cleverly—but not as she played Juliet. We rather fear she is a harp with but one string—yet, in that string, there is much excellent music.

Mr. Elliston took a benefit—as though he were not the great lessee, whose benefit nights fall upon six nights in the week. Mr. Young summoned his friends together to his "At Home," (for which he sent round his cards freely) and he and Kean, the two great champions, like Spring and Cribb at Astley's, displayed the grand art of self-defence to the delight of hundreds. This competition of talent is not much to the advantage of the drama; for, instead of each giving a loose to his powers, we see only guarded attitudes, and cold caution, lest either party should make a successful hit.

At this season, when follies for the day only are conjured up, we seldom meet with a piece that will bear an encore. A farce, however, from the pen of Lord Glengall, as we understand, has survived its birth-night, and threatens still to haunt the lamps occasionally. The title it bears is, *Cent per Cent*. The plot turns upon the wife of a miser sending him to sleep by the aid of an Irish physician, and then giving a masquerade, at which the perversely wakeful husband appears. The idea, which is good, is not Lord Glengall's,—but the property of some French author. His Lordship has managed his material clumsily—for instead of bringing the Old Miser in his natural character in among the revellers—he makes the old man disguise himself, and go in an assumed character. The dialogue is meagre, beyond what we should have expected from what is called a Noble Author. Farren acted so well and so closely, however, that his miserly habits, among other savings, saved the piece. Covent Garden has been lucky in its farces this season; although all the comic force is said to be at Drury-lane. *The Duel* is still acted—and *Cent per Cent* raises a more legal interest in the town than 8*l.* 10*s.* 1*d.*—which was the usurious charge for a farce at Drury-lane.

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THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

This house has opened with one or two good performers, who seem disposed to read one of Æsop's fables nightly to the town, viz. to show how the house may be kept together by a bundle of sticks. Liston has *faced* the audience on these boards—and Terry plays in his own hard grinding treadmill style. Mrs. Chatterley and Miss Chester supply the stage with ladies—and walking gentlemen are thick as the leaves that strew old Mr. Milton's celebrated Vale. A new farce in one act (a very long one) has been produced, under the uncommon name of "Mrs. Smith,"—and with Liston for a jealous, simple, mawkish husband—a Mr. Smith,—it produces a good deal of that best of pleasures, unmeaning laughter. Mr. Smith has married a lady of a fashionable but kindly turn, and at her request has *harnessed* himself fit for town. He has taken lodgings at a house where a young volatile widow, a Mrs. Smith, comes also to reside. The widow of course has a lover—and this lover complains to Mr. Smith of his rejected addresses—unnaturally enough, as all readers must well know. The widow's uncle comes to see his niece, and also stumbles upon Mr. Smith, and much astonishes him with a sudden and unexpected fit of relationship, and with the awkward intelligence of Mrs. Smith being a widow. The confusion works well to the last—and then Mrs. Smith the widow, being confronted with Mrs. Smith the wife—the Smiths' work in the theatre is finished—and Mr. Smith's green eye drops out of his head. The piece was extremely well acted by all parties. Liston is greater than ever on a small stage. Vining is as lively as Jones, and less of a mannerist. Mrs. Chatterley made a charming widow—but she has played the part before. All the performers, in-

deed, down to the Country Servant Maid, were lively and at home.

DAVIS'S AMPHITHEATRE.

We have been to *Davis's*:—(*Astleys* are phantoms now!)—and we think that the old spirit is not so strong as it was in the Philip's reign. But there is much to amuse both the sportsman, the townsman, and the wise man. Cribb and Spring make a beautiful exhibition—the latter is a revival of the Roman gladiator. The horses, of very pretty patterns, frisk, dance, run, and die, like reasonable creatures. There is the life of the High Mettled Racer to the life. He runs over the course like a second-hand Emilius. The fox-chase through the ring too is a hunt to the very back-bone;—for not only does the fox sneak through the sawdust in the full glory of his odour,—but the dogs are driven along by the huntsmen, and give tongue (in exchange for thong) nearly as natural as though they really sniffed the dewy grass. The vaulting and riding are also brilliant and astonishing. Mr. Kemp jumps over nine flaring candles on a wide board, with 232 spangles on his breast, with the most sparkling ease—to use a modern phrase. Then there is a Monsieur Longuemare on the tight-rope, as much at home as though he were born to it. All the chalk and all the poles in the universe would never keep us on the cord—and yet Monsieur Longuemare walks about and turns without a stick in his hand!—To those who love dangerous pleasures, we must say Davis's Amphitheatre holds out a rich treat. One man or other is playing at hazard with his neck, for three hours without intermission. We tried during our walk home to trip along one line on the pavement, and did not succeed. The rope therefore, thank heaven, is not for us: we must be content to stand upon our heads on our inkstand!

VIEW OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

SINCE our last, the Duke D'Angoulême advanced upon Madrid, which city he occupied, as might have been expected, without any opposition. Before the French army arrived, however, an attempt to pre-

occupy the capital was made by Bessieres, the Royalist chief, on the 20th of May. It seems it had been decided by an arrangement, that the place should be surrendered to the French; Bessieres, however, wished

not only to anticipate their entrance, but to obtain for the army of the faith the honour of the capitulation. Accordingly he presented himself at the gate of Alcala with more than one thousand troops; the Constitutional General Zayas, who commanded, represented that the city was about to be occupied by the French army by virtue of a capitulation, and that they and they alone would be allowed to take possession. This was not the object of Bessieres, who persisted; the consequence of which was an engagement which ended in his total defeat, with the loss of 80 men killed, 700 prisoners, and his own ultimate narrow escape with only six or seven horsemen. From this it is a clear inference that the capitulation of the city to the foreign foe, was the result of a system, and not of any want of means or spirit to defend it. This attempt of Bessieres was clearly both rash and feeble, as the French army were suffered to take peaceable possession on the 23d and 24th, two days after this unnecessary sacrifice. Immediately on the arrival of the French army, the Duke D'Angoulême issued a proclamation to the Spanish people, declaring that he had not come to make war upon them! He only came, he assured them, as a *friend*, "to help Spain to restore her altars, to deliver her king, and to re-establish justice, order, and peace in her bosom." This was the purpose, he says, for which his uncle had sent him, and the moment had arrived for executing his wishes, and the first step which he proposed was the establishment of a regency in a solemn and stable manner. To this body was to be entrusted the administration of the country, the organization of a regular army, and the achievement, in concert with their invading *friend*, of the King's deliverance. A serious difficulty, however, presented itself in the very first instance, as to the execution of this notable scheme; namely, that time could not be allowed for the concurrence of the provinces: this was the alleged difficulty, but we fancy the real one was the certainty that the provinces would not concur in it. Under these circumstances his Royal Highness deemed it "most suitable, most national, and most

agreeable to the King," to convoke the ancient Supreme Council of Castile and the Supreme Council of the Indies, and to entrust to them the selection of the members who should compose the Regency. These men, it seems, were to exercise what the Duke calls "a necessary power" till "the wished-for day," in which Ferdinand, "happy and free," was to return again amongst them, and make them happy also! The Duke D'Angoulême ends his proclamation with a piece of advice to them, which no doubt he thought necessary, as that great Prince does nothing vainly; namely, to "*believe the word of a Bourbon.*" It is not the first time the Spanish people have taken "the word" of the family, and therefore they are now pretty well able to estimate what it is worth. Soon after this proclamation, a loyal address was got up in the name of the "Grandezza of Spain," professing their ardent gratitude to the Duke D'Angoulême as a liberator and restorer of order, and declaring the anxiety of the addressers to devote their lives and fortunes to the same cause. This address was dated Madrid, May 20, and was signed by 26 Dukes, Counts, and Marquisses, four Countesses, and one Duchess. None of the names are of the least distinction, and the reader may judge how severely pressed the "lives and fortune" men must have been, when he is told that of these ignoble nobles, some were on the verge of the grave, and some little more than out of the cradle. The Councils of Castile and the Indies having been convoked according to the command of the invader, they came to a resolution, that under existing circumstances they did not consider themselves authorised by the laws of the kingdom to elect a Regency, but that they thought it their duty to present to the Duke a list of such persons as appeared to them most competent to fill that high office. The names presented were those of the Duke of Infantado, the Duke of Montemart, the Baron D'Eroles, the Bishop of Osma, and Don Antonio Gomer Calderon. A telegraphic account, published in the French papers, mentions that the Constitutional troops which evacuated Madrid, were pursued and over-

taken by a division of the French army, commanded by General Vallin. Of course, according to their own accounts, the French were successful; it is worthy of remark, however, that though they estimate the force of their enemy at 3000 infantry, and 500 cavalry, they do not pretend to have taken more than 60 prisoners. Indeed almost all the accounts which we receive of the Peninsular contest, are contained in the Parisian journals, and of course must be received with considerable caution. Private letters from Madrid state that the entrance of the French into that capital, and the consequent retreat of the Constitutional troops, were the signal for violent excesses on the part of the populace. They broke the pillar of the Constitution to pieces, burst into the hall of the Cortes, destroyed the chandeliers, benches, statues, &c. and burned all the records and statutes. They then attacked and pillaged the houses of the most distinguished constitutionalists. A general illumination followed, and the picture of the beloved Ferdinand was displayed in many places, after which they destroyed the book of the Constitution, and Riego's picture, by the hands of the common hangman. All this, however, was effected merely by the lowest of the priest-ridden rabble, all the respectable inhabitants having previously shut themselves up in their houses, or retired to the neighbouring villages. Such were among the first effects produced among the inhabitants of Madrid, by "the word of a Bourbon." We have but little to record in the way of actual hostilities. The Spaniards appear resolutely to adhere to the system laid down from the commencement of the invasion, namely, the studiously avoiding any thing like a pitched battle, and relying upon time and circumstances to aid them in their persevering Guerilla warfare. The French, of course, in their advance, are obliged to distribute a great part of their forces in the towns in their rear, and also in besieging the strong places which they have been obliged to leave behind them in possession of the enemy. In the north of Spain, particularly at Santona and St. Andero, the army of the faith, as

well as that of the invaders, has suffered severely, and Mina, the indefatigable Mina, appears almost to possess the talent of ubiquity. Even the French ultra press admits that he has out-manceuvred their generals Donnadieu and D'Eroles, and though they uniformly assert that he is ever in flight, and they ever in pursuit, still they consistently admit that he is often the assailant. On the 26th of May he suddenly appeared before Vich, with a considerable force, and the Monks and Friars immediately issued a proclamation calling upon all the inhabitants to take up arms against him under pain of death. When Mina heard of this he had instant recourse to an expedient which fully proves the determined character of the man. He forthwith issued what the Spaniards call a BAN, declaring that all persons who assumed authority in opposition to the Constitutional government, or took up arms against it, should be shot the moment they were captured; and that every commune in which the tocsin should be sounded against the Constitutional forces, should be burnt to ashes. He has been actively employed in collecting tri-coloured cockades, the use of which he promises somewhat mysteriously that time shall reveal; he had already collected about ten thousand, and was said to have made frequent incursions into the French territory; it is quite impossible to say what his plan is, but, from such a character, nothing would surprise us. Something like treachery, though we are not let into the facts sufficiently to define it, appears to have been discovered in the Count D'Abisbal. He has been deposed from his command, and the French papers say would have been shot by the Spaniards but for the timely rescue of a French regiment. He had, however, arrived in safety at Bayonne. An important fact is now at length avowed by the Paris papers, the removal of Ferdinand and the Cortes from Seville, towards which place the Duke D'Angoulême had detached two divisions of his army. The accounts, however, which all agree in his removal, do not agree as to his destination, some saying that it is Cadiz, and others that it is to Tariffé, a place only a few leagues

from Gibraltar. Letters from Bayonne state distinctly, that immense quantities of provisions are daily forwarding from France into the interior of Spain, which are "indispensably necessary to the support of the French army." A strange admission, and not very consistent with the Duke D'Angoulême's accounts of the enthusiastic reception he has met with from all classes of the people. Great military reinforcements are also on their way from France, eight new regiments of cavalry are spoken of, and the levies of 1823 are called out. All this looks as if the brilliant successes so loudly vaunted have not been obtained for nothing, and ill accord with the confident predictions circulated on the eve of the invasion, that the Duke D'Angoulême would at once overrun the Peninsula with his 100,000 men. The truth seems to be, that the war is yet scarcely in its commencement.

The intelligence from Portugal, though not actually confirmed and even somewhat contradictory, still bears an aspect somewhat dispiriting to the friends of the constitutional cause. It is said, in a Lisbon paper of the 31st of May, that the following attempt was made at a counter-revolution. At nine on the morning of the 27th the Infante Don Miguel, at the head of 360 infantry, and 30 cavalry, proceeded to the square of Villa Franca, and proclaimed the abolition of the constitution; after which he quitted the capital. He then wrote a letter to the king, in which he deprecated the idea of acting in any way against his father, whose wishes, he insinuates, are in contradiction to his "exterior acts." The worst part of the story is, however, yet to come. It is said, that General Sepulveda, who originated the revolution of Oporto, and in whom the constitutionalists naturally reposed the most unbounded confidence, issued on the 28th a proclamation, stating himself to be charged with the defence of the metropolis, and calling on the people to depend upon "a man who never had any other object in view than the honour of his country." The very next evening, however, he collected as many troops as he could prevail upon to follow him, and taking his departure from

Lisbon, joined the Infante. If this be true, it is difficult to say what man can be trusted, and still more so to estimate what possible bribe could have repaid such a man for the total surrender of an unsullied reputation. A Paris paper, however, positively asserts, on the authority of letters from Lisbon, dated the 2d of June, that an attack of the rebels on that city had been repulsed, and that the King and Cortes had stood firm, the latter body declaring Sepulveda "a traitor who had caused the desertion of 2760 men of the troops of the line." Even supposing this account to be true, there is but little consolation to be derived from it. We are bound however to state, that a subsequent express from Paris goes still farther, declaring that three different couriers had arrived from Madrid, bringing information that the Portuguese counter-revolution had been entirely consummated; that Don Miguel had actually entered Lisbon on the 3d of June; that General Rego had been deposed from his command, and that the troops under his orders had sent in their submission. They add what, if the accounts prove true, follows as a matter of course, namely, that the King had been established in all the plenitude of absolute power. We are willing to derive whatever consolation we can from the circumstance of this disastrous news coming merely through a French channel; it is much to be feared, however, that so many accounts of the same tendency, though not exactly to the same extent, cannot be altogether without some foundation. The Angoulême regency is said to have despatched a courier to this country with advices; the same account adds, that Admiral Jabat, the Spanish ambassador to the Court of London, refused to recognise their authority, and a mere formal receipt for the despatches was given at the foreign office. Indeed we do not see how any thing else could have been done consistently with our avowed system of neutrality.

Our domestic retrospect is almost confined to the parliamentary abstract, and the accounts from Ireland. We must not, however, omit to mention, that there has been a very numerous attended meeting

held in the City; the object of which was to assist the Spaniards. Though the subscription may be said to be as yet but in its infancy, several very large sums have been subscribed. The Corporation have voted two sums of 1000 l. each to the Greek and the Spanish cause. Upon this latter subscription several legal doubts were raised; but the money having been forwarded to the acting committee, they must be great fools if they suffer the gentlemen of the long robe to share it with the patriots. Lord Byron has written a letter to the Greek Committee, making a tender of his services, and pointing out in what way he thinks their co-operation may be made most effectual.

The proceedings in the House of Commons have been protracted to an unusually late period from the tedious, and as it now turns out, worse than useless inquiry into the conduct of the Sheriff of Dublin. The session, however, is fast drawing to a close. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has already given notice of his intention speedily to bring forward the budget, and as this measure is universally considered the closing scene of the drama, we may fairly conclude that the first or second week in the ensuing month will restore our senators to the longing eyes of their constituents. The illness of Sir Francis Burdett, with whom the Dublin inquiry originated, has prevented his following it up by any specific measure, and of course it has altogether dropped.

The proceedings instituted by the Lord Advocate of Scotland against a person of the name of Borthwick, were deemed by many unnecessary, and by not a few, as unjust and oppressive; in consequence of which a vote of censure upon that learned functionary was proposed during the last month in the House of Commons. With the merits of the case our readers must be in general already familiar, as it has frequently undergone public discussion. The learned Lord, however, must now feel as satisfied as a majority of six can make him, that his conduct was not only legal, but laudable. A motion explanatory of the general abuses which prevailed in the Scotch system of reform was brought for-

ward by Lord Archibald Hamilton, and certain resolutions were proposed, by the mover, pledging the House to an inquiry early in the ensuing session, into the state of the representation of the counties of Scotland, with a view to effect some extension of the number of voters, and to establish some connexion between the right of voting, and the landed property of the country. The inquiry was resisted by Government on the ground that the representation of Scotland had continued in its present state from the time of Charles I.; that no petitions in favour of the motion appeared upon the table; that the people were quite delighted with "the present state of things," and therefore that the motion should be rejected, as not meeting the concurrence of those who were most interested on the subject. There was a majority against inquiry of 35.

A motion was also brought forward for an inquiry into the causes of the arrears in the Court of Chancery, and into the appellant jurisdiction of the House of Lords. Various documents were produced to prove that the delays in that court were ruinous to the suitors; that by the expensive nature of the proceedings, amounting in one case to 10,300 l., the people were deprived of that to which, by Magna Charta, they were entitled, namely, impartial justice speedily administered. The motion, after two days' debate, was negatived by a majority of 85.

By all the concurrent accounts from Ireland, the state of that unfortunate country is represented as bordering upon desperation. Recent occurrences in the House of Commons seem to have accelerated a crisis which every man of common sense has long ago foreseen. The Roman Catholics have formed themselves into an association; during one of the debates of which it was recently declared that the struggle was no longer one for property or advancement, but for life itself; and that it behoved all prudent men of that persuasion, to whom the laws allowed the use of arms, to preserve them for their defence. On the other hand, the violence of the Orangemen has considerably increased since their signal triumph over one of the branches of

the legislature, in the person of Sir Abraham Bradley King. Indeed we learn from the late Irish papers, that the parties no longer confine themselves to mere words. On the 12th of June it seems a dreadful affray took place at a village called Maghera, in the county of Derry, between the Ribbandmen and the Orangemen, in which eight or nine persons were killed, and upwards of sixty wounded. The Ribbandmen appear to have had a temporary advantage, but the yeomanry arriving in great numbers, commenced a fire on them, which terminated in their defeat. Various parts of the country are proclaimed; and in the south, the murders, conflagrations, &c. are quite frightful even to read of. Such is the present situation of the country—an inquiry, it seems, is not to be made even into the cause of it, and therefore we must conclude it will arrive at its natural termination, a ferocious and sanguinary rebellion.

The Irish Tithe Bill is still in its progress through the House, but its arrangements seem but little calculated, in the opinion of the Irish members, to accomplish any beneficial object. Mr. Western's annual motion on the resumption of cash payments was brought forward, and, as usual, rejected by a large majority.

The Spitalfields' Act has passed through the House of Commons, and been referred by the Lords to a committee, to enquire into the case stated by the petitioners.

In the Upper House the Catholic Dissenters' Marriage Bill was thrown out, upon the second reading, by a majority of six. The Marriage Law Amendment Bill has been at length agreed to.

The Duke of Devonshire, in a very sensible speech, brought the state of Ireland under the consideration of the House of Lords, and concluded by a motion, which declared, in substance, that the House was anxious to put an end to the dreadful state of things in that country, which arose from some inherent defect in the system of government; and that since experience had proved a system of coercion to be unavailing, it was the duty of the House immediately to enquire into, and contrive a permanent amelioration.

The motion was resisted; and Lord Liverpool declared that "a great deal

had been done for Ireland, of which she was now *reaping the benefit*." It bids fair to be a bloody harvest. The resolutions were negatived by a majority of 46—the numbers being, for them, 59—against them, 105.

His Majesty has removed to his cottage in Windsor Forest; and, notwithstanding some alarming reports, presented himself to the people at Ascot races, apparently in good health. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland has returned to England from the Continent, after a very long absence.

AGRICULTURE.

The rains which fell at the beginning of the month, and at the end of May, with the warm weather that succeeded, made a rapid and great improvement in all the growing crops. The grasses, which were thin and short, thickened and shot up amazingly. They now present a fair swath to the scythe, although the hay crop will not be so abundant by any means, generally, as in a good season. The corn of all descriptions has lost its yellow appearance, and taken a most vigorous growth. Wheat is come into ear; and but for the check of the last few days of very cold weather, occasioned by the prevalence of north-east and north-west winds, there was every prospect of the harvest being accelerated. The peas seem every where to be abundant; indeed, the season has been particularly favourable to the light land growth. Turnip sowing has been begun, and, in the western counties especially, a greater breadth of land than common has been prepared. The Swedes are almost universally sown; but in the north and east, the progress of getting in the seed has been stopped by want of rain.

Sheep-shearing has commenced, but the clip is not thought to be generally so good as that of last year. The reports vary as to the probable price. In the west of England, the last year's clip is almost entirely in the hands of the staplers, is advancing, and the dealers would readily contract for this shear at late prices. From the markets in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the contrary, it is stated that wool will probably be below the prices of last year.

In the Midland counties, there is great complaint of the enormous growth of weeds, charlock especially, which in some parts of Oxfordshire is so rank, that the broadcast crops are mostly abandoned to their fate. Some, indeed, it is stated, have been weeded at the expense of a pound an acre; and even the dibbled and drilled lands have stood their owners in not less than from twelve to fourteen shillings and sixpence per acre for hoeing. This complaint is increased by the advance of labour, which has almost every where taken place, in the proportion of about one seventh or eighth of the total, since the rise in the price of wheat. This advance, however, has been as suddenly stayed as it was suddenly commenced. Yet the supply has been by no means so large as in the corresponding weeks of last year, when the average, which is now (for the last week) 63s. 2d. was then only 48s. 9d. The quantities sent to Mark Lane, were, in 1822, four weeks to June 16, inclusive, 41,058 quarters; 1823, ditto, 31,829 quarters. Still, therefore, opinion must fluctuate as to the relation of demand and supply, and the consequent chance of open ports. The prices of wheat have fallen about 4s. per quarter in the month; the arrivals of oats have been prodigious—something more than 160,000 quarters. They have sunk about 8s. per quarter.

Beef has been in demand in Smithfield during the whole month. The last prices reached, for good Lincolns, 4s. 4d., Norfolks, 4s. 8d. The mutton trade is also brisk. The sheep that come in are chiefly shorn, and downs are worth a trifle more than 4s. 8d.

COMMERCE.

The peculiar nature of the war carrying on between France and Spain, the daily diminishing probability of any serious attempt on the part of the Spaniards to defend the new order of things, and the expectation of a speedy termination of the whole business, have entirely prevented the effects which many persons at first expected to follow as the necessary consequence of war in any part of Europe. Even those articles that are more immediately liable to

be affected, and showed for some time a tendency to rise, have fallen back to the usual level. Meantime the present ministry appears determined gradually to introduce a less restricted system of foreign trade, which may be expected to produce the happiest effects. So long as we could reap the exclusive benefit of the system of prohibition, there might be some good reason for continuing it; but since foreign nations imitate, and go beyond us, imposing upon our commerce restrictions even more severe than we do upon theirs, it seems full time to restore a more simple and natural state of things, and to make arrangements with other powers for the reciprocal introduction of a more liberal legislation. Some have already declared their readiness to do this, and the rest will probably do the same. France seems to be the most disposed to uphold the prohibitory system in its utmost rigour. Russia would doubtless be equally willing, but its situation will not admit of its going to the same extent as France. There is no new Russian Tariff yet published: it is supposed the old one will be continued, perhaps with some very slight modifications. In looking over the state of the markets for the last month, we find that almost every article has remained stationary, or has declined: Cotton seems to be the only exception. The London market has been rather more animated than usual: in the week ending the 17th of June, in particular, a great deal of business was done; the sales, amounting to 7,000 bales, sold at good prices. There has not been so much done this last week, but the prices are favourable, and some kinds of Cotton are scarce, for instance, Brazils, which are much wanted. At Liverpool, in the four weeks ending the 21st June, the sales were 71,000 bags: the arrivals above 60,000. At Glasgow the demand has been very considerable. Sugar and Coffee have been at low prices, and gradually declining; but the reports of the market for the last few days are rather more favourable. On the 15th of July there will be a sale of 3,300 chests of Indigo; the qualities are expected to be mostly fine and good, and prices probably high. The Company's Spice sale to be on the 11th of August.

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ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. E. A. Postle, BA. to the rectory of Colney, Norfolk, on the presentation of J. Postle, Esq.—The Rev. — Mesham, MA. to the rectory of Ripple, Kent, vacant by the death of the Rev. C. Philpot.—The Rev. W. Read, MA. of Stone-Euston, appointed one of the Domestic Chaplains, of His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.—The Rev. W. Buckle, MA. to the vicarage of Shirburn, Oxfordshire; Patron the Earl of Macclesfield.—The Rev. J. L. Hamilton, BA. to the Rectory of Ellesborough, Bucks; Patron R. G. Russell, Esq. MP.—The Rev. W. Macdonald, AM. Prebendary of Bitton, and Vicar of Bishop's Cannings, elected and admitted Canon Residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral, vice the late Dr. Price.—The Hon. and Rev. W. Annesley, to the vicarage of Studley, Warwickshire, vacant ever since the reign of Edward VI.—The Rev. Z. S. Warren, MA. of Sidney College, and Second Master of Oakham school, to the vicarage of Dorrington, near Slanford; Patron, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, Bart.

OXFORD.—The Chancellor's Prizes have been adjudged as follows:—To Charles John Plummer, BA. Fellow of Oriel College, for the English Essay, "On Public Spirit among the Ancients."—To Edward Wickham, Fellow of New College,

for the Latin Essay, "Conditio Servorum apud Antiquos."—To Isaac Williams, Scholar of Trinity College, the prize for Latin Verse; subject, "Ars Geologica."—Sir Roger Newdigate's prize, to Thomas Stokes Salmon, of Brazen-nose College, English verse, "Stonehenge."

CAMBRIDGE.—The Barnaby Lectures appointed for the ensuing year are:—Mathematical, S. Carr, MA. Fellow of Queen's College.—Philosophical, J. P. Higman, MA. Fellow of Trinity College.—Rhetoric, W. Greenwood, MA. Fellow of Christ College.—Logic, J. Hallewell, MA. Fellow of Christ College.—The Chancellor's Gold Medal for the best English poem, by a resident Undergraduate, has been adjudged to Mr. Winthrop Mackworth Praed, of Trinity College: subject "Australasia."

Sir W. Browne's Gold Medal for the Greek Ode, and Greek and Latin Epigrams, have been adjudged as follows:—the Greek Ode, on the Death of the late Bishop of Calcutta, Mr. W. M. Praed—Greek Epigram, *Εαν ης φιλομαθης ισης πολυμαθης*, and the Latin Epigram, *Ος φευγει παλι μαχησεται*, Mr. J. Wilder, Fellow of King's College.

BIRTHS.

- May 17.—At Holme, Yorkshire, the Hon. Mrs. Langdale, a daughter.
22. The lady of the Hon. Capt. Bridgeman, RN. a daughter.
25. At Burton, in the county of Hants, the lady of T. D. Shute, Esq. a daughter.
26. The lady of Capt. Blanshard, of the Honourable Company's ship, the Marquis of Wellington, a daughter.
31. At Kew-green, the lady of John Bishop, Esq. a son.
June 2.—In Green-street, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Dawkins, of the Coldstream Guards, a son.
— At the house of her father, W. Anderson, Esq. Russel-square, the lady of W. Mackenzie, of the 3d Guards, a daughter.
— At Carshalton-park, the lady of John Plummer, Esq. MP. a son.
7. The lady of Dr. Golding, a son.
11. At Palmer's-green, Southgate, the lady of S. G. Smith, Esq. a son.
12. At the Vicarage, White Waltham, the lady of the Rev. W. Vansittart, a son.
13. In Guilford-street, Russell-square, the lady of Robert L'Espinasse, Esq. a son.
14. In Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of Aretas Akers, Esq. a daughter.
15. At his Lordship's house, in Albemarle-street, Lady F. Leveson Gower, twin sons.
— At Farnham, Dorsetshire, the lady of Sir S. Stuart, Bart. a son and heir.
19. At Munster-house, Lady Jane Lawrence Peel, a son and heir.

ABROAD.

- At Zante, the lady of Philip James Green, Esq. Consul-General for the Morea, a son.
At Albaro, near Genoa, Mrs. Leigh Hunt, a son.
At Geneva, Lady Mary Stanley, a daughter.
At Lausanne, the lady of Capt. Cunliffe Owen, RN. a son.

MARRIAGES.

- May 27.—Charles R. Sperling, Esq. youngest son of John Sperling, Esq. of Dynes-hall, Essex, to Louisa, only daughter of the late Thomas Astle, Esq. of Gosfield, in the same county.
— At Ovingdeane, near Brighton, Nathaniel Kemp, Esq. to Augusta Carolina, second daughter of the late Sir John Eamer.
— At Devonshire-house, by the Archbishop of York, Earl Gower, eldest son of the Marquis of Stafford, to the Hon. H. Howard, third daughter of Lord and Lady Morpeth.
— M. Andrews, Esq. to Mary Frances, only daughter of T. S. Salmon, MD.
29. At St. Giles-in-the-Fields, Sir Dan. Williams, of Stamford-hill, to Miss Stable, of the Terrace, Kentish-town.
June 3.—At St. Pancras Church, Alexander Howden, Esq. of Torrington-square, to Christina, daughter of Richard Gardner, Esq. of Mecklenburg-square, and of Stoke-hall, Essex.
— At St. George's, Hanover-square, Samuel Framp-ton Stallard, Esq. of Burton-crescent, to Eliza Catharine, second daughter of Robert Nicholls, Esq. of Toft, Lincolnshire.
4. At Bath, Horatio Davis, Esq. only son of the

- late Sir John Davis, to Miss James, daughter of Sir Walter and Lady Jane James.
5. At St. Pancras, the Rev. Henry Trimmer, B.A. of Exeter college, Oxford, to Mary, eldest daughter of James Deacon, Esq. of Russell-place, Fitzroy-square.
 - John Duffield, Esq. of Bernard-street, Russell-square, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Benjamin Boville, Esq. of Putney.
 9. At Castletown, Isle of Man, Richard, only son of Joseph Mellin, Esq. of Wakefield, to Jane, eldest daughter of the Hon. Richard Mullins, and grand-daughter of Lord Ventry, of Brainham-house, Dingle, in the county of Kerry.
 - At St. James's church, by the Rev. John Magenis, Vicar of Harold, Bedfordshire, J. A. Warre, Esq. MP. of Cheddin Filley Paine, Somersetshire, to Florence Catherine, youngest daughter of Richard Magenis, MP. of Grosvenor-place.
 10. At Wimborne Minster, Dorsetshire, Edward, eldest son of William Castleman, Esq. to Anne, only daughter of W. Fryer, Esq.
 12. At Chatteris, by the Rev. Charles Simeon, MA. the Rev. R. G. Hawkinson, of Walpole, St. Peter's, Norfolk, to Susannah Mary Anne:—and the Rev. Martin Boswell, to Dorothea, daughters of the Rev. Dr. Chatfield, Vicar of Chatteris.
 14. By special licence, at St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Lord Bishop of Calcutta, Andrew W. Corbet, Esq. of Sandorne-castle, Shropshire, to Mary Emma, youngest daughter of the late John Hill, Esq. of Hawkstone-park, in that county, grand-daughter to Sir John Hill, Bart. and niece to the Right Hon. Lord Hill.
 - At Mary-le-bone church, by his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, John McNeile, Esq. eldest son of Alexander McNeile, Esq. of Ballycastle, Ireland, to Charlotte Lavinia, youngest daughter of Major-General Sir Thomas Dallas, KCB.
 16. At St. Pancras, Jesse Alnsworth, Esq. son of Jesse Alnsworth, Esq. of Wicken-hall, Lancashire, to Hannah, daughter of the late Robert Lees, Esq. of Oldham. The parties had been married at Gretna Green in September last, the lady being a ward in Chancery.
 17. At St. George's, Bloomsbury, by the Rev. R. H. Millington, B.A. of St. John's College, Oxford, John Prince, Esq. of Cheltenham, to Mary Ann, only daughter of the late Richard J. Millington, Esq. of Guilford-street, Russell-square.
 19. At St. George's, Hanover-square, by the Bishop of Meath, the Rev. Richard Bracken Michel, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, to Henrietta Harriet, eldest daughter of the late Duncan Campbell, Esq. of Bedford-square.
 - At Streatham, George Chilton, Esq. of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-law, to Miss Poore, eldest sister to Sir Edward Poore, Bart.

IN SCOTLAND.

At Edinburgh, Josiah Nisbet, Esq. of the Madras Civil Service, to Rachel, second daughter of Sir John Marjoribanks, Bart. MP. of Leas, in the county of Berwick.

ABROAD.

At Gibraltar, J. L. Cowell, Esq. to Harriot Mary, eldest daughter of E. Cresswell, Esq. agent for his Majesty's Packets in that garrison.

At Calcutta, Capt. W. Kennedy, Assistant Military Auditor General, to Charlotte, second daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Robert Blair, KCB.

DEATHS.

- May 16.—At Oxford, aged 72, the Rev. George Thompson, DD. Principal of Edmund-hall, in that University, and Vicar of Bromley and the United Parishes of Milford and Hordle, Hants.
22. At Moore-place, Lambeth, Charles Hyde, Esq. surgeon.
 - In Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, Mrs. Mounsey, relict of the late R. Mounsey, Esq.
 23. In his 66th year, J. G. Ridout, MD.
 26. At St. Brooke's Rectory, Cornwall, Katherine, wife of the Rev. W. Molesworth.
 27. Aged 75, Mr. Francis Clater, of East Retford, author of Every Man his own Farrier, and the Cattle Doctor.
 30. At Walton, Warwickshire, Sir Charles Morand, Bart.

31. In Park-place, St. James's, the Dowager Lady Vernon.

June 1.—Mary, wife of Thos. Walsingham Western, Esq. of Rivenhall-place, Essex, Aunt to C. C. Western, Esq. MP. for that county, and daughter of the late Admiral Osborne.

— In John-street, America-square, in his 66th year, Joseph Hart Myers, MD.

— At Pontefract, aged 81, John Leatham, Esq. Banker, one of the Society of Friends.

3. William Hannam, Esq. Solicitor, of Covent-garden, after having just completed his 55th year.

9. In Curzon-street, May-fair, Gen. R. Manners, Col. of the 30th regt., son of the late Lord R. Manners, of Bloxholm, in the county of Lincoln, MP. in several sessions for Cambridge.

10. After a short illness, Sidney, third son of Hen. Streatfield, Esq. of Cheddington, Kent, and Private Secretary to the Right Hon. Robert Peel.

— At Clifton, in his 21st year, Gresley Tatlock, Esq. of Upper Grosvenor-street.

12. At Paxton-place, Mrs. Standly, relict of the late H. P. Standly, Esq.

— At Southampton, Sir James Lind, KCB. Captain in the Royal Navy.

13. At his seat, Theobalds, near Hatfield, in the county of Herts, in his 75th year, the most noble the Marquis of Salisbury. He is succeeded by his son Lord Cranborne. By his death there are become vacant, a blue ribbon, of the Order of the Garter, and the Lord Lieutenantcy of the county of Herts.

14. At Twickenham, Frances Susannah, wife of Lord De Dunstanville, of Tehidy Park, Cornwall.

15. In Winchester-row, New Road, Paddington, J. G. Parkhurst, Esq. of Catesby-abbey, Northamptonshire.

16. In Welbeck-street, J. Colby, Esq. of Fynone, in the county of Pembroke.

— At Lyme Regis, Dorset, in his 88th year, Simon Lee, Esq.

— At Whitehall, aged 76, Lady Lemon, wife of Sir W. Lemon, Bart.

18. In South Audley-street, after a long illness, Caroline Georgina, relict of the late Col. Evelyn Anderson, brother to Lord Yarborough.

— In Devonshire-street, Portland-place, William Gordon, Esq. of Cambelton, in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright.

19. At his lodgings, in Lambeth-road, aged 83, Wm. Combe, Esq. author of the Devil on Two Sticks in England, Dr. Syntax's Tour in Search of the Picturesque, Johnny Quæ Genus, and other popular productions.

22. Found drowned near Westminster bridge, Francis Chichester, Esq. of Trinity College, Oxford, aged 21.

23. At No. 4, Maddox-street, Bond-street, Thomas Grant Griffiths, Esq. and his son, Mr. Abel Griffiths, both of whom were found weltering in their blood in the drawing room; each being wounded in the temple with a bullet. It is supposed that both pistols were fired by the son. This horrible event took place about one o'clock.

— At Arno's-grove, Southgate, in his 23d year, Alfred, fourth son of J. Walker, Esq.

IN IRELAND.

Dublin, at his house in Merrion-square, the venerable Judge Fletcher. He was elevated to the bench in 1805, by the Duke of Bedford, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

ABROAD.

- At Pisa, Lieut.-Col. James Stopford.
- At Madras, Henry Hodgson, Esq. of the Bengal Civil Service.
- At Sierra Leone, G. M. Keith, Esq. only son of Sir G. Keith, RN.
- At Coire, in Switzerland, Lieut. Elton, of the Royal Engineers.
- At Calcutta, the Hon. Francis Sempill, youngest son of the Rt. Hon. Lord Sempill.
- At Calais, Henry Forster, Esq. MA. Student of Christ Church, Oxford, Barrister-at-law, Commissioner of Bankrupts, and Nephew to the Earl of Eldon, and Lord Stowell.